

HANGIN' OUT WITH PHISH MEMBER MIKE GORDON

IN LIFE, THERE IS NO BLACK AND WHITE, ONLY . . .

GRAY AREAS[®]

SPRING 1995 LAW, MUSIC, TECHNOLOGY, POPULAR CULTURE & REVIEWS VOL. 4 NO. 1

**INTERNET LIBERATION
FRONT SPEAKS!**

**ADULT FILM STAR
RICHARD PACHECO**

**PSYCHOANALYSIS
AND FEMINISM**

POLYGRAPH TESTS

PROSTITUTION

**TUNING IN
ILLEGALLY ON
PHONE CALLS**

GRAY THOUGHTS

**DEFCON, LOLLAPALOOZA,
WOODSTOCK & HOPE**

**JETHRO TULL
BOOTLEG VIDEO LIST**

DRUG ADDICTION

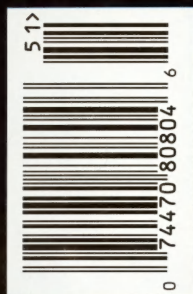
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SPRING 1995



People Are Talking About Gray Areas®

"#1 ZINE OF 1993"

- Pulse!
Holiday issue 1993

"One of the Ten Best Magazines of 1992... With an objective focus on the unusual, *Gray Areas* is a magazine for those who love looking at the world a bit askew. Its particular strengths are the excellent, well-chosen comments on the passing scene and descriptive, sometimes evaluative, annotations on out-of-the-way catalogs, magazines, videos, and comics."

- Library Journal
May 1, 1993

"Gray areas are activities and objects that skirt around the borders of legality or acceptability, and this magazine explores them."

- *boING boING*
Number 11

"In an age of narrow-casting, two-minute attention spans, aggressive *Wired* graphics and cyber-styled *Mondo* fashions, *Gray Areas* is a refreshingly retro, egregiously eclectic, and easy-on-the-eye look at privacy issues."

- Whole Earth Review
Fall 1993

"Professionally produced but subtly subversive, ostensibly mainstream but still very cult, this weighty mag aims to investigate and celebrate the twilight of modern life; and hey, why not?!"

- Record Collector
January 1993

"One of The Top 100 Sellers"

- Fine Print Distributors
1993 catalog

"Few publications can boast to finding a common ground of interest for such disparate disciplines as music, law, technology and popular culture. *Gray Areas* provides insightful reviews of books, zines, catalogs, software, CDs, concerts, movies, live audio and videotapes that you might otherwise have never discovered. A sort of "Unholy Earth Catalog," it aspires to entertain and educate baby-boomers with brains."

- Ubiquity Distributors, Inc.
1994 catalog

"Features an excellent review section as well as a lot of useful computer information, and the presentation is uniformly attractive and well-organized."

- Request

"In no uncertain terms can this be called a fanzine either. It's big and full with useful information and enigmatic writing."

- MFTEQ9

"A smart and attractive zine that is definitely not just for Deadheads."

- Covert Culture Sourcebook
St. Martin's Press

"All in all, one of the half dozen shiny magazines that you really should allow yourself to buy."

- Farm Pulp
Feb/March 1994

"*Gray Areas* serves as a valuable guide through the treasures and traps of our quick-changing high-tech age... *Gray Areas* is not cheap. But as a glimpse into the next century, it delivers your money's worth."

- Unbroken Chain
Vol. 7 #4

"They make a point of conducting intimate interviews with figures the national media wouldn't touch with a 30-foot boom mike."

- Bookpeople
Spring 1994 catalog

"Netta Gilboa impresses us as one of the most competent interviewers in the Zine scene, and does for print media what Mike Wallace and Barbara Walters do for television: She brings incisive questions to bear on her topic and elicits uncompromising information in the Wallace tradition while never losing sight of the subjects' humanity (in the Walters tradition)."

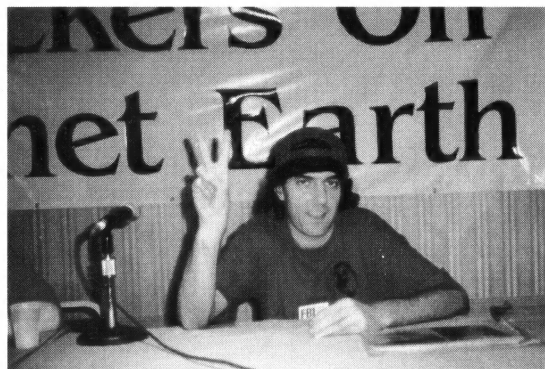
- Computer underground Digest

"Truly this is a fanzine for the gray... the rock-o-phile will find much concrete information here of interest. From old concert schedules to waxographics, you can find all the trivia about your favorite golden group. Members of the Woodstock generation who are stuck there will groove."

- Small Magazine Review
August 1993

GRAY AREAS®

EXAMINING THE GRAY AREAS OF LIFE



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NETTA GILBOA



LOLLAPALOOZA REVIEW PAGE 145

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VOLUME 4 NUMBER 1 ISSUE 7 SPRING 1995

GRAY AREAS®

You must put your name, address and phone number on your work so that we can properly identify it to credit you. We discourage phone calls but can be faxed at (610)353-7693. Please allow three rings.

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COMPUTERS: Gray Areas accepts software for review. We also prefer receiving articles and letters on disk if our systems are compatible. We can read anything in IBM format and can have Mac disks converted if you save them as Ascii, *.doc or *.txt with a file name of 8 letters or less. Please include information with any disks sent indicating what is on them and which software packages and computer type they are compatible with. Use a dark ribbon and white paper if you send us something typed. Please do not write by hand on your typed pages, as we might have them scanned into a computer. Gray Areas is produced entirely on the desktop with two IBM clones. Our primary computer is a 486-50 EISA clone with 16MB of RAM and 256k cache. It has 1.2 and 1.44 floppy drives, 540MB and 212MB hard disks, a Bernoulli removable 90MB hard drive with 1.3 gigabytes of additional storage, a Colorado Jumbo 250MB tape drive, a Pro Audio Spectrum 16 sound card, an NEC 74 CD ROM drive, a Diamond Stealth SVGA accelerator graphics card and a Xenix cordless mouse. Gray Areas is proofed on an HP 4M Postscript laser printer with 6MB of RAM in it. It is then sent to a service bureau to have film made using a Linotronic. Our backup computer is a Pentium laptop with 16MB RAM, 500MB hard disk, 14.4 modem, etc. We are using the following software to produce Gray Areas: Adobe's Berkeley Oldstyle family and other fonts, Adobe Type Manager 3.0, After Dark 3.0, Atech Software's Dingbats 2 & 3 and International fonts, Bitstream Typeface Library fonts, ClickART clip art, CorelDRAW! 4.0c, and 5.0, Microsoft DOS 6.2, FontMinder 1.1, Freehand 3.1, Funny Business, Gallery Effects 1.5 Vol. 1 & 2, Graphics Works for Windows, Harvard Draw 1.1, Illustrator 4.0, INPRINT Art Library, MakeUp 1.1, MCS Stereo 1.04, Monotype's FoneFont Typeface Family on CD-ROM 92.3, Norton Desktop For Windows 2.2, Norton Utilities 8.0, PageMaker 5.0a, PhotoFinish 2.0, PhotoStyler 1.1a, Picture Publisher 3.1, Pixar Typestry, RoMaterial, True Effects For Windows, Type Align 2.1, Windows 3.1, Word For Windows 6.0a, etc.

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: Gray Areas exists to examine the gray areas of life. We explore subject matter which is illegal, immoral and/or controversial. We hope to unite people involved in all sorts of alternative lifestyles and deviant subcultures. We feel that the government has done a great job of splitting people up so that they do not identify with other minority groups anymore. There are so many causes now that people often do not talk to others not directly involved in their chosen causes. Gray Areas provides an open forum for all of these causes. We believe that the methods used to catch criminals are the same regardless of the crime and that much can be learned by studying how crimes in general occur and why only some are prosecuted. It is our mission to educate people so they begin to care more about the world around them and become less hasty in judging other people's morals. Gray Areas provides the only place in print where lawbreakers can speak freely (we guarantee anonymity) and law abiders and enforcers can safely interact with them. The opinions expressed in articles, columns, cartoons and ads reflect those of their authors and not necessarily those of Gray Areas, Inc. We strive to present all sides of an issue when we cover it, but need to continue subjects over several issues. We hope you'll consider our coverage of issues as a whole. Please join our efforts by subscribing, advertising with us and by spreading the word about what we're up to.

LETTERS

To the Editor



WARM FUZZIES

To Whom It May Concern,

I saw your mag peeking out of the magazine shelves at the local newsstand, and the name sounded familiar so I picked it up and noticed the interview with Chris Goggans advertised on the cover. As I started to flip through it, I realized that this was a pretty cool mag.

I bought it, brought it home, read it cover to cover, and am impressed. I am so impressed, I would like to get all of the available back issues. Enclosed is a check to cover expenses for issues 1-5. Thanx in advance and keep up the good work!

John

Netta,

After sampling two issues of *Gray Areas*, the last two, with the financial assistance of my father, here is U.S. fundage for the next four issues of your wonderful magazine. Into the wee hours of the morning did I find myself reading *Gray Areas*, and consequently do not think I did as well on my Physics test as I would have liked had I been reading 2600 <grin>. Now I will have no reason to leave the house since *Gray Areas* is delivered to the door <grin>.

Thanks for everything.

Dan

Netta:

Issue #5 was super! Your interviews with the two "crackers" read like detective stories. I read both in one sitting and even though I am computer illiterate and didn't understand about a dozen terms, I couldn't put the thing down.

I also enjoyed the phone phreak article, smart drugs, and of course all the reviews! I even read some stuff I don't usually read like the S/M dominatrix interview. So you're going to keep all of this coming? Great. Bill

Dear Netta,

Time to re-subscribe. The features on hack-

ers and the WELL break-ins were fascinating - I guess more for the reader than for the participants.

As for future directions for the magazine, I guess I'm really quite happy with things more or less as they are now. To a greater or lesser degree it's all quite interesting. Personally I enjoy the computer and communications related stuff most but other items are at least of passing interest and most likely not to be found elsewhere so I'd be reluctant

"Your coverage of the computer underground, in particular the privacy issues raised by your coverage of the break-in at the WELL, was sobering and cautionary and of great value. I can expect no more from a publication."

to suggest that they be curtailed. Items on live video and audio tapes are also really useful and all the review sections are read with gusto. Stuff about smart drugs and the items on the various aspects of the sex industry are of peripheral interest but at least worth a read.

Best Wishes,
Keith

Dear Netta:

Thanks for your amazing article on the WELL. It certainly takes the glamour out of E-mail and online services to realize that one's private correspondence can easily become so much public property. That's dis-

turbing enough, but the longer-term hostility incurred by your quest for the truth is even worse to contemplate. I'd call it a social disease.

Well, anyway, thanks for what you do. It's truly inspiring.

Bill

Dear Netta and Alan:

First, let me compliment you on the consistently high quality of your publication. The caliber of your work more than justifies the slight risk I took in subscribing to an unproven periodical.

To date, *Gray Areas* has been illuminating, both in its coverage of my areas of interest and in exposing me to other viewpoints and other areas of concern. In many ways, *Gray Areas* seems tailored for my background and interests. Your coverage of the computer underground, in particular the privacy issues raised by your coverage of the break-in at the WELL, was sobering and cautionary and of great value. I can expect no more from a publication.

In many ways, I feel that *Gray Areas* is more closely tailored to my interests than any other periodical currently on the market. For many years I wrote advertising copy; my work included both creating trademarks and all but infringing on them for a large department stores private label soft goods — I'm fascinated by the way trademarks and brand names are used to create "meaning" and associations. Subsequently, I received a master's in social work and am still interested in both orthodox and unorthodox views of the mind. Currently, I'm an attorney representing large financial institutions and concerned with the legal implications of conduct. I once collected records and still play Grateful Dead tapes while I drive in my car. I'm even writing this on a home computer that my kids use for games in the daytime.

I'm looking forward to the next several years of *Gray Areas*.

Name Withheld

Dear *Gray Areas*, Netta, et al,

Kudos on another excellent issue. I found the interview with Chris Goggans to be highly interesting, and I have absolutely no interest in computers apart from the most basic word processing stuff. I cannot wait to read your interview with Mike Gordon. I have had the opportunity to speak with him on many an occasion, and have always found him to be interesting and incredibly sincere, even when talking to tourheads like me.
Jason

My ass hurts from how hard your Fall issue kicked it.
Mike

PENPALS WANTED

I saw Ann's letter in the Fall 1993 issue of *Gray Areas*. I think it is wonderful what you are doing, Ann. I'm a deadhead doing time for selling LSD. If you'd like to write me, I'm Stanley Marshall, 07832-026 U/W, 9595 W. Quincy Avenue, Littleton, CO 80123.
Peace,
Stanley

HACKERS SPEAK OUT

Below are comments sent to Netta as messages on IRC (Internet Relay Chat):

* R U Netta? Kewl. I like your zine... inspiring <grin>. You're a kewl writer, interesting that is.

* Just picked up the new issue of your mag. Fascinating as usual.

* You've changed my mind about curse words. I used to think it was free speech, but now I think it's just ignorant.

* Are you the magazine people or just a normal person? (Netta replied "both") I got a couple of copies while I was in Vegas at Defcon. Loved 'em.

* You aren't connected with the mag are ya? I read it a few times. What do you do for it? Holy (censored). Should I bow down now <grin>? I like it a lot! You've done a GREAT job so far and I hope it continues... we NEED more magazines like yours.

* I liked the latest issue, especially the porn star. Jes kidding - it was good.

* I read the article on Erik B. That was really interesting. You'd done your homework before you talked with him.

* Werd to your magazine.

* Regarding the interview with Erik B., it's amazing YOU got so many words in. Good job.

* Caught your new issue.... c'est chouette!

* Great f---en mag.

* Are you going to HoHoCon? The only reason I'd come is to see you.

* Your mag sucks. It caters to lamers. You

praise hackers and then complain when one of your writers gets hacked.

FEEDBACK ON ARTICLES

TRUE, BLUE, GRAY

Dear Netta,

Had to write to applaud the article "True Cop, Blue Cop, Gray Cop" by Jack Duggan in Vol. 3 No. 2. Pure common sense from the first word to last. Excellent!
Allan

Dear Ms. Gilboa,

I was going to order your zine from Xines, Inc., whose catalogue I had received after reading *Factsheet 5*. Then I saw it in a book store and snapped it up. It was even better than I expected it to be, with intriguing articles, essays, and reviews. I subscribe to at least ten magazines, and buy dozens more on an occasional basis. I'd put *Gray Areas* on a par with *Ben Is Dead*, *Women & Guns* and *The Idler*. But I must comment on the "True Cop, Blue Cop, Gray Cop" piece by Jack Duggan in the Fall 1994 issue.

I have known many police officers over the past several years, and so I agree with much of the article regarding different phases of attitude during time spent "on the job." I also agree with most of his realities of crime and the justice system, regarding gun control and the drug war. But we disagree on the subject of rape. Sexual gratification plays a part in this crime, but to say that this is the sole purpose of rape, and that "Violence can be inflicted on the citizenry with a teeming profusion of available weapons in our society, but a penis makes a poor truncheon" shows unbelievable ignorance. Numerous books and articles have been written on this subject, so I'll be brief: a penis actually makes a very effective weapon, and the act of sexual torture, which is simply another term for rape, is one of the worst assaults you can commit upon another human being.

To use one of Duggan's phrases: "Think about it." To propose that rape is not used to punish women (or men, in prison) is to live in a different world than the one I live in. Also consider: why do people use the word "rape" in business deals, such as "We got *raped* on that one" or in discussions of environmental catastrophe, such as "We are *raping* the Earth?" Are these people sexually gratifying their partners in bad business deals or sexually gratifying themselves with the Earth? Of course not. They are punishing and violating them. Mr. Duggan may never have known anyone who had to suffer through this wrenching crime of violence, but I have known several. I resent the

trivialization of rape, which is what I see in this article, as well as those phrases I listed above.

Also, in the end of the part about child abuse, he wonders why pedophiles are not extended "the same grand benevolence" as society now grants gays. Speaking as a bisexual queer, I'll note that while we don't seem to be rounded up for our "crimes" anymore, we are certainly still considered to be criminals in the many states where homosexuality is still on the books as a crime, ranging from misdemeanor to felony. We are still considered to be criminals by the highest court in the land. Remember "Bow-ers vs. Hardwick"?

But I haven't gotten to Duggan's question about this benevolence: "And if not, why not?" I'll tell you why not - what we do is *consensual*. Even in cases where pedophiles claim that the relationships are consensual, the burden of responsibility is always on the adult. The risk of exploitation is too great. I can't believe that in 1994 I have to tell people the difference between gays and pedophiles! I could go on, but this letter is long enough.
Sincerely,
Rochelle

Greetings,

Despite the fact that I am a commissioned law enforcement officer (patrolman), I have always felt that the rights of the individual have been compromised by the system. In reading your article, "True Cop, Blue Cop, Gray Cop," I sense a bitterly honest man raising an outcry against the immoral and unethical actions of those who are placed in power to protect us. And if he is bitter, so what? We all should be, at the injustices suffered by honest people in our society! Not enough people are aware, and even fewer are brave enough, to stand up to a system that condemns, then attempts to destroy, those who exercise their right to free speech. I applaud Jack Duggan, and those like him, who are willing to stand up for what is right, and speak of what they have a mouth full! Your readers should know that he is telling it like it is, and that he is, or must have been, involved in law enforcement to know what he is sharing with us.

Netta, your magazine is exactly what society needs. I am glad that I stumbled onto it in the newsstands! I had heard about it before, but until now was not lucky enough to know where to mail my subscription fees to.

Let me share a little about myself. I have been employed as a patrolman for some fourteen years now, and throughout that time, I have attempted to do right by those I serve. It has been an uphill battle. There has

been many a time that I have had to try to correct a wrong, done by the system, to people that have not appeared guilty of any wrongdoing. Regrettably, I have not always been successful. I have, however, always had total success at making myself an irritant to those who would just as soon take the easy route, as to do the right thing. Cops are, after all, somewhat lazy at times, and the administrators that guide us can be far worse.

Brian

REVERSE VICTIMIZATION

Netta, Et Al.

I snagged *Gray Areas* a few days ago, and must say I enjoyed it for the most part. The book and zine reviews, hacking/ phracking/ quacking, etc., and privacy and control stuff was great.

One thing I wanted to address in particular was "The Double Standard And Reverse Victimization" by Denise Noe. I didn't see the episode of *Donahue* in question, but I'm assuming it was essentially the usual reversed-role exploitation. Denise, please wake the f--- up. Statutory rape laws exist to protect minors (particularly the very young) from sexual exploitation irrespective of their gender, and irrespective of the gender of the

perpetrator, in the same way laws against murder, assault, etc. are gender blind. Any "gender-based differences in sexuality" is something the individual has to deal with, not the law. The woman rapists confused, perhaps endocrine-based (matro)-sexual urges are no more of an excuse that the constant erections of a psycho eyeballing kids on a playground. Oh, and thanks for the well-thought-out *assumption* that your sexuality is meaningful and complex, while mine is roughly on par with taking a dump. I could use the same logic to analyze your article to prove that male reasoning (e.g. "the law"), operates in a straightforward, scientific method, while female "reasoning" operates on an us-vs.-them basis, not unlike one troop of chimpanzees threatened by another troop.

S.S.

UNFAIR TO PUBLIC ENEMY?

Dear *Gray Areas*,

I recently discovered your magazine and read it closely from cover to cover. In general, the issue (Spring 1994) was informative, entertaining and not predictable or overloaded with the standard celebrity hype/ propaganda.

But one thing did disturb me greatly. Ellen Levitt is certainly entitled to her opinion, but calling Public Enemy racist without having one shred of corroborative evidence seems highly debatable, to put it mildly. Having had the privilege of interviewing Chuck D. at length, he's far from racist, at least not by the definitions I've seen in Webster's, Collier's and the American Heritage dictionaries.

I was not there, so I must assume her comments on what Chuck D. said at the seminar are accurate. They strike me as silly and uninformed, but racist?

The continuing phenomenon of throwing buzz words around on both the left and right has reduced sensible dialogue on most issues to zero. If criticizing the policies of the American government and the refusal of many whites, male and female, to speak out against injustices done to all others who aren't white makes you a racist, then I'll gladly say I'm a racist too, though I know better.

It puzzles me that in a publication which otherwise opts for reasoned analysis stressing varied assessments of all sides, a reviewer weighs in with a slanted opinion. Calling Public Enemy racist is similar to labeling a feminist "anti-male." You're free

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then of speaking to the points they raise, because you've demonized the speaker.

Ron

HAWKWIND RULES!

Greetings,

Corrections are in order regarding Erik Twilight's Hawkwind tape review on page 124 of the Fall issue.

First, there seems to be more dispute as to the date of this tape than any other live Hawkwind tape. While 8/10/74 is the date according to most lists, the correct date is 9/22/73, which can be verified by the song selection ("It's So Easy" and "Time We Left" weren't on the setlist at that point in 1974) and the very audible presence of Michael Moorcock, who does most of the reciting here, including the still evolving "Warrior On The Edge Of Time" sections which Hawkwind would adapt and use on-stage for the next two years.

This tape is unique compared to other live tapes from what we'll call Hawkwind's "Lemmy Era" (late '71 to mid '75) because there's a long improvisation on it, lasting around 20 minutes.

It's a lot easier to determine the players on a given Hawkwind performance than Erik Twilight suggests, especially through the 1970s. Twilight is correct in saying this is one of the better Hawkwind tapes from the "Lemmy Era," and that many others sound awful, but there are several worth hearing, and I just might submit reviews of them in the near future.

Stay tuned...

Larry

ERIK BLOODAXE INTERVIEW

Netta:

In response to your E-mail comment that "ErikB is not selling those files, Legion of Doom is and he handles the transactions."

To me it is the same thing... Ok. I just pulled an old *Phrack* (44) out of my (work) computer and saw the "Project" outline. I was wrong. They aren't jerks. They are pathetic jerks. First I was worried about the money—now I am worried about their motives, period. Not that us "hacker elites" aren't a--holes sometimes, but we DO have an INTENSE privacy thing going. He wants to let out all our "secrets." Hell if people want the message bases so bad, tell him to upload them to an internet site. At least then I wouldn't (and most likely other people) wouldn't feel so 1984 about all of this. These are OUR thoughts. These are OUR allnighters on BBSes back when a 2400 baud modem was something special and wonderful and unique and OH...some of us prefer(red) the BBSing

to sex, to food, to drugs, to sleep, to EVERYTHING.

And we thought we had privacy.

And we thought we had the right to say whatever we wanted to say.

And we thought we had the right to post whatever we wanted to post.

Does he realize that some of those posts have activities attached to them which put some of us in danger of being arrested, or under suspicion, or worse? Some things are sacred. Some things have NO statute of limitations, and even if they did, do you think that the "law professions" wouldn't think twice to find some other way to snag people NOW, 5,6,7 years down the road? I'm 21. I've been in trouble with the law over these things already. It isn't pleasant or fun, in fact jail is piss boring.

I don't mean to rant like this, but I didn't realize how strongly I felt about this subject until I reread the *Phrack* from last year. Now I am absolutely boiling. And that is hard to do, get me angry.

Well, if you wanted to provoke, as journalism is sworn to be meant for, then bravo... But even if I am pissed off at ErikB., I guess I can see where he is coming from. I wonder if he can say the same thing to me???

Please don't let him take this personally. He is a REALLY cool guy otherwise. I just think he/they should have been (a) market-ing major(s).

Thanks, Netta.

(Oh, and publish away, if your heart desires, this post—you may be selling it (and I certainly feel your magazine is worth the money I pay at Borders for it (the mail around here is notoriously bad), but I am doing it with PRECOGNITION, which is the fundamental difference between the aforementioned and the current project...) Name Withheld

PINK FLOYD

Dear Alan,

In the Spring 1994 issue you wrote a brief review of a video of a Pink Floyd concert, broadcast on PBS in 1970, titled *An Hour With Pink Floyd*.

I contacted PBS to try to obtain a copy of the video, but it is unavailable through PBS. In fact, they said they do not even have a copy.

I was wondering if you might know how I might obtain a copy. As a Floyd fanatic, I'd love to get ahold of this video!

Sincerely,

Ron

It does not surprise us to learn PBS does not have this tape. We heard that all three of the completed tapes in this series (A Night At

The Family Dog, Go Ride The Music and An Hour With Pink Floyd) as well as the unaired Allman Brothers Band footage had been stolen by an employee years ago and leaked to the trading scene. Excellent copies abound but all we do is review tapes, not help readers locate them.

KURT COBAIN'S SUICIDE

Gray Areas,

It was just an hour ago that I first picked up a copy of *Gray Areas* in Barnes and Noble. I've never heard of this magazine but was intrigued by the title. The first piece I read was a small article about Kurt Cobain's suicide. Although the issue has become somewhat trite, what I read in this magazine was anything but that. It was all I needed to read before I brought the copy over to the cashier. My thoughts of Kurt have not begun to subside, but I have grown so tired of what seems to be ridiculous publications of many ignorant opinions. This is the first reference I've ever read to suicide which invites uninhibited expression to the issue, especially in relevance to Kurt Cobain.

Regardless of whether Kurt was dissatisfied with his current life, nostalgic for a past one, or eager for the next, he was, as anyone is, entitled to decipher for himself whether or not he can continue living. It is inevitable that we will miss him, but either way, now or twenty years from now, people will miss him. Perhaps not the same people, but he will be missed. Why did his early decision offend so many, if eventually it will happen anyway? The bitterness expressed by fans, and even those who had no idea of him, is no less irrational than what they describe his suicide to be. Suicide is simply a form of death. Why deny someone the will, or aggression for that matter, to attain it? If Kurt had not ascended to the plain he hoped to reach, then I feel sympathetic and quite empathetic toward him. However, considering that he's on his way there, he's still fortunate to be that much closer to it than we are.

If my theory has offended any value of life, then I assure you you have misconstrued my message, or I have conveyed it to you improperly. Kurt was an individual who shouldn't be judged, rather relinquished... as any person who has committed suicide.

The article discussing this issue closes out with the invitation for comments on the gray areas of suicide. The color gray is defined as an intermediate area between mortality and immortality. Therefore, I see it that suicide on its entirety is gray. I appreciate your generosity, as you did anything but condemn Kurt Cobain in your article. A piece like this is rare and very welcomed. I'm impressed and

look forward to further editions.
Chrisi

BACKSTAGE TIPS

Dear *Gray Areas*,

First, please renew my subscription, 12 issues first class. I wish I had the bread for a lifetime subscription, as I will always find your magazine worth reading cover to cover.

Second, an observation (and some backstage tips) about access to large scale rock 'n roll events. Many of your readers seem concerned about access to the people who entertain them. The inaccessibility of "star" performers is part of the energy that sustains the star/fan relationship. If everyone could have lunch with a star, what value would your chance meeting of a favorite persona carry?

That said, some tips on how I was able to get close to one of my favorites, Jerry Garcia. What many people forget about larger events like Dead shows, is that they take a lot of hard work, and somebody has to *do* that work. In exchange for my backstage pass to a Dead show (and some serious cash), I handled hundreds of sheets of plywood, raked up thousands of cigarette butts and set up 18,000 folding chairs in the rain. And I was not alone. Hundreds of people are required to put on a show like The Dead. You could be one of those people!

In this day and age, most people expect to obtain privilege without any contribution on their part. However, rewards do exist for people willing to work hard. I have seen "Tour Rats" exchange three days of hard labor for a pair of backstage laminates, forfeiting the cash wages they had rightfully earned. I have also seen other Dead Heads blow a chance to get backstage because they didn't have the class or the stamina to earn the respect of those with the power to pass out the rewards. If you want to get inside, find the back door and ask for a job. (Also a good way to earn the gas money home...). Be willing to work hard and be resourceful (kiss up), otherwise the only reward you get will be the Camel Cash you find while bagging litter from the seats.

What are these rewards, you ask? I have watched Sting and Jerry Garcia perform a set together during sound check, photographed Jerry Garcia backstage, and watched a Dead show from ten feet behind the soundboard.

Remember, rules and restrictions are for Jerks, don't act like a Jerk and the rules may not apply quite as strictly to you...

Also, remember that your part of the fan/performer exchange is respect and admiration.



Jerry Garcia lounges backstage, Chicago 1993

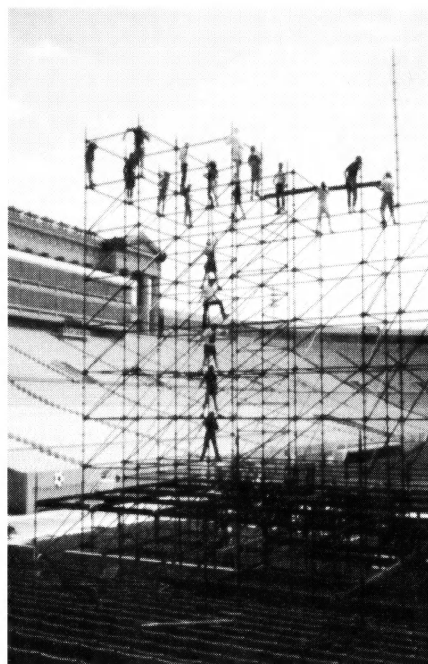
Happy trails...

r0pe

And From A Second Letter...

Dear *Gray Areas*,

Some notes to go with my first letter. I thought I would share some abuses of authority with you that I have witnessed at concerts. Some rock 'n roll roadies get off on the status and power that a laminated backstage pass gives them. Everyone knows that groupies will do anything to get backstage. (Thanks to Pink Floyd and *The Wall* <grin>.) But do you know the things that some roadies do to get their kicks? I have seen roadies and parking lot attendants use their badges to obtain free T-shirts, tickets and drugs. The scam works like this: the roadie hides his laminate and goes out into the crowd incognito looking for contraband. When he finds something he likes, he makes a buy and then flashes his backstage pass as if he was an actual undercover cop. The poor kid who has just sold him contraband starts to freak,



Soldier Field, Chicago, IL 1993

ABOUT OUR PRICE INCREASE

Regular readers will notice our cover price increased dramatically this issue. You can blame it on the post office who increased the postage by a whopping .96 cents per issue we mail! While most magazines will also raise their prices, we have chosen to add 16 more pages to give you something of value in return. We have also raised our subscription prices and you can save money, as well as making sure you get each issue when it's published, by subscribing. While our price may initially seem high when compared to mainstream magazines, we offer more information per page and are not flooded with ads instead of articles. Thanks for your continued support.

thinking he is going to be busted. At this point the roadie will act merciful and agree to let the "suspect" go in exchange for all the contraband on his person. So remember, most people with laminated passes are only authorized to do things like push road boxes full of gear around... If you are actually being busted, the laminate will plainly say in large letters, SECURITY, and that an actual policeman is the only one who can arrest you. Security guards can only detain you or evict you from the premises. Also remember that, like anything else, laminates can be forged.

I do not want to give a bad rap to stage hands, (I am one). Most of us are very cool, especially those who have been in the business for a long time. Some of us even used to buy contraband for personal use.

Another con game to look out for is the "Oops, you have a counterfeit ticket, will you give it to me?" scam. I have seen this one at sold-out Dead shows in small venues. The con artist convinces someone who bought their legitimate tickets second hand, that they unfortunately bought counterfeit tickets and then offers to buy them for next to nothing as a "Favor."

As it takes less skill to run these cons, than to run "three card monte," show some respect for yourself and don't take advantage of other fans.

Happy trails...

r0pe

Pro-Dead

Gray Areas,

I wandered into a Tower Records while attending the Dead shows in Boston (Sept/Oct 1994) and came across Volume 3 Number 2 (Fall 1994) when I realized I had allowed my subscription to lapse and subsequently lost my renewal notice. Oh the horror. I was a 'charter' subscriber and have lost that distinction - the shame!! So as not to miss any issues I'm submitting the "Regular Subscription" criteria found in the 'Editor' page of the latest issue. I have enclosed a check in the amount of \$50.00 so as not to run across this problem I experienced - for some time.

While I have your attention, let me commend you on a fine publication that really speaks to my lifestyle. I find many of my interests and concerns lie in these "Gray Areas" of our existence that you superbly address with each issue. I've read complaints about your Grateful Dead coverage (too much) and in my opinion, you balance The Dead with other music in a fair and consistent manner. If anything, I'd enjoy more coverage, including interviews with Cutler, McNally, and how about the wonderful job the mail order ticket office does in distributing 50% of all Dead tickets (special accolades to Bam-Bam at GDTs).

Also, as an intrigued student of Terrence McKenna, some coverage of his views and 'doings' would be greatly appreciated. I also enjoy your computer coverage - from piracy to hacking, and even though I consider myself a computer novice, I find your articles intriguing. I look forward to finally entering The Internet world and look forward to using many of the contacts I've been able to obtain in your publication.

Thanks again for your fine publication and look forward to my next issue.

Sincerely,
Jay

UNDERGROUND CDs LEGIT?

Hi Netta/Gray Areas:

I received this CD info in the mail. It was mailed from New York. I think the name was "Mystic Productions." Are they legit? I think they are a bit overpriced.

Your last issue was good stuff - as usual! Don't listen to those computer guys who want you to choose a specific direction for Gray Areas. (Between you and me, they are a bit bent). I mean most of them mentioned having enemies. Excuse me? Enemies? I don't know *anyone* who has an

enemy. To get one or think you have one, you must be pretty paranoid or must have done something pretty s---ty to someone else. Anyway, stop me, I'm ramblin'. Keep Gray Areas as full of variety as you can. I like the concert and tape reviews. The film and video reviews are good too. I don't own a computer yet, but when I get one I'll be going back through old issues for sure. The S/M and porn star articles are interesting too. Keep up the good work!

Steve

The catalog you sent us contains illegal bootleg CDs, not legitimate recordings. Think about it. Pink Floyd, Grateful Dead and Madonna are not on the same record label. You are probably not familiar with any of the titles listed as discs sold at major record chains. Why would Madonna or Pink Floyd or the Grateful Dead have so many records you have never seen before all only available in the one catalog you were sent?

As to enemies, most people I know who work in large companies have enemies in their workplace. Those of us who say what we think make enemies. I don't know a single celebrity or even magazine publisher who does not have disgruntled people badmouthing them. This magazine definitely has enemies not the least of which are zine publishers who are simply jealous of our use of glossy paper and give us bad reviews because of it, or people who didn't like the nasty response we gave to the idiotic idea they called to propose to us at 2 a.m. (please write us instead of calling if you want something).

In the hacking community, some people prey on their peers. It seems uglier than other communities to me, but it is entirely possible to do nothing to anyone and create enemies there simply for hanging around. This is also true of cyberspace in general, not only those places where hackers congregate.

SHORT & TO THE POINT

Dear Gray Areas,

My only criticism of your mag is all the coverage of pornography. I don't dig porno, but I'm into freedom of speech. Keep up the good work. Send me four more issues.

Peace & Love
Jim

SUGGESTIONS

Hello Netta!

Included is the money for my subscription renewal to Gray Areas for the next four issues. I think the actual articles in it are very good and interesting.

By the way, I wait impatiently for the next issue with those articles on Phish, The Dead and Jethro Tull (what about including some reviews/articles on house, techno and trance sounds?) I find the music section very rock oriented. I like Melanie, Judy Collins, The Dead, The Airplane/Starship, but I enjoy highly the music of Deee-Lite, The Shamen, The Future Sound Of London, and the current Californian ambient/trance scene with labels like Exist Dance, Hard Kiss and Silent, and videos like the alien dreamtime of the San Francisco duo Space Time Continuum with guru Terrence McKenna. I hope to see some of it in future issues of Gray Areas.

Cheers,
Mario

TAPING LAWS

Dear Gray Areas,

Fascinating magazine you have, folks! I'm a student and am currently researching legal issues surrounding live audio/video recording for personal use (with some discussion of "for profit" aspects). It is truly a gray area in that there are very few specific statutes and precedents which address the issue directly.

This is what I've found so far:
17 USC s 101, Wire Tapping Laws
894 F2d 240, 7th Circuit Case, In Matter of John Doe Trader #1(1990)
19 CFR s 133.42, Infringing copies or phono records
23 ALR3d 34, Fair Use
40 ALR3d 553
104 S.Ct. 774, Sony Corp. v. Universal City Studios (1982)
Home Audio Recording Act of 1992
82 Cal Rptr 798, Capitol Records, Inc. v. Erickson
CA Penal 653h, Misappropriation of recorded music for commercial advantage
DC Code s 22-3814, Commercial Piracy
Thanks very much for your help and best of luck with GA.

It's a thin tightrope on which we choose to walk, but where's the fun without the danger?

Name Withheld

We love to get your letters and print as many as we can. However, you **MUST** enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you expect to receive a reply.



Update: Fans of both illegally copied software and civil liberties rejoiced when the case against David LaMacchia was dropped. LaMacchia was an MIT student who was accused of operating a site for pirated computer software. The judge claimed the law he was being prosecuted under simply could not be used to apply to software piracy. ♦

Update: The Supreme Court amended the child pornography laws so that in order to be charged with sale or distribution, the government must prove that the person had prior knowledge the performer was a minor. This freed Rubin Gottesman who had been convicted for selling movies made by former adult film star Traci Lords when she was 15. ♦

Update: Pedro Zamora, star of MTV's *Real World* and subject of a profile in *Gray Areas* (Spring 1994), died of AIDS on November 11, 1994 at the age of 22. Thanks to MTV, Zamora became one of the three most famous celebrities (along with Ryan White and Magic Johnson) to speak out as AIDS victims. ♦

The world of music lost a legend when session musician Nicky Hopkins passed away at the age of 50 on September 6, 1994. Best known for work with The Rolling Stones and for backing up The Jefferson Airplane at Woodstock, Hopkins also played with everyone from Melanie to Bay Area musicians like Jerry Garcia and John Cipollina. ♦

Also gone but not forgotten is Jerry Rubin, best known as a 60s activist, founder of the Youth International Party and author of *Revolution For The Hell Of It*. Rubin surely explored the gray areas of morality. This publication would probably never exist if not for having been influenced, at least in part, by his early writings. ♦

On a much brighter note, musician David Crosby fully recovered from a dangerous

liver transplant. Crosby told *People* he had long been suffering from Hepatitis C and that he had waited over a year for a new liver. ♦

According to *Edupage*, "Minutes after the [British] Government formally joined the Internet, the department responsible for Open Government was the victim of a hacker. The Minister for Science said: "Six minutes after we went live, a man from Edinburgh University hacked into our system, decided he didn't like the design of some of our [web] pages and redesigned them. Now, in fact, he made them better, and the people who designed the pages accept that. The problem is, supposing somebody is able to hack into the system, changes the information and somebody acts on that information. Whose responsibility is it? I don't know the answer. But I think you will be reassured that we at least are posing that question." (*The Guardian* 12/8/94 p.10) ♦

Computer hackers dubbed the recent busts of over 100 hackers in the U.S. (mostly in Arizona and Texas) and dozens more in several other countries (including Spain) Operation SunDevil II. Even more hackers were questioned in what seems to be an ongoing investigation into illegal cellular telephone possession, warez piracy and Internet break-ins. *Gray Areas* was personally touched by this sweep as many of those questioned and arrested were people who read this publication and interacted with us on IRC and at cons. Hardest hit (so far) have been a former NSA member, a warez sysop who had mortgaged his home to fund a ten-line BBS, an MCI employee who sold calling card numbers to warez couriers around the world and the warez cracking and distribution group FiRM (who have since regrouped). ♦

Bob Dylan is suing Apple Computer for naming a programming tool *Dylan*. Dylan is asking for unspecified damages to stop Apple from using his name on its software (Source: *People* 9/12/94, page 83) ♦

Also suing are The Jefferson Airplane, who

are unhappy with a screen-saver image featured in Berkeley Systems' *After Dark*. A 1973 album cover for the Airplane's *Thirty Seconds Over Winterland* LP featured flying chrome toasters with clocks on them. The screen-saver features very similar toasters which are facing the opposite direction but have no clocks and instead have flying pieces of toast too. (Source: *Art & Design News*, Nov/Dec 1994, page 11) ♦

The Grateful Dead recently publicized that a federal judge granted a temporary restraining order to Grateful Dead Productions, Inc. and the Grateful Dead Merchandising, Inc. in order to prohibit the sale of merchandise which infringes their trademarks. Typically named as "Does 1-500," these orders allow for the seizure of merchandise and arrest of up to 500 people at concerts or on the street under the supervision of the band's attorneys. (Source: *The Boston Globe*, November 24, 1994, page 112) ♦

In England, performing under the name "Scanner," Robin Rimbaud has been recording and performing by using a scanner which transmits cellular telephone conversations which are illegal to listen to. He mixes these conversations with a synthesizer and recorded sound collages. His three albums, available only as imports, are illegal but no charges have been filed yet. Scanner compares what he does to playing a guitar and explains that he never knows what he will pick up. He argues that scanned phone calls are not disruptive or abusive like the prank calls of The Jerky Boys. (Source: *The New York Times*, December 1, 1994) ♦

Trenton, NJ is trying to get rid of prostitution with a new law that states that anyone convicted of prostitution is prohibited from returning, for up to two years, to the 60-block area that Trenton has deemed the worst. In NJ, prostitution charges apply equally to the prostitute and the client. While the goal is clearly to establish a pros-

titution-free zone, and while there are about 300 prostitution arrests in Trenton per year, the ACLU awaits a test case and says that the law is unconstitutional because the U.S. doesn't permit banishment or exile as a form of punishment. (Source: *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, November 13, 1994, page B1) 📰

In an effort to curtail the spread of AIDS, the city of Cabedelo, Brazil has ruled that hotels, motels and brothels ("sex havens"), must hand out condoms every four hours. This is an interesting law since motel owners already supplied condoms and feel the law is unnecessary. Also, since the hotels rent rooms by the hour, it's interesting condoms are only offered every four hours. Well, the world is full of gray areas. (Source: *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, January 14, 1995) 📰

New York's City Council voted 47-1 to restrict for one year the opening or expansion of topless bars, theaters that offer nude dancing and adult bookstores. Norman Siegel, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, was quoted as saying, "No one would have thought this would happen in New York City. This is a sad day for free speech." (Source: *The Boston Globe*, November 24, 1994, page 112) 📰

According to *Video Business* (September 30, 1994, page 6,12), a California judge did not hold two video distributors liable for a teenager who committed suicide after viewing *The Worst of The Faces of Death*. He based his decision on a 1986 case involving Ozzy Osbourne, who was sued because someone tried to hold him responsible for the suicide of a California teenager who had listened to his song "Suicide Solution."

Still being decided is the fate of the video store the tape was rented from. The parents are alleging that the video store rented tapes to the teenager after a block had been put on the account which required parental permission. 📰

Perhaps the most interesting sting we heard about this issue was one where investigators posed as thieves peddling stolen magazines. Law enforcement officials raided nine sights and arrested 13 people in what they claim is an underground industry run by "members or associates of an Asian Indian group identified by the President's Commission on Organized Crime as the Patels." According to Patricia Dalton, deputy inspector general of the U.S. Department of Labor, "What we've done is uncovered a major theft operation that affects the distribution of every magazine in the New York area. People don't realize that many of the magazines they're

reading were probably stolen." (Source: *New York Newsday*, December 15, 1994, page A33) 📰

They steal art too. According to *The Philadelphia Inquirer* (September 7, 1994, page E1), The International Foundation For Art Research operates an Art Loss Register which is a computerized database of stolen art. It includes "more than 50,000, and every week it adds more: In 1993, it listed 1,491 items, representing 508 thefts worldwide; in the first six months of 1994, it listed 809 items, representing 235 thefts." Used as a reference tool by everyone from the FBI to Scotland Yard and Interpol, art dealers, museums, galleries and private collectors, the group has recovered over \$25 million worth of art work. The article quotes IFAR's Constance Lowenthal as to the various reasons people enter the art theft business. While the number one reason is profit, sometimes the thieves get caught because they don't know how to unload the merchandise or don't know they can't openly unload the merchandise. Sometimes the buyer is ignorant and buys a replica that later turns out to have been the original. While works by legendary artists may be more trouble than they're worth, the market for lesser-known works is clearly steady. 📰

California recently made it illegal to operate a recording device, such as a camcorder, in a theater without the permission of the theater. The law grants theater owners the "defense of lawful detention" used by retail merchants who act reasonably to stop shoplifting in their stores. Theater owners are "immunized against suits for false arrest, false imprisonment, unlawful detention, defamation of character, assault, trespass or invasion of civil rights." (Source: Motion Picture Association of America, Inc. Press Release, September 27, 1994) 📰

According to the Motion Picture Association, agents in Italy smashed a Mafia-run video piracy business through the cooperation of FAPAV (the Italian anti-piracy association for the film industry) and Carabinieri (the Italian law enforcement agency). Police shut down 27 video stores and arrested 63 people in six towns who were charged with conspiracy, counterfeiting and fraud against the film production and distribution industry. A total of 4,800 high-speed VCRs, 150 duplicating machines, 100,000 cassettes and 450,000 counterfeit wraps were seized. The MPA estimates that 40% of the video market in Italy is pirate and FAPAV believes 65% of video piracy involves recently released films that are currently being shown in cinemas

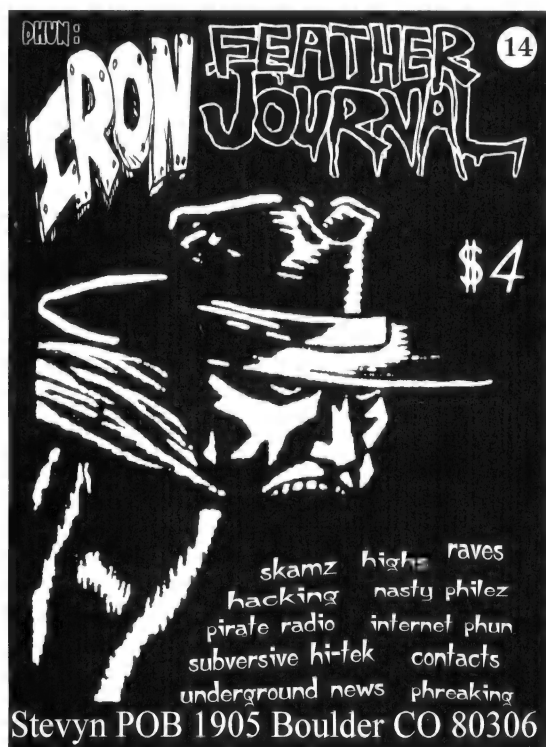
which results in damage not only to the home video market, but also to the theatrical one. (Source: MPA Press Release, December 2, 1994) 📰

Last year, the MPAA helped in the arrest of two men for video piracy. Both men were not first time offenders. On January 19, 1995, one of them received four months in prison and three years supervised probation after being found guilty of ten charges of copying recorded devices under the Maryland True Name and Address Statute. The second man pled guilty to five counts and was fined \$1,000 and a one year suspended sentence. Some of the pirate videocassettes seized from him include *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and *Timecop*. According to Ed Pistey, Director of the MPAA's U.S. Anti-Piracy Operation, 44 states have "true name and address" statutes. Pistey was satisfied with the sentences and felt these were significant penalties in efforts to curtail video piracy which costs the motion picture companies more than \$250 million annually in potential revenues. (Source: MPAA, Inc. Press Release) 📰

A Colorado judge required federal prison authorities to provide an inmate with "a black robe, incense, a gong and other implements" in order to perform Satanic rituals while incarcerated. (Source: *The Boston Herald*, October 12, 1994, page 2) 📰

In an emerging area of law, the Prodigy Services Company was sued for \$100 million for liable and negligence and an additional \$100 million more in punitive damages. Prodigy agreed to help track down a user who posted an electronic message via an inactive account which accused an investment bank of fraud and other criminal activity. The account involved belonged to a former employee of the Prodigy Services Company and that it was not the first time this account had been used to post offensive messages. Prodigy also agreed to remove the offensive message, to screen messages in that area for three months, to block any messages about the investment company and to provide the court with a detailed explanation of how messages are posted, screened and monitored. (Source: *The New York Times*) 📰

Among other things, President Clinton's crime bill makes it illegal to transmit harmful code such as computer viruses, makes possession of a red box a felony and will prohibit all states from selling state motor vehicle information in several years.



Alas, the many exceptions in the final version will now make it harder for stalkers to find their victims, but hardly impossible. There will now be a federal database to track cases of domestic violence and \$150 million will be used to implement an interstate system to do background checks on people wishing to buy handguns. 🍷

Michigan has one of the broadest stalking laws in the U.S. Although all 50 states now have stalking laws on the books, Michigan is the only state to have expanded the legislation to include cyberspace. It was challenged recently when a woman accused a man of pursuing her via E-mail and on her answering machine after she told him to stop. The law makes such harassment worth a year in jail and a \$1,000 fine if convicted, then, if the woman were contacted again, felony charges would apply. The case is interesting because as the accused's lawyer pointed out "The statute could arguably criminalize what could be innocent communication." (Source: *The New York Times*, September 16, 1994, Page B-18) 🍷

In the largest award in this area yet, a judge awarded Cablevision Systems Corp. a \$3.9 million judgment against sellers of illegal descramblers. Cablevision busted two people and seized more than 100,000 descramblers. They had been sold to distributors and consumers via both retail and mail-order. The law violated here "bars the sale of unauthorized descramblers knowing that they will

be used to steal cable TV service." The decision is significant because Cablevision was able to portray to the judge "a vivid picture of an extensively, if not exclusively, illegal operation." Also, the amount of the judgment opens the door to more severe sentences in the future. (Source: *New York Newsday*, January 12, 1995, Page A-37) 🍷

California has a nasty "Three Strikes" law. It states that if you are convicted of any crime (the new Crime Bill "Three Strikes" law only affects people charged with violent crimes) and it is your third conviction, you will be dealt a harsh, no mercy sentence. Recently, Jerry Dewayne Williams was found guilty of stealing a single slice of pizza from four children. A jury deliberated for nearly three days before convicting him of felony petty theft, which carries a mandatory sentence

of 25-years-to-life. (Source: *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, January 22, 1995) 🍷

The Secret Service and Brooklyn, New York police busted a cellular phone cloner named Jorge DeFerrari. He sold pirated numbers for a \$100 each as well as cloning kits complete with a computer virus "inserted in the discs so customers would have to go back to him for more software." Charged with forgery, criminal possession of a forged instrument, computer tampering and criminal possession of computer-related material, he stole phone numbers from cellular phones in use at the time on the highways of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Police said he avoided New York because, "New York mobile phone companies have begun to use security devices that prevent such theft." No word on how he got caught. (Source: *New York Newsday*, January 12, 1995, Page A-28) 🍷

Back when the original concept for *Gray Areas* was being incubated, a perfectly gray case hit the news. It involved an overweight woman who purchased a plane ticket and was required by the airline to pay for two seats due to her weight. The airline argued that the flight was overbooked and that she needed more space than usual. They even refused to give her double frequent flyer miles. She sued, claiming the airline should have designed seats wide enough to accommodate her. We loved this case because it's easy to see both sides, but unlikely either

would see the other's point of view.

Along comes an equally gray case. People who play the lottery often enjoy playing in other states by means of ticket brokers. Scott Wenner lives in New Jersey, but purchased a Texas lottery ticket through a local hardware store through Pic-A-State, that deals in out-of-state lottery tickets. Texas officials are denying the \$10 million winning ticket. They believe the transaction was improper because several Texas laws were broken in the process. Pic-A-State is not a Texas retailer, does business over the telephone and sells Texas lottery tickets for more than face value. Wenner's lawyer says it was a good-faith purchase and the Texas Lottery Commission is not living up to their end. He also points out that "They didn't do anything about the money coming from Pic-A-State. But when it's money leaving, that's when they do something." Further complicating the case is the fact that the Texas Lottery concedes they have paid off previous winners from the same location, but argue that they were unaware how the tickets had been bought. (Source: *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, January 14, 1995, Page A-1, A-8) 🍷

The FBI recently completed a sting operation in which over two years it bought 120 stolen cars worth \$4 million for only \$140,000 (3.5% of their value). The FBI kept track of the sellers and learned what cars they favor, how fast they work and their views on anti-theft devices. A total of 30 men were arrested on charges of car theft and interstate conspiracy. Half of the men were suspected of being members of a Brooklyn, NY car-theft ring known as the Flatbush Pulley Gang. The gang was believed to have 100 or so members and the FBI felt this bust made a big dent. Interesting findings include the news that some thieves do ten cars a night, "clubs" are defeated in seconds by thieves who pour freon onto the club locks and crack them apart with a blow, and that thieves believe the best defense is a hidden electronic switch which cuts off power to the engine when the car is started. If convicted, suspects would be looking at "five years in prison for conspiracy and ten years for each count of possession and sale of a stolen car, plus fines of \$250,000 to more than \$1 million." (Source: *The New York Times*, September 9, 1994, Page B-1, B5) 🍷

Please fax clippings for this column to us at (610) 353-7693 with date, page and place taken from. Or mail them. Thanks!

GETTING GRAY WITH THE INTERNET LIBERATION FRONT

BY NETTA GILBOA

A few days after Thanksgiving 1994 someone messaged me on IRC and asked me if I had heard about the Internet Liberation Front yet. I said I hadn't and he DCC'd me (an IRC method of file transfer) a file. I opened it in another window, read it on the spot, and felt in my gut that I was looking at something that might lead to a story. The complete text appears below:

%%%%%%%%%%
GREETINGS FROM THE
INTERNET LIBERATION FRONT
%%%%%%%%%%

Once upon a time, there was a wide area network called the Internet.

A network unscathed by capitalistic Fortune 500 companies and the like.

Then someone decided to de-regulate the Internet and hand it over to the "big boys" in the telecommunications industry. "Big boys" like SprintNet, MCI, AT&T, and the like. Now we all know how this story ends - Capitalist Pig Corporation takes control of a good thing, and in the ever-so-important-money-making-general-scheme-of-things, the good thing turns into another overflowing cesspool of greed.

So, we got pissed.

The ILF is a small, underground organization of computer security experts. We are capable of penetrating virtually any network linked to the Internet - ANY network.

So read this VERY carefully.

The ILF has now declared war on any company suspected of contributing to the final demise of the Internet. If you fit into any of the above mentioned categories of disgust, FEAR US.

Better yet, take an axe to your petty f---ing firewall machine before WE do.

Just a friendly warning Corporate America; we have already stolen your proprietary source code. We have already pillaged your million dollar research data. And if you would like to avoid financial ruin, then heed our warning and get the f--- out of dodge.

Happy Thanksgiving Day Turkeys,
— ILF

pipeline, sprint, ibm, and at&t have felt our wrath, more to come

P.S.: If you would like to drop us a line, post a plaintext message encrypted with the

enclosed PGP public key to one of the following newsgroups: alt.security or any security sub

The Pretty Good Privacy encryption package is available via anon ftp @soda.berkeley.edu.

—BEGIN PGP PUBLIC KEY BLOCK—
—Version: 2.3a

mQCNAi7N2x4AAAEEMy96ZsA7acbO
RkLhZJQIwau2RbbJ5J7l/gzZ0lQ7H
%%%%%%%%%%

"There is more than
one person in ILF,
and we do actually
read on occasion.
We don't enjoy any
publications or TV
programs. The only
thing we "enjoy" is
increasing our power
in any way we can."

The concept of the ILF intrigued me. I knew as well as anyone how much hackers can blindly hate businesses. Also, this was the first sign I had seen since I had been watching the scene that some hackers have political motives. Whatever you think of their actions, I grasped immediately that ILF had the potential to become part of the nightly news in the same way that bombers and hijackers are. I started to think I might mention the incident in the "Gray Matter" column, especially if they struck again over Christmas or New Year's.

A few days later a relative sent me two pieces of E-mail which offered proof the break-ins had been real. I told one experienced hacker about the ILF file after I got it and he thought it was a joke. When I told a

second and third hacker and neither of them had the file either I began to realize I might have been sent something private and should stop discussing it. Here's the mail which was forwarded to me from Pipeline:

"We discovered a security breach in progress yesterday morning. Prudence forced us (for the first time in our relatively short history) to bring the network off line immediately for repairs and for the installation of even deeper levels of security. We were being actively vandalized; it's clear that the intruders intended to do a great deal of damage and would have succeeded if we had not taken immediate, drastic action. As it is, we were forced to disrupt several thousand of you yesterday, and not all our services have been restored even now. For that we apologize.

We can't say much more about how the breach occurred or about the steps we have taken to forestall future breaches, for the usual obvious reasons. It's one of the saddest things about the Internet, that maliciousness of this kind remains relatively common.

A message from the intruders suggested that they were hoping to make some sort of statement about the commercialization of the Net—it mentioned specifically America Online and MCI. The irony, of course, is that we are not America Online or MCI. The extent to which we and other independent Internet service providers remain vulnerable to attack is exactly the extent to which we continue to provide some level of access to the traditional Internet tools that old-style, sophisticated users like. Only a completely closed, inflexible system can be truly secure on the Internet.

At any rate, again, we regret this. We pride ourselves on reliable, 24-hour service to you, and the disruption yesterday afternoon was by far our worst. Please bear with us if you feel any of the aftershocks today."

Here's a second message I was forwarded from Pipeline, concerning break-ins at GE and NBC:

"Did anyone else notice that the GE/NBC electronic mail network also experienced a very major break-in last week? Turned on the 11 o'clock news on Saturday night, and NBC was announcing that due to a break-in,

its E-mail had been down for FOUR DAYS.

Channel 4 was midway through conducting an E-mail poll on the question of whether or not sexually explicit materials should be available on the Net when the GE network was disrupted by hackers. The news announcer said that it was the biggest breach of security on the Net that anyone had ever admitted to. Maybe there was some sort of concerted effort to disrupt a number of Internet providers/networks, just prior to a big holiday weekend when a lot of people could be expected to be away for the holidays?"

Sounded like a reasonable theory to me. Well, it didn't take long for the media to start reporting on ILF and the break-ins. *Information Week* was first with a cover story on Internet security (December 12, 1994, p. 12-14) just two days after I received the file above. I realized right away that I had the complete text of a file that they clearly did not. Also, my experiences with hackers led me to believe Pipeline Network founder James Gleick was uninformed when he told *Information Week* that "I don't know that there is any such group as the Internet Liberation Front. I think it's somebody kidding himself about how important he is." By the way, the same issue of *Information Week* reported that CERT hears about 150-250 hacker incidents per month and that the figure is increasing as the Internet grows.

Maybe ILF was trying to tell me something. Maybe not. At any rate, I couldn't stop thinking about them. I decided to write up a plea to try to get them to talk to me, find someone to PGP it for me and post it to the Net. It wasn't that crazy an idea. They probably knew who I was. I'd been to many cons and had met at least 1000 hackers in person. I knew another hundred or two from conversations on IRC. I figured the media would come down hard on them and they might want someone who'd simply agree to be their voice. So I was ready to DCC my plea to the guy who had given me the original information when he popped up on IRC and said hi. I asked him to take it and PGP it for me. He read it and told me someone would get back to me. Then he disappeared. In the meantime I kept reading the media reports, sitting on IRC waiting for an answer and hanging around #hack to see what their peers said about them.

Then came *Time* (December 12, 1994, p. 73-74). They explained a journalist named Joshua Quittner had been attacked too and that sites were broken into in order to fire off mail bombs to him and *Wired* magazine. Gene Spafford, an academic security expert, said in this article that "I'm more inclined to think it's a grudge against Josh Quittner."

"We plan to strike
only when we
feel it is necessary.
Holidays are
picked because
admins are away
so our fun lasts
longer."

I missed the *Wall Street Journal* article (December 5, 1994) so I can't comment on that. Someone mailed me Joshua Quittner's own article about it in *Newsday* (December 6, 1994 p. B25, B27). He said for the rest of his book tour he would have something to talk about. He had no idea at the time that the harassment was just beginning. Quittner became a target among many phreaks not

associated with ILF too. I was given his phone numbers on IRC one night (after they had been changed several times) and told if I called them I'd be connected to an 800 number which advertised a 900 number's sex line.

It didn't take long for hackers to begin impersonating ILF when they hacked too. A site in Arizona revealed that a hacker's account had been broken into and everyone else at the site had been mailbombed with a racist message that I had seen once weeks before as the hacked message of the day on University of Washington's IRC server. This time the racist message was signed ILF and angry users at the

site were advised to contact the hacker whose account the messages had originated from (who was innocent). I guessed it was not ILF's work and they confirmed that and blamed a rival hacking group.

In the weeks that followed the world heard nothing more from ILF to my knowledge. But the media continued to write about them. ILF was mentioned in a *New York Times* review of Quittner's book and was criticized in an editorial in *2600*. Who knows how much more press I didn't see.

Then one day someone came on IRC and DCC'd me what turned out to be a very exclusive interview. A few hours later I received a 3-way voice call from a person who said he had been the one who answered my questions and from a second person who was silent most of the time except to express that Joshua Quittner had been chosen because my caller believed he did not keep his word and had alienated those hackers he wrote about. They supplied me with more than enough proof they were really among the people behind ILF and then they politely asked me when my deadline was and what else I might want to know. If only all of my interviewees were as cooperative.

American Hacker

"...Underground publication
featuring...down and dirty investigative
pieces..." WIRED August 1994

"...Detailed insider information on the
current TV video scrambling and
descrambling methods..." ELECTRONICS

*monthly newsletter covers all areas of hacking
including computer, cable, satellite, phones, etc.

*both technical and non-technical articles

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Loyal readers may remember that last year Santa brought me an unexpected gift in the form of an interview with a second WELL cracker. This year, Santa came a few weeks earlier and brought me an even grayer interviewee. Below is the letter I wrote to ILF and their reply:

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE INTERNET
LIBERATION FRONT:

I am very intrigued by your statement of purpose/recent actions. I must admit I personally think Pipeline's software is way cool and I enjoy a lot of NBC's programming. However, yours is the first political action I have heard about in the 1.25 years I have been around the hacking community. Your ethics may not be mine, but you have clearly displayed some. This makes you stand out from your peers who often seem to put no thought at all into their hacks.

Of course, it would be any reporter's dream to interview you. But I doubt any other reporter you could choose would make as much space for your words as I would. Nor would they allow you to speak unedited (we edit only curse words, not content or beliefs).

Below are the questions I most want answers to, assuming you would be willing to

"If you have annoying users on your system, you should seriously consider getting rid of them before they annoy us. There are some people who just shouldn't be on the Net, people whose sole purpose in life seems to be making me hurt them."

Speak in *Gray Areas* magazine. Anything else you would care to add would be groovy. Please test that it is me on IRC first by calling me voice. I'm sure many of the hackers who consider themselves my enemies would like to keep me from talking to you and perhaps vice versa.

Thanks for listening.

Netta Gilboa: You made the cover of *Information Week*. I notice it didn't have your text file in it and that GE says they have no idea how you entered their site. It also implies that ILF consists of one hacker with an ego problem. Any reaction to that article?

ILF: I haven't actually read the *Information Week* article on ILF, though I hope to grab a copy soon. The article in *TIME*, which I have read, was annoying at best. I still find it hard to believe the guy writing the article asked Gene Spafford what he thought about all of it. Spafford is a stupid old man, and an owned one at that.

GA: Ironically, if you guys continue, you will end up media sensations which is something I'd imagine you

eschew. If, hypothetically, ILF struck at regular intervals, you would get press coverage in much the same way as hijackers and bombers get it now. Any comments on the media (i.e. nightly news and trade journals) who will cover you?

ILF: We could care less for the media, especially since only on very rare occasions do they get their facts straight. Most of the time they are just greedy computer illiterates who will do anything for a buck (i.e. Joshua Quittner). As for who would cover us if we struck at regular intervals, I would imagine it would be magazines and shows having to do with the capitalist pig corporations we crush.

GA: Why was Quittner picked?

ILF: Quittner had nothing to do with the Net fun. He is the epitome of inaccurate journalism and overall stupidity. Anything that happens to him in the future he deserves.

GA: You guys (I am assuming there is more than one of you) must read some magazines and newspapers. Is there any value to the media to you at all? Are there any publications/TV programs you enjoy?

ILF: There is more than one person in ILF, and we do actually read on occasion. We don't enjoy any publications or TV programs. The only thing we "enjoy" is increasing our power in any way we can.

GA: Do you lack power in real life and so you compensate for it by attacking on the Net? How much fun is the power to wield when you can get caught by revealing you were the one who did it?

ILF: I suppose I have as much power as anyone else in real life. I could just go out and kill someone instead of hacking their system or turning off their phone, but that does seem to lack finesse.

GA: Similarly, you claim to hate capitalism, big business and people profiting off the Net. Are any corporations exempt? If so, who and why. And what about a not-for-profit group whose goals you disagree with?

ILF: Our nemesis is big business, or any business that bothers us. A few corporations are exempt because of the elites they employ, but that is a very select few. If there is a non-for-profit group whose goals we disagree with, maybe they should consider leaving the Net.

GA: Did you try to get in anywhere else and fail? Or did you decide those sites were the most important ones to attack first? Why Pipeline anyway? I thought Delphi, WELL and AOL were way more hated by hackers.

ILF: All of the systems we targeted we got into rather easily. The sites I can guarantee we hit were clark-ether.research.att.com, eagle.bet.ibm.com, sprintlink.net, and

if you're
paranoid,
they'll know...

FRINGE WARE REVIEW

qtrly \$15/yr —pob49921,austinTX78765usa
fringeware-request@io.com (GET INFO)
<http://io.com/pub/fwi/home.html>

pipeline.com. Others were most likely hit without my knowledge by other ILF members. Pipeline was hit because of its visibility as a commercial Internet system, and because a hell of a lot of people on there bugged the s--- out of me. As for Delphi, WELL, AOL, etc., they could have been hit just as easily, but Thanksgiving was just a warning, not a full on war.

GA: Why was Thanksgiving picked?

ILF: It was picked for its historical significance (*ed. note: in the computer underground*).

GA: Do you plan to strike only on holidays?

ILF: We plan to strike only when we feel it necessary. Holidays are picked because admins are away so our fun lasts longer.

GA: You gave out a PGP key and asked for posts. I don't read newsgroups. Did anyone write you? Did you expect anyone to?

ILF: I didn't look for any PGP'd posts. I could care less, but someone in ILF probably did. Since Thanksgiving we have not made contact with each other, and will continue to remain inactive until we decide to do otherwise.

GA: I am aware that ExecNet (914 area code) was hacked during the same time period. Were you involved in that?

ILF: I was not personally involved in the hacking of ExecNet. It is possible that someone from ILF did it though.

GA: So you broke into a few sites and I guess rm'd files (no one spelled out what you did exactly, other than to say it was super destructive, pardon my innocence). Most sites have backups and would only be inconvenient for the short term. What exactly did you do and what really got accomplished for the long term?

ILF: I suppose a lot of people are interested in what we actually did. Well to set the record straight, nothing destructive was done, we destroyed no hardware, and we didn't go around rm'ing everything. What we did once we broke in was replace the motd on the systems with our message, and then proceeded to mail bomb root@cert.org, root@wired.com, root@newsday.com, and dateline@news.nbc.com. This was done so that the systems we hit couldn't deny that we hacked them (*ed. note: several of these sites never came forward and admitted they were hacked*). I think in the long term we managed to keep a few corporations from getting on the Net, and maybe even got a few to leave, and for now, that's enough.

GA: What haven't you been able to hack?

ILF: Nothing.

GA: Of all the places you've "owned," what has interested you the most and why?

ILF: Many places I have been in were, and are very interesting, but this is not the place to discuss them.

GA: You have expressed great disappointment in the state/future of the Net. Assume you could accomplish all of your goals and change it totally and permanently in one night. What would the Net be under your rulership?

ILF: The Net under our rulership would be a place free of money-sucking commercial providers. All Net access would be free, and maybe we could even get rid of all this goddamn stupid push button interfaces they are coming up with for the masses.

GA: It seems to me that many of the Net's users are much bigger problems than the sites that host them. Please comment.

ILF: This of course is true. If you have annoying users on your system, you should seriously consider getting rid of them before they annoy us. There are some people who just shouldn't be on the net, people whose sole purpose in life seems to be making me hurt them.

GA: Reaction from your peers has been fascinating to watch. As with everything that happens on the scene, some are dissing you. A few did not believe you are for real. Most are just copping a

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Former Adult Film Actress Kay Parker

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Attorney and Musician Barry Melton

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The RIAA's Piracy Director Steven D'Onofrio

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"I think all of us fear jail. I know many people that have done time and I don't hear any of them saying how great it was."

wait and see attitude as they are unsure if you will strike again. All of the people I have interacted with seem to be against you because you will "give a bad name to hackers." What would you like to say to your colleagues?

ILF: Screw them, if they don't like it that's too damn bad. Any of the real hackers that we respect out there are either in ILF, or are cool with us. Everyone else sucks.

GA: People are saying mail bombs are lame and these were easy hacks. Please comment as to how easy the places you chose were to enter. Also, do you plan to attempt anything super difficult to prove your skill to them?

ILF: I don't need to prove my skill to anyone, they don't talk s--- when I am around because they are too scared. As for the difficulty of the hacks, none of those idiots could get in.

GA: Surely you realize your actions are illegal and there will be a growing effort to stop you. Ironically, although the laws are in place, hackers don't get much jail time no matter what they do. Is your attitude "So what, at worst they might come seize my outdated computer and give me six months probation and/or community service" or do you fear jail?

ILF: I think all of us fear jail. I know many people that have done time and I don't hear any of them saying how great it was. But if anyone in ILF is harassed in any way by any government organizations I will personally retaliate. It would be much better for them to eat donuts and pop little kids for using codes.

GA: How did the concept of ILF come about? Did you sit around bored and say let's get our 15 minutes of fame this way? Or are you sick of years of hacking with no rhyme or reason other than

access or revenge? Perhaps you felt it was time to leave your mark on the world.

ILF: The concept of ILF came about because we are sick of the Net becoming overcrowded with idiots. It's time to clean up, and it starts with business.

GA: Did everyone you initially asked to join ILF agree? Do you plan to add members? As your media attention grows, some hackers are going to want to be linked to you for their fifteen minutes of fame.

ILF: Nobody was "asked" to be in ILF, it was just for Thanksgiving, and I suppose for any other time when we decide it's necessary.

GA: Any regrets about ILF so far?

ILF: I am not the regretting type. What was done was done, no turning back.

GA: The two organizations that come to mind when I think about ILF are ALF (which steals animals from labs and frees them) and PLO. Both have been very successful for long periods of time. What political organizations would you like to be compared to and why?

ILF: I would hope nobody compares us with existing political organizations. We are completely different than anything out there right now. We are the best at what we do, and we do what we are good at.

GA: There have been many hacks and hoaxes this holiday season. Did ILF do any of these?

a. Primer.net (where users were mailbombed up to 925 times each with a copy of the infamous hacked UWashington IRC server's racist MOTD and told if they had a problem with it to contact a hacker named "Riley" at that site. ILF's name was

"All I am willing to admit to is what was done on Thanksgiving, which was of course just a joke, and also a small way of getting a point across, that nobody is safe from us."

signed to each piece of mail).

b. Santa/Sun Microsystems (There were two hacks here. In the first, people were told that Sun agreed to donate 10 cents for each piece of E-mail received. In the second, many people mailbombed Santa).

c. Microsoft/Vatican (a fake press release was sent out by Associated Press indicating Microsoft was attempting to form an alliance between computers and religion).

d. Emmanuel Goldstein's WELL account was hacked or spoofed and alt.2600 was mailbombed.

ILF: No, we did nothing to Primer.net, it was just some lame ass kids trying to annoy us. All I am willing to admit to is what was done on Thanksgiving, which was of course just a joke, and also a small way of getting a point across, that nobody is safe from us.

GA: Why did you decide to talk to me?

ILF: Because you interviewed some of my friends before and I liked the article. Also because I wanted a chance to tell how it really is. Now maybe people will shut up and stop bothering me. ☐



PUBLIC PGP KEY

Most people like to believe their electronic mail is secure. It's not. In fact, sending electronic mail to anyone these days is like putting your message on a public billboard. So, we're taking the radical step of being the first magazine (to our knowledge) to admit this and to print a public PGP key in print.

The reality is that this publication writes about hackers and some of them find our contacts and customers worth knowing about. We will always be a target. Using PGP means they won't get your words to us. That doesn't mean your letter is any safer sent to another magazine which doesn't write about hackers. It just means the other magazines that advertise E-mail addresses don't care enough about you to admit when they've been hacked (if they even know) or to provide you with a key to encrypt your correspondence. Please take the time to learn about PGP and to use it no matter who you write to. Although a key for version 2.3 is printed below you may use version 2.3a, 2.6 or any other version to write to us. We also have a new E-mail address and may be reached (hopefully!) at 76042,3624@compuserve.com Hacker friends assure us our E-mail is safer there than any other place available to us. Please do not use the WELL address as they continue to have security breaches and they do not take our side or even necessarily believe us when we alert them to a problem. Thanks.

——BEGIN PGP PUBLIC KEY BLOCK——

Version: 2.3

```
mQCNAi76UiwAAAEELgwLwtyFrBlzHkfUlc5NIwLrIfbng5OJIG1Qlp1JN5UUaSR
EMAU8gDqwOzXVS2TLYqbz5AHYw7zBTuVneYpMH6THv4iYN9iyXMu1LUby54HLbyP
vZb61BnF9s4oyyZitGJ8F/IKnqGX5+jE3/WvcJ0HxDJPL5jEA2uwNFX4WuNAAUR
tBZncmF5YXJlYUB3ZWxsLnNmLmNhLnVz
=rXPN
```

——END PGP PUBLIC KEY BLOCK——

Coming Soon in *Gray Areas*:

Interview: Invalid Media, sysop
of Unphamiliar Territory BBS

Interview: An Old School Hacker

Interview: Ian "Captain Zap"
Murphy, Hacker For Hire

Results of a Survey of
Hacker's Attitudes and Opinions
About Themselves



"Excuse me Mr. Hirshhorn, but it appears my modem accidentally transferred all of my money, my credit card information and an award-winning Gloxinia to your son while we were communicating via the Internet. Could you please tell him to return my money, stop using the credit cards and water the goddamn plant?"

SCANNERS: TUNING IN ILLEGALLY ON TELEPHONE CALLS By Wild Bill

There are certain laws which are going to be broken no matter what. I know for a fact, most people exceed the speed limit when driving; others cheat on their taxes. Speeding is not really morally wrong, other than violating a law, but cheating on your taxes is stealing, and the Ten Commandments covers that. I try to stay within the law most of the time, but I have a pastime some construe as illegal and/or immoral. No, it's not sex with animals or cow-tipping, it is eavesdropping. Not eavesdropping in the normal sense, but utilizing a scanning radio to listen to private radio broadcasts — those intentionally emitted, but never intended for reception by the general public. These emissions include cellular and cordless phones, baby monitors, business radios and short-range walkie-talkies.

It all began with an interest in listening to local police calls. When I worked for Radio Shack, this type of equipment was sold in the store, so we learned to use it; time passed quicker with something to listen to. It was interesting to listen to police, ambulance, and fire calls, and amateur radio as well. Each new model brought more things to listen to. When I left Radio Shack, I purchased my first scanner; cordless phones came into use, and it did not take long to figure out how to listen to them as well. Later came the baby monitors, which work like one-way walkie-talkies, then cellular phones. Equipment was modified or purchased in order to take in the additional listening areas; as the interest grew, antennas sprang from both vehicles and home. Currently I have several modified consumer type scanners and a commercial model which displays pre-programmed messages and is configured using a computer. I keep hoping Santa will bring me a good general coverage receiver with a computer interface one year.

As I understand it, from a legality standpoint it is okay to monitor any of the radio services except cellular phone, provided you do not derive any monetary gain or pass on any information you may have heard. Unfortunately, the morality issue is not as clearly defined, and is probably best left to each

individual. I personally see nothing wrong with listening in to what people say when it carries into my personal space. The person using the phone or monitor assumes he or she has privacy, when in fact the signal is being radiated well beyond its appropriate range. I compare this to walking down the street and overhearing a loud conversation going on within a house — they don't intend for you to hear what is being said, even though it can be heard beyond what they perceive is the normal listening area. Some claim it is no different than tapping someone's phone. I say a phone tap is violating the privacy of the "victim" by intruding into his environment with a concealed presence, while the scanner is merely intercepting a signal which has travelled beyond its intended destination and into another's personal space.



Neta Gilboa

As far as things I have heard, they include two female ambulance personnel, using radios with a range of 30-40 miles, talking about a male co-worker's penis size and sexual appetite. Another call revealed a man talking to one girlfriend, placing her on hold to give another girlfriend directions to his house, all the while denying his messin' around to both women. Drug deals are commonly overheard, as are people checking their voice mail. Cellular users don't realize someone could simply decode their mail ID and password to have access to at least one mailbox.

Baby monitors have yielded some interesting activities, including parents spanking their children, and led to practical jokes, since they share frequencies with voice-activated headsets used to talk between motor-

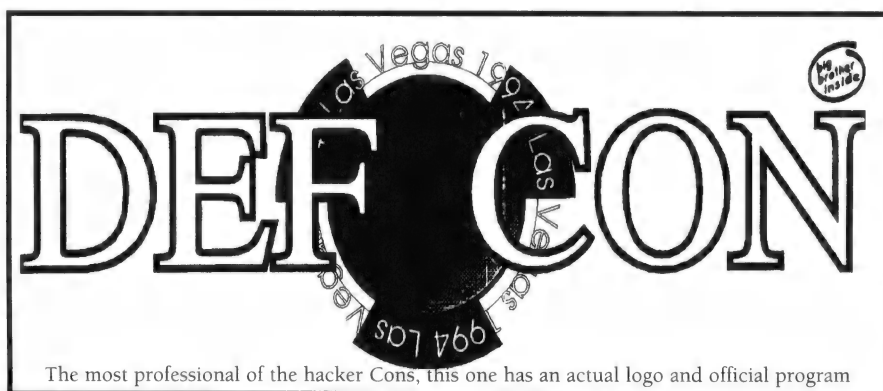
cycles. On one outing we overheard an infant making sounds on our headsets, so I keyed up and said in a baby voice, "Mama, Dada, poo-poo." The mother went nuts thinking her child had spoken, and we listened to her try to get the child to speak again as we rode out of range.

Cordless phones have to be the most interesting thing to listen to, because their short range limits reception to a block or less, meaning the people you hear are more than likely neighbors you know. Apartments are even more interesting because there are more people within listening range, and on one occasion yielded a rather interesting set of events. A woman was first heard talking to a female friend about not having a date one evening, complaining she really needed some "dick." Later she made calls to several men, all of which claimed to have previous commitments. One man even identified his commitment by name, only to be told she was a diseased slut, who was not as talented at performing oral sex as the caller; despite her bragging, she still went without that night.

Probably the most memorable thing overheard was the conversation between a young, teen-age girl and her older and wiser boyfriend. Not being allowed to go on an unsupervised date, the two sought mutual gratification by talking on the phone and simultaneously masturbating. According to background noises, the bathtub seemed to be her favorite place, although his was not readily identifiable. These calls went on for weeks, and discussion topics included what type of garden vegetable she could use to simulate his penis, and what she would do to him on their honeymoon.

I have from time to time discussed what I have heard with others who share this interest, but keep to myself around most "unbelievers" for fear I will be labeled as a pervert — this is the first time I have disclosed much of this information to outsiders. Most of my peers share the same beliefs concerning the right to listen in on others, although some feel it could easily become an obsession, like watching soap operas. I feel it is up to the individual to evaluate his state of mind to determine if he can enjoy this sport without feeling guilty or becoming obsessed.

In closing, I will say my listening is more to keep me entertained rather than an obsession, since my listening usually occurs while I am programming or writing. I really don't know if what I do is truly morally wrong — in my mind I feel it is not. I would never use anything I overheard to get someone in trouble, and I find humor in knowing other people often do the same things we do (with the exception of wanking over the phone). ■



DEFCON II July 22-24, 1994

Sahara Hotel, Las Vegas

Photos & Review by Netta Gilboa

I knew before the plane left the ground that I was going to have a bad day. I was flying from Philadelphia to Las Vegas with a change of planes in Dallas. In Las Vegas I was due to meet my date who I had met on IRC. The first plane left 45 minutes late and when it landed I had already missed the connecting flight. I tried everything to have the airline contact my date. He tried hard to find me too. In the end he got no word I was delayed and assumed I had stood him up. I landed two hours late with Frosty in tow who I'd met at the bar in Dallas while I was recharging my laptop at a table and he passed by. I looked everywhere and no date. So I went to have him paged, heard he'd tried to find me hours before, and figured he was waiting at the hotel. I called there and left a message for him and then headed for baggage claim. He was still in the airport, unhappy after his walking around aimlessly had attracted the attention of security. They suspected him of being some sort of drug courier perhaps because, in addition to being lost and clearly searching for someone he did not know, he also had long hair. He doesn't use drugs and was offended. He produced i.d. (they even wanted to see a paystub!) and I can't even imagine how bummed he felt to still have to stay in the airport after that. But the story does have a happy ending as I was easy to spot in a red, white and blue Grateful Dead T-shirt of a skull with a flag motif. We rode to the hotel thrilled to have found each other. The experience probably helped us bond and we felt comfortable with each other very quickly.

At the hotel we learned Frosty had told people I had a date and so any hope of secrecy was already blown. We unpacked

and headed downstairs for food. It's worth mentioning that Vegas has food all night long, including some of the most expensive sushi in the U.S. If you're willing to eat regular American food it's plentiful and cheap. But, even at 3 or 4 a.m. it is unbelievably hot there and the temperature was 107 degrees or so every time I tried to venture outside. I could barely breathe in the hotel room and got some sort of throat infection as a result. When I went to buy overpriced medication at the hotel store I was told many people coming to Vegas from the East experience this. Hmn.

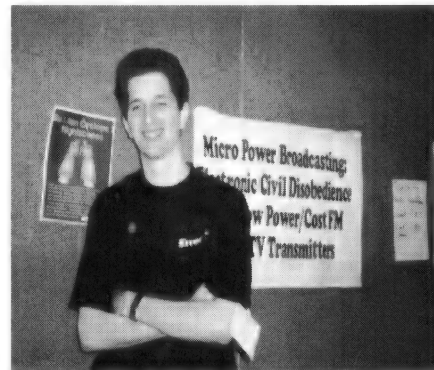
I had the next day free as the Con didn't officially start until that night. I walked around seeing Vegas and got to know my date. We found Slyme in the lobby just as we were thinking about dinner and headed out for sushi with him.

When we got back we stopped by the registration room and ran into Dark Tangent, the organizer, Dead Addict and Novocain, as well as a few dozen people from IRC who I had spoken to online but not met face-to-face yet. I picked up a program, bought a T-shirt and then went back to my room.

When I came downstairs Saturday there were no empty tables left so I asked someone if I could share his and it turned out to be Mark Ludwig who publishes a newsletter about computer viruses. I sat in that same spot all day and night and missed an awful lot of the speeches due to people coming by and talking. Other people were selling things and talking to their friends when they ran into them in the back of the room. The noise grew so bad we were yelled at frequently and next year there will be more rooms to prevent this from happening. About 370 people came and even though the hotel gave us plenty of space, there were just a lot of people everywhere at all times. Add to that the media trying to film interviews in the hallways with anyone willing to talk and, well, you can just imagine. I walked by and heard one guy saying something about the



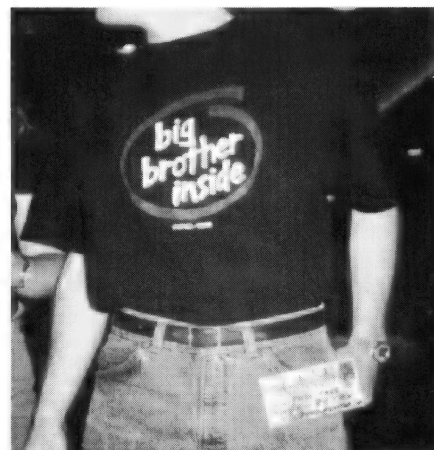
T-shirt



Dark Tangent, DelCon Organizer



T-shirt



T-shirt



Speaker Mark Ludwig



Author Winn Schwartau



Dead Addict



Attorney Gail Thackeray

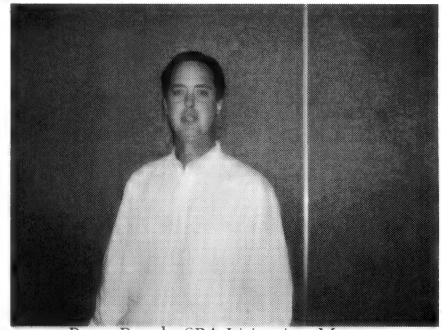
fact that he hacks for power and control and could just imagine his words used as the trailer for that evening's news. Hackers who talk to the media need to realize their words are usually heavily edited and just because they offer to turn a camera on you does not mean you will be portrayed well or even fairly.

A spectacular lineup of speakers got underway including Phil Zimmerman (author of PGP), Gail Thackeray (an attorney who specializes in the prosecution of hacker cases), a roundtable on "Privacy and Anonymity on the Internet" featuring Theora (a computer security researcher) and Presence (a hacker), Stephen Donnifer (involved with pirate radio), The Jackal (on radio), Padget Peterson (an anti-virus expert), Erik Bloodaxe on wireless gadgets, etc.

Different people will tell you that different speakers were the best. I enjoyed what I got to hear of Gail's talk a lot and Presence who, while only allotted seven minutes, was clearly on his way to a great speech. At different points during the day there were T-shirts given away to those people who were the first to spot a fed present.

Alas there was no bar as promised because some jerks screwed with it the night before to try to get some free beer. Everyone around me had a few anyway though because if you made your way into the casino the beers were \$1 each. I went out for sushi with Novocain and my date and we all had a great time getting to know each other. Novocain had never tried sushi before but he rose to the challenge. We had a great time chatting and it was the first of what will surely be many dinners together.

Sunday's speakers were just as good. They included Dead Addict who spoke about the future, Mark Ludwig on his contest giving an award for creating a political virus, Winn Schwartau on Information Warfare, Annaliza on the hacking scene in Europe and Peter Beruk, Litigation Manager for the Software Piracy Association. It was information overload. Ironically, I had been telling people that HoHoCon had been great but should have had speakers on both days. Here I'd



Peter Beruk, SPA Litigation Manager

gotten my wish and simply longed for a few extra chairs so I could sit with my friends. Anyway, if you are interested in learning rather than socializing, come to Defcon as it's the most educational of the Cons.

The social stuff was great too. So good that I remember passing Scott Simpson on an escalator and Voyager in a hallway and not running into either of them again. And my date had expected to spend way more time than he did with one of his old friends. Instead I had lunch with Bootleg one day while my date napped and it was surely a highlight of the trip. I also got to meet Robert X. Cringely, all too briefly, and John C. Dvorak as well.

If conversations weren't your bag of tea there was also underage drinking in the rooms, porn shown on a big screen, a game of strip poker where the girl was more willing than the guys, arrests for harboring runaways and "contributing to the delinquency of a minor." I also heard a wild story about three hackers who conned a hotel employee into wining and dining them in exchange for a list containing the data of another casino's top players which they bragged to this employee they could steal off the competing casino's computers. They gave the employee a disk full of fake data and laughed about how they had gotten away with it. Apparently the food was good enough that after they got home they decided to hack the data for real and then went back to Vegas weeks later and traded it for a free vacation. It was the first actual incidence of hacking for pay I had probably ever heard of.

DefCon III promises to be equally gray and even larger than last year. It's moving to the Tropicana hotel in Vegas this year and will be held from August 4-6, 1995. There will be an extra room for vending so the room with speakers is quieter. Many of last year's speakers are returning with new topics, including Winn Schwartau and Theora. For more information on attending the Con, send E-mail to: dtangent@defcon.org Even if you can't attend, the mailing list is definitely worth being added to for regular news on the computer underground. ☐

Hackers On Planet Earth

Hotel Pennsylvania, NY, NY

August 12-14, 1994

Photos & Review by Netta Gilboa

It never occurred to me I wouldn't be going to Woodstock last summer. It was just going to be a tough choice deciding which of the two festivals to attend. Then Emmanuel Goldstein announced he was going to hold a Con in August in New York City. "Don't make it the same weekend as Woodstock," I said. He did.

I could have gone to Woodstock '94 with a press pass, free ticket and the ability to photograph some of the acts. I would have attended a rave, seen CSN and the Band and run into lots of old friends. Or I could have gone to the original site where Melanie performed again, which alone would have been worth the trip. But I consoled myself I'd get tapes (where are they?) and that I could watch the pay-per-view on cable while at HOPE.

When push came to shove I had to choose between my love for music and my love for hackers. I chose to spend the weekend at HOPE if only because I'd have less trouble using the bathrooms and I was sure I could eat sushi at least once. The hotel chosen turned out to be directly across the street from Madison Square Garden and offered superb access to all of my favorite restaurants. Alas, I didn't get to them because there was so much going on at HOPE you didn't want to spend five extra minutes away getting food. I got a pretty rude awakening when not only did the hotel have no cable (which meant no MTV coverage of the weekend's festivals or CNN or anything really) but they had old style telephones which lacked plugs for modems! It was beyond conception to me that a hotel chosen to entertain phone phreaks would not have great wiring, but the 1000-1300 people who attended had so little trouble with the hotel that it was worth it. I opted not to even plug my laptop in which resulted in way more time spent with other people having conversations than I would have had otherwise. In

retrospect, it was a good move.

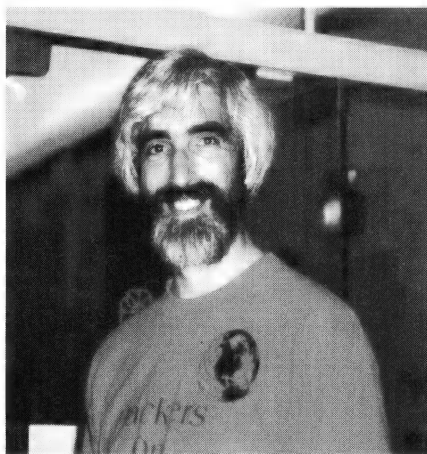
As I checked in I said hi to Max-Q who was standing next to someone named Earle. Earle was joking he'd tell people he was Peaboy all weekend. Lame. I made a mental note that not everyone I would meet might be who they said they were and to be more careful than usual. Max-Q didn't travel much and if he was here it was a good sign that HOPE was gonna be huge.

In the end it was so huge that hackers came from at least a dozen countries as well as from all sorts of active and defunct famous

on the way I passed a display of Peter Max T-shirts and posters and bought a bunch of stuff. My date, a 20-year-old hacker, had no real idea who Peter Max was and how rare seeing his old 60s artwork displayed for sale again was. I bought two T-shirts and two buttons and showed them off proudly for the rest of the weekend. Three or four people knew who Peter Max was, but the bulk of hackers, even those who still seek out LSD to trip on, are way too young to remember psychedelia. This was a crowd of folks who for the most part spend their acid trips calling friends, hacking systems or annoying phone operators, not going to Dead concerts or debating philosophy as the people I grew up with did.

I wasn't back in my room long before I got company including Ophie, Azriel, DiscoDan, Armitage, Stormbringer and Madcap. Madcap had very kewl T-shirts made but only brought 20. He sold nine in my room right on the spot after I made him go get one to sell me. I felt lucky to have one as over the next few days there were *hundreds* of people who would have bought one, at any price, if only he'd had more. On the front was a HOPE logo and on the back were some quotes from the famous *Phrack* article by The Mentor. I was most impressed that Madcap had asked permission from Emmanuel to make up a shirt and that he'd asked *Phrack* and The Mentor too. The ironic thing was that the article quoted from is one about the often radically different criminal ethics that hackers have. Yet, the person who made the shirt is one of the hackers I'd consider most trustworthy of those I've interacted with.

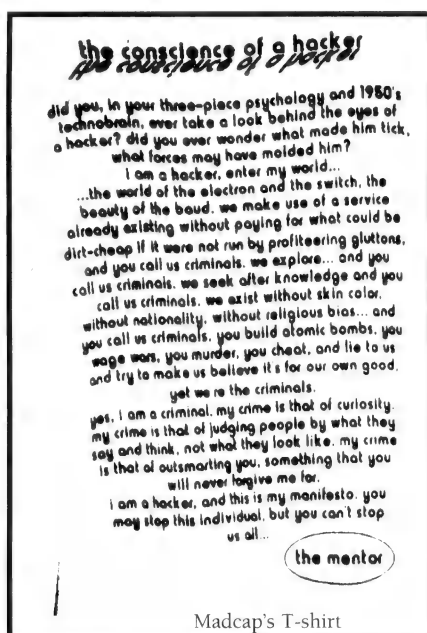
Some guy named Viper walked in out of nowhere and tried to join the group in my room. I forget whether he knocked or followed someone in. After a few minutes it became apparent no one knew him and that he was there to spy. Someone asked him who he was and he said he'd written some text



Cheshire Catalyst, publisher of TAP

groups and publications including the Chaos Computer Club, Phalcon/Skism, Legion of Doom, MOD, Cybertek, NSA, *Phrack*, *Hack-Tic* and TAP. It was a gathering of the tribes. In fact, there were so many big names there that even if you were brand new to the scene and knew no one else when you got to HOPE, by the time you left you had made at least a few new contacts.

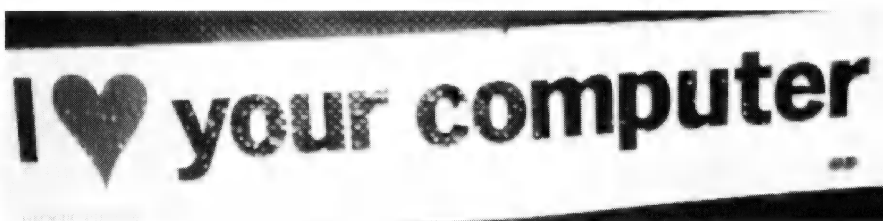
My date and I went upstairs to drop off the luggage and then off to eat. I wanted to stop at Macy's which was a block away. We were headed for the gourmet food department but



Madcap's T-shirt

files as his claim to fame. When asked to name them he couldn't. He was embarrassed into leaving by my friends and apparently ran upstairs and shouted out my room number to all in earshot in the 18th floor's computer network room. Alas for him, he got my room number wrong <grin>. Alas for me too as there were some cool people up there when he did that, some of whom came down to try to find me, but I didn't run into them myself for hours or days after.

We went to Sbarro's for dinner and then to the lobby where someone had spread word we'd gather at 8 p.m. No one was there so we went to the 18th floor and found Jason Farnon, Ludichrist, Knight Lightening, Winn Schwartau, Bootleg, Particle and dozens of others talking. Along the walls from the elevator to the computer room someone had taped paper so that you could leave messages for people, dis your enemies and share your thoughts semi-anonymously. We started a +E list for people who had done, said or shown something elite ("eleet") while at the Con. It caught on and grew until every inch of every section of paper was filled with people's BBS numbers, comments comparing this Con to Woodstock, people's handles, etc. Someone named Mike brought cases of free beers and soda for all. Too bad I don't drink either as the wait for one was non-existent and at Woodstock they would have been powerful trading items. I took a few beers anyway and they were consumed by those around me over the next few hours. Of all the equipment there (yes, hackers did bring their entire computer setups to show other hackers or simply because they don't know how to go away for three days without



Bumpersticker spotted at HOPE

them), people were most attracted to some guy's Silicon Graphics machine. Personally I would have killed to use the one top-of-the-line Powerbook I saw there, but to each their own.

We talked for hours, making a circle of chairs that different people joined at different times. During the lulls you could just sit and watch all sorts of legendary people meet each other for the first time. It was like a jam session at a concert for charity where people toss aside egos and just play together for that short time. Something very special went down at HOPE and I was positive I had made the right choice to come. My date and I were getting along great, so you can imagine how good the people we were talking to had to be for us to stay there instead of heading off to be alone. The party finally broke up at 4 a.m., hours before it needed to, because HOPE staff threw everyone out so they could "organize." We went to sleep.

The next day was the official start of the Con. You were supposed to pay \$25, fill out a form and get your photo taken for your badge. It seemed really, really odd to me that the publisher of a magazine on privacy would want photographs of the attendees (some of whom were the most private people in the entire computer underground) and the badge also displayed people's E-mail addresses which seemed worse. First of all, some attending didn't own any legal Net addresses

and secondly, if they did, it meant that every person who saw the badge might know how to find them again. But, there were more immediate problems to worry about because you couldn't even walk down the hallway to pick up your badge by the time I got there. Through no real fault of the HOPE staff, the combination of hundreds and hundreds of people trying to wait in a line for the same thing and the delay in taking photos and printing badges resulted in a mob scene. From out of nowhere, the staff came up with a solution and simply took people's money and gave them a number to walk around wearing. Many people kept wearing the number even when the line finally shortened *the next day* and others responded by having parts of their body photographed instead. I made plans for a kewl group photo for mine but it never happened. Later, 2600 printed the photos (which were stored on computer disk) were accidentally deleted during the Con. Hmn.

Once you got your badge, you could go hear speakers which ran non-stop till almost midnight. Or you could go to the film room and see films about hackers, phones and computers. Or you could go to the computer room and try to hack root to win a prize, buy T-shirts and magazines or talk with the many people who had their computers there in another corner or who were standing around chatting. I spent all of Saturday and Sunday in there selling hundreds of magazines as fast as I and my friends could carry them down there. Many of our readers came by, and my friends from IRC and people who found the magazine there by accident, etc. I spoke with a few reporters too and watched as a *Details* crew shot dozens of photos of those people who were dressed in a manner that could be merchandised. They wanted photos of the girls, and those with evil sounding handles, and especially those who would act up somehow for the camera. At moments when I saw what people were doing for their shot at being in *Details* I was revolted. I could only imagine the words they would choose to use around the photos. Some people were given their photos back, deemed unacceptable to even pass the first cut. The attitude seemed to be that *Details* was cool to hackers but I hardly thought so months later when their review



Sign on computer room door put up by staff

barely mentioned HOPE and used *none* of the photos as it discussed Phiber Optik (who wasn't even there) and things about Emmanuel they could not possibly have learned at HOPE. But, you watch, the next time the media comes around people will stand in line again hoping to get their shot at fifteen minutes of utterly incorrect fame. *Wired* was also there en masse and they later wrote another piece Emmanuel hated. So was the local news, and people's home video cameras, and the daily papers, and what seemed like every reporter who wasn't at Woodstock.

The sessions addressed things like "Lockpicking," "Fun With Pagers," "Linux," "Foreign Hacking," and "Cellular." There was an opening address by Ex-CIA employee Robert Steele and a session on the N.Y.C. MetroCard and a contest to hack it (no winners).

I did go to one session on Saturday which featured Cheshire Catalyst talking about the early days when he used to publish a zine called *TAP*. Emmanuel spoke about launching *2600* and shared some of its growing pains over the ten years of publishing that HOPE was celebrating. He addressed some of the problems having a number for a magazine name has caused as well as being visited by the FBI, receiving threats from angry phone companies, and having the office hit by lightning in 1987.

Everyone in the room enjoyed this talk and as a fellow publisher there was much in it to interest me. With 2200 subscribers and newsstand sales of ten times that, hackers and those interested in hackers are clearly out there in sizable numbers. The highlight of the talk though was when Emmanuel used an overhead projector and analyzed the deep meaning in several *2600* covers. There were things put there no one in the room saw, things many in the room had seen but that Emmanuel said he never intended, and things that just simply needed an explana-

tion in order to help the reader find them. After the session I went back to my table and stayed there until I was ready to pass out.

I was sorry I didn't attend every session but if I had I would not have spoken to a soul. Sunday had twelve more hours or so of lectures scheduled and it was just overwhelming to try to stop talking to people to attend them. HOPE could easily have lasted a week. It was shocking that the phone companies did not send their key employees to attend HOPE. If you want to amuse yourself some night, call the operator several times and see how many of the operators even know what a "phone phreak" is. By coming to HOPE they could have drastically curtailed fraud and theft and have trained their employees on what to look for. It was all openly discussed in the sessions.

When I came downstairs Sunday morning a few people were on computers and a dozen more were chatting nearby. Someone was napping on a table near where I set up and two more people were crashed on the floor. The day continued like the one before except that there were still hundreds of new people to talk to. I saw many senior citizens, and entire families of mother, dad and child. There were people of all races and ages and I wondered if these were mostly hackers or if these were the people who had only read about HOPE in the *Village Voice*. There was no way to tell who was who and, in fact, many people I spoke with showed me a badge that said one thing and then proved they were really someone else I knew. Hell, at one point, a bunch of people even walked around wearing masks of Kevin Mitnick's face.

I never saw any sign that tapes of prank phone calls got played as promised nor did the session "Leeches, Lamers and Losers," on ethics in the community, materialize. This pissed me off as although a talk about what actions hackers do that cross a line might have become nothing more than a



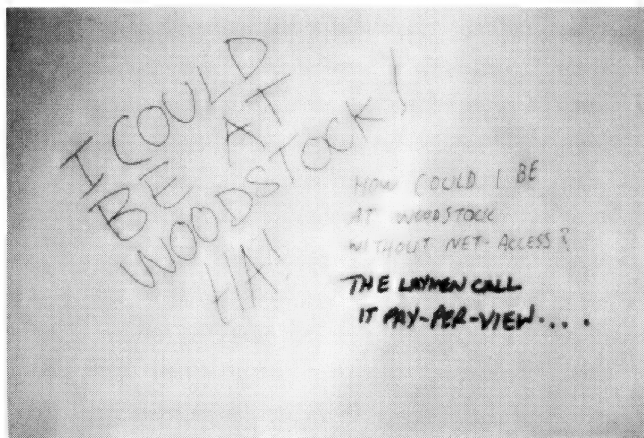
DiscoDan, Ophie and Armitage

shouting match between rivals, it is a subject no one in the community dares to address. I beg people to write on this for us and they won't. It is almost entirely absent from the literature in the field. Emmanuel advertised that he would devote 90 minutes to it and he didn't which was a shame.

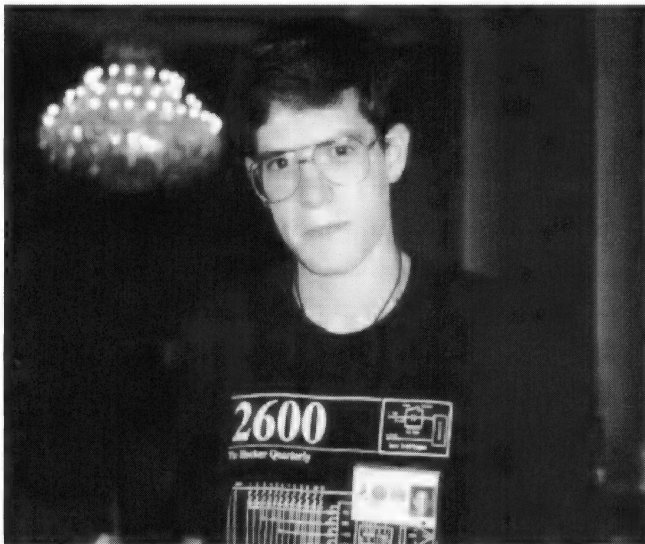
On the bright side however, he did deliver two phone calls from Phiber Optik who was in jail at the time. They were worth sticking around for and occurred right at the end of the Con which was the unfortunate time slot that ethics had been allotted.

A number of the sessions changed times and it was difficult to show up to hear something and have it happen then. But I told a whole bunch of people I simply had to hear the session on social engineering and when it finally went down they came to get me.

Emmanuel, Supernigger and Cheshire Catalyst led this session. Cheshire defined social engineering: "When you take a phone, get someone dumb as a bull on the other end and churn it. Social engineering is making them believe you are who is supposed to be receiving the information." Several live demos occurred and the standing-room-only crowd was treated to everything from hearing Emmanuel ask an operator what the difference between directory assistance and information is and to explain New York's various area codes (legal, but pretending to be stupid can be very funny) to a call to the area code 313 CNA operator to show how phreaks access unlisted names and addresses by pretending to be phone personnel in other areas of the company. That particular call was cut off for legal reasons before the information was given out, but SN did such a great job despite being slightly nervous that the operator fell for it hook, line and sinker. Of all the sessions at HOPE, this had to have been the best. I heard there are 26 hours of official video footage, at least some



Wall Graffiti



Tom Icom, Publisher of CyberTek



HOPE graffiti

of which will be available soon. If you want to see phreaks at work safely, buy this tape.

Lots of other things happened at HOPE which I did not personally witness. These include IXOM arguing with a speaker he didn't like in real life, Erik Bloodaxe being physically approached by two other hackers who don't like him, candy machines being vandalized, Elite Entity being thrown out, hackers hitting the Times Square porn district, someone got arrested, etc.

And some great things happened that I did see. Several people brought me edibles such as coffee and donuts without being asked to do so. People of all ages stood in small groups and shared ideas with others without regard to who was who. Often, afterwards one would ask another his handle, as an afterthought, and they would both realize they knew each other well online even though they had just met. Bernie S. brought an actual Clipper chip to show the crowd and donated it to the four people who had successfully hacked root (twice!) using a modified script. They proceeded to blow it up which was fun indeed. I also got my date to try to hack root so I could see what the process might involve. Thanks to GFM who loaned us his password. It was fun to see the people at the terminals nearby gather around us to admire

his skills. One of them told me later my date, long retired from hacking, had been exceptionally good in his attempt to gain root (without a script).

As you can imagine, in any crowd of that size there were a few jerks. One brought anti-Nazi flyers and asked the phone phreaks in the room repeatedly to screw with or advise him how to screw with a neo-Nazi group's phone number. Initially, a lot of people spoke with him and took his flyer but he simply didn't know where to quit and lost all support. Another person, who later turned out to be a writer for *Wired* (!) screamed repeatedly during a session on cryptography "But where's the crime?" Talk about the press trying to create a story where none exists. He was so verbally abusive with his heckling that several people approached him to physically escort him out. And there was one female there who just didn't get it (no matter what topic "it" was at the moment) and felt free interrupting every speaker to interact with them. Each of these people drove me crazy.

As to crime, I saw very little. I heard the hotel's phone system was taken over and returned intact at the Con's end. I saw a few people display toll fraud devices, some candy stolen from the vending machines and some recreational drug use. HOPE attracted a sophisticated audience who came to learn and to share, not to break the law together. Also, those people hacking privately in rooms simply got lost in the sheer number of attendees.

HOPE pulled in a ton of money (staff paid to get in). At \$25 a head plus T-shirts and back issues for sale I'd guess the Con took in \$30,000 or so. Emmanuel took a lot of grief for this on IRC because many hackers are under the delusion anything to do with hacking should be done for free (which

often means someone else just picks up the tab). He reported that he *lost* money on the Con because his arrangement with the hotel was for some free lodging in exchange for every 50 rooms booked. The hotel claimed there were less than 50 rooms booked by all of us. I still don't see where all the money got eaten up, nor do I see why Emmanuel (or anyone) shouldn't be allowed to make a profit (even a hefty one) if they organize something voluntary and take the initial risks. HOPE actually came about because the person who organized previous SummerCons didn't want to organize them anymore. He felt the element of destruction in the community had reached a point where he did not wish to risk any liability for it. So Emmanuel threw HOPE instead and it was also decided Erik Bloodaxe would throw a Con in 1995. For more information about this early June event in Atlanta, GA send E-mail to: phrack@well.sf.ca.us And, if Emmanuel ever throws another Con (which he's promised to do but not anytime soon) be SURE to attend if you've read this far and are even mildly interested. ☐



Leftover loot from vandalized vending machine

PRISON LEGAL NEWS

The *Prison Legal News* is a monthly newsletter published by Washington state prisoners Ed Mead and Paul Wright. *PLN* reports on court decisions to help prisoners vindicate their human rights, both inside and outside of the government's judicial system. The paper is aimed at the more politically advanced social prisoners and their friends and loved ones on the outside. The newsletter's goal is to assist prisoners and their supporters in organizing themselves to have a voice, and be a progressive force in developing a public policy debate around the issue of crime and punishment. An annual subscription to *PLN* is \$10.00 a year for those with an income, but any donation (either money or stamps) will be sufficient for those without any money. Institutional subscriptions (law libraries, etc.) are \$25.00 per year.

Make checks or money orders payable to Prison Legal News, P.O. Box 1684, Lake Worth, FL 33460.

HoHoCon 1994

Ramada Inn South, Austin, TX

Dec. 29, 1994 - Jan. 2, 1995

Review & Photos by Netta Gilboa

Ed. note: An earlier version of this article was posted to alt.2600 and to alt.security and it has also been reprinted with permission in *Cult of the Dead Cat* and *Computer underground Digest*.

I flew to Austin, TX after spending Christmas with some hacker friends. I arrived a day early, unsure if the Con was gonna come off and how many people would show if it did. HoHoCon had almost been cancelled this year after someone called the original hotel and said a bunch of mean, evil hackers were gonna descend on the hotel and that several federal agencies would be sending feds there to monitor it. If you ask me, some kid's mom said he couldn't go so he decided to try to make sure none of us could either. Lame. It also taught me that everyone in this community has enemies. Maybe someone just doesn't like Drunkfux. Supposedly, right after this phone call the hotel got another, this time from *Dateline NBC* who wanted permission to film the Con. Rumor had it the hotel panicked and cancelled. The truth is that a regular client of theirs offered to pay higher room rates and the hotel stood to make over \$20,000 extra by getting rid of us and having them there instead. So they used the phone calls as an excuse. I can only imagine the hassles Drunkfux went through to find another hotel that was empty on New Year's Eve weekend.

But Drunkfux came through with flying colors and when I got to the hotel they told me other people had started to arrive. They gave me a list of these people to look at, complete with their real names and room numbers. It's possible they would even have xeroxed the list if I had asked them to. Uncool. Even more uncool, almost shocking, was that the hotel had a clipboard on the counter with people's real names, assigned room number and credit card number complete with expiration date. It was listed in alphabetical order and I was on the top page in the third spot. I freaked. I told the woman

behind the counter that she must move the clipboard as some of the people coming specialized in attacking people's credit and that I would surely be a target given my position on the list and my all too well-known real name. She said okay but when I returned my luggage cart, some twenty minutes later, it was still on the counter. I told her again, nastier this time, to move it. An hour later she still had not. I then asked to use a phone and was told there was one in

again and they moved it. A few hours later (surprise!) their trash was invaded and they went out and bought two paper shredders. This was a good investment on their part although it's a shame it took us to teach them that. If you intend to stay at a Ramada Inn anywhere in the U.S., I would strongly advise you not to prepay with a credit card. They can't be trusted with your data. We invite readers who may have experienced credit card fraud after staying at Ramada Inns (or other hotels) to contact us. It was a sobering lesson in how vulnerable the average person is in society.

I had plans to hook up with Stormbringer and Holy Spirit, two virus writers I love talking to. Stormbringer had recently retired from virus writing after hearing from someone in Singapore who got infected with one of his non-malicious viruses. I had read his retirement text file and was anxious to talk to him about it. He assured me on the phone all was well and they agreed to meet me at Mr. Wasabi for sushi and I ate more sushi than I ever had before in one sitting. Then we walked to a coffee house and they drove me back to my hotel around 1 a.m.

I was invited to Novocain and Particle's room so I headed up there and ran into Veggie, Onkel Dittmeyer, Count Zero, Buckaroo, etc. Onkel showed me his way cool laptop and I finally got to see what an IBM demo looks like. These are programs which demonstrate the sound and graphics capabilities of a computer. He copied a few of them on a disk for me along with some electronic magazines I had never seen. Onkel is the author of a well known phreaking program called *Bluebeep*. We spoke a lot over the weekend and I found him brilliant, honest, charming and not afraid of girls who know way less than him. He was one of the coolest people at HoHoCon this year.

At 6 a.m. a few of us went downstairs for free breakfast and the conversation turned to the various women who hang out on #hack. There was some dissing of one girl



The official Con T-shirt

my room and another down the hall. I explained that I wanted to call right from the counter to cancel my credit card and to call the national offices of Ramada Inns to have her fired. In a nasty tone she told me she'd move the clipboard. She did. However, the next day they threw the pages in the trash and, of course, had the clipboard on the counter again with a new list of the people due to check in that day. I argued with them

**"WE WORK IN THE
DARK--WE DO WHAT
WE CAN--WE GIVE
WHAT WE HAVE.
OUR DOUBT IS OUR
PASSION, AND OUR
PASSION IS OUR TASK.
THE REST IS THE
MADNESS OF ART."**

--HENRY JAMES

T-shirt

who has slept her way around the scene and in the past had given a number of hackers herpes without telling them first. Eeks. I tried to get out of the guys I was eating with what she had that I didn't (besides herpes). I message most of her old lovers on IRC but none has ever made a pass at me. We talked about the other girls on IRC, who has slept with whom, and how they got treated afterwards. We talked about why people might have slept with those particular girls at the time they did and I suddenly felt both very lucky and better about myself that the one hacker I had slept with was a decent choice. Quality might beat quantity. To know for sure, I guess I'd have to ask the girls <wink>.

We picked up a bunch of food that was apparently not included in our free breakfast coupon. The waitress didn't know how to handle it and neither did we. I offered to put the food back and she finally agreed to let us eat it. I suggested they put up a sign to warn others and, of course, they didn't. Later I heard they let us all eat the bacon and other food for the rest of the Con. I never made it back down there again even though for American food it was pretty good. I was pretty tired and so headed off to sleep when we were done chowing down.

I woke up Friday afternoon when Particle and Novocain knocked on the door. They had a car and took me to a Chinese restaurant nearby with a killer buffet. When we got back there were many people in the lobby listening to a tape of prank phone calls made by Phone Losers of America. I wanted the tape badly as it seemed highly appropriate for us to review. I was promised a copy which materialized in under an hour. Werd! For all the s--- I take for it, there are advantages to being press.

I felt pretty comfortable with all of the people I was talking to and since my room was very close to the lobby I invited every-

one there and even left the door open for others to enter my room (which almost everyone who passed by did). It was kind of odd where they had situated me. You could watch my door from the counter where people checked in. I had asked for a smoking room but got dealt non-smoking instead. I inquired about changing it and was told some crap about all the rooms being accounted for already. It crossed my mind at the time that maybe some feds had purposely put me there but I discounted my gut feeling and remembered most hackers thought I was too paranoid about things. I told people to go ahead and smoke in my room with no ashtray. They did. All told about 15 people were in there and one of them pulled out a toy to show me. It was a box that hooked up to your telephone which allowed you to change your voice into that of a male, female or child. I had seen these boxes before in catalogs. They sure work great! I made two calls with it, one to a friend and one to my ex-husband. I snickered at how surprised they'd be when they heard my message and later regretted not telling either of them to save it so I could hear it back. Honestly, playing with this legal box was every bit as cool as wonderful sex or your favorite vice. I vowed to buy one. Watch out!

Talk turned to dinner and people started to leave my room. Joe630 was the last one out and he showed me something about how the hotel room locks worked. Hackers spend hours trying to figure out how things work and although I had little interest in the subject it was clear Joe630 was struck by the technology and not the idea of breaking into someone's room. I started to organize people who were willing to eat sushi. Just as we were about to leave Joe630 and Novocain were gathering everyone into a room to tell people to chill their behavior. It later turned out that Joe630 had played with another lock after I made him stop touching mine. He had the misfortune to be seen by a

member of the Austin Police Department who wisely agreed not to arrest him in exchange for Joe630's agreeing to talk to people in an attempt to curtail the usual HoHoCon hotel destruction. I should have attended this talk although I had no idea at the time why it was being organized. But I was starving and the people I took to eat sushi were not those who would consider trashing a hotel. Laughing Gas, Thumper27, Slyme, El_Jefe and I checked out Kyoto sushi which was good but expensive for what you got. I spent part of dinner wiping the free space on the hard drive on my laptop. I had never used this feature before, but had been told about it at the Con and it sounded like something I should start doing regularly to protect other people's privacy so that erased E-mail and articles were truly erased. It was a good thing I had sushi to eat to keep me busy as it took a good twenty minutes to do on a Pentium laptop with a 500+ meg hard drive.

When we got back to the hotel I ran into Drunkfux who had cut his hair and dyed it bright red. I hardly recognized him but it looked great. In case you think all of the gray areas we cover don't relate to each other, Drunkfux turns out to be the son of a former Jefferson Airplane drummer! It's a small world, no?

It was clear by the police presence in the lobby that the Con had officially started. We were told that signs hung on room doors (I had put up a copy of one of the magazine covers with a small piece of scotch tape) would be taken down. This made it much



"Drunkfux" and "Grayarea"

harder for us to find each other (I'd estimate we had 90% of the hotel's rooms) but so it goes. Some people were told specifically that they could not use their modems and for hours on Friday night the phone lines were so busy with modem usage that there was no way to make an outgoing call or to receive an expected incoming one. All sorts of security guards appeared. The ones I spoke with were police officers too. I'd guess there were 1-3 dozen around at all times and apparently hotel personnel were told they were all on duty until we left and none of them were able to go home for the rest of the weekend. I wish I could say this was utterly unwarranted. But some lamer broke the lock on the door to the hotel's phone system. And remember that another person had trashed the hotel's garbage and must have made a mess or been spotted.

The hot party that night was in Erik Bloodaxe's room. Loki, Ice-9 and Ophie were staying with him and Loki was in charge of the door. He made sure to keep me out just as he does when he acts like a bully on IRC. I knew in my heart it was Loki's doing not ErikB's, but that didn't stop me from getting majorly upset about it anyway. I went downstairs to be alone and Joe630 knocked on the door a few minutes later. I gave him a piece of my mind and then some about how s---ty some of those in the computer underground are. I went on for at least an hour and drew great comfort from the fact Joe630 thought I was not crazy and that things are as awful as they seem sometimes. Finally he told me that since I kept claiming to love hackers despite all of the grief, there were dozens of nice ones out there who would be thrilled to talk to me if I'd only leave my room and go try to have a good time. Werd. I took his advice and had a good time in the lobby with the other rejects from Bloodaxe's party. The conversation was so good it was hard to tear away to go to sleep. I went to my room at 4:30 a.m., got under the covers, thought about sleep for ten seconds. Then I pulled out my laptop and wrote a speech to deliver to the crowd the next day.

The two people I had counted on to wake me up didn't show and it was a stroke of luck that made me jump up at 9:45. The speeches were supposed to start at 10 a.m. and even though they surely wouldn't start till later I was selling magazines and was due there pronto to claim my table. It took a luggage cart to get all those magazines downstairs. I shudder to think what my life will be like when I have 30 issues to lug around instead of six.

The folks from Fringeware were selling books and T-shirts and someone else had old Atari game units and cartridges. People



Box that alters the sound of your voice

came by to say hi and to buy magazines. I plugged my speech and told people not to dare miss it.

It was impressive that Drunkfux had gotten so many original speakers on such short notice. They mostly said what the crowd wanted to hear and shared thoughts on digital cash, the regulation of the Internet, recent laws, etc. Damien Thorn showed a video clip to the tune of the current rock hit "21st Century Digital Boy" which had cellular phones, scanners, etc. in it. It's part of an upcoming video that looked awesome. Veggie talked about dealing with the media after an old text file of his was used to harass a BBS sysop who got more than twice Phiber's jail sentence just for having a file around.

Someone sent Erik Bloodaxe to talk to me as part of my speech referred to him. It was an uncomfortable talk and I was probably correct in feeling that half the room was watching us and not whoever was speaking. I told him he could pay me back in print or elsewhere but that I was going to go ahead with what I planned to say and he surprised me by saying that what I had written was fine and he even added to it. He also told me that Loki had gotten too drunk and had been a pain in the ass to room with the night before. He assured me that although way too many people had been in his room, and way too many had tried to get in after it was full, it had not been his intention to keep me out. I felt bad that I even cared, and that he knew I cared, and that he and I even had to discuss it. I was unhappy that he had no intention of staying to hear my speech or the fight with Loki that he knew was coming but didn't mention to me. We left things with the fact that we'd go out for dinner or something the next night with Ophie (who also had an early flight) after the bulk of the Con was

over. It occurred to me then it would never happen because plans are hard to keep at Cons but I mentioned it in my speech anyway.

My speech went over very well. It was about what's been going on at *Gray Areas* since I spoke at HoHoCon last year. It was also about the behavior of certain elements of the community and how that behavior has affected me. And it was a stern warning about some busts that are coming down. I know a few people got the message. I could tell from the gasps and laughter at key points. But perhaps the highlight of the speech was the confrontation between Loki and I when he chose to bully me before anyone else could ask a question. I answered his accusations and managed to do a decent job even with no warning. Whatever he hoped to accomplish clearly wasn't working and from somewhere deep inside of me I found the courage to ask the entire room to vote on whether or not they really never wanted to see me on #hack again. The only vote opposed in a room of about 250-300 people was Loki's. Hours later I regretted not thinking to ask how many people never wanted to see Loki there again. Four people had come up to me and told me they would have voted him out. Loki left the room with his tail between his legs and ran to IRC. By the time I got on hours later word had spread a story that I picked a fight with him and he had won. The proof is in the videotape which will be available soon from Drunkfux. It's highly recommended for both friends and foes of mine. Drunkfux said demand for this portion of his footage was very high. I promised to give him better footage and an even better speech next year.

Later Count Zero wrote this about my speech in *Cult of the Dead Cow*: "Grayarea

"In case you think all of the gray areas we cover don't relate to each other, Drunkfux turns out to be the son of a former Jefferson Airplane drummer! It's a small world, no?"

gets up and begins to read off a pre-prepared speech on her laptop. Her speech is too quick for my alcohol-byproduct-sodden synapses to register accurately. I keep staring at her dress...bright tie-dye...mesmerizing...it's actually quite cool. Suddenly, Loki gets up in the audience and the accusations fly back and forth between them. You kicked me off IRC. You called my office at work. You are doing this, you are doing that. Both are getting into this verbal slugfest in a major way. I feel the bad karma in the room hanging heavy like blue-green cigar smoke. "Can't we all just get along??" I yell, but no one seems to hear me. I don't know who is right or wrong (it's probably somewhere in between...the truth's always gray, right?), so I don't hypothesize. All I do know is that I'd never want to piss off Grayarea...she's damn strong on her convictions and won't take s-- from anyone. I think she'd look better up there wearing a big ol' leather jacket with studs...Terminator style. "One tends to assume that people wearing tie-dye gear are quiet, meek, very soft spoken, non-confrontational types....it is a camouflage that suits her well," I think. Bahaha! I liked your comments, Count Zero. And I did hear you yell that.

After the speeches I sold more magazines thanks to Loki who inadvertently made way more people interested in me. Bahahaha! Some of them said they liked or loved my dress, some of them hugged me and some of them signed up for subscriptions and gave me their data. I then headed off for dinner at yet another sushi restaurant. Laughing Gas and Slyme came again along with Mr. Spock

who agreed to lose his sushi virginity to me and jokingly said that way he'd get mentioned in my review. I thought he was one of the three kewlest people I hung out with at the Con. I hope I get to spend more time with him at a Con in the future and I'd even be willing to go try his favorite type of food! The sushi place we picked was awesome. I was sorry I hadn't found it sooner. It's almost too bad HoHoCon will be in another city next year. I also wanna mention the elite, Jak_Flack, who drove us to the restaurant when cabs were scarce on New Year's Eve. He didn't want any sushi or any money. He even got lucky and gave a ride to people who probably would have done the same thing for him under the same circumstances. Thanks.

After dinner I did what Drunkfux begged us not to do. I spent New Year's Eve on IRC. I messaged Mr. Spock, in fact, who was typing from the other side of the room. I also messaged some hackers I talk to all the time. Some were lonely and glad to see me. I thought a lot about loneliness. Some of us prefer to be with computers than people. Some of us can open up more easily to people on a computer. And some of us need computers around even when we're with other people. I was typing from an account at hohocon.org and there were several people in the room having fun with their "site" as X and Y tried repeatedly (and succeeded) to get root there. I had never seen root before from the position of the person protecting it. I should have paid way more attention but I got too caught up in having conversations. I should also have paid more attention to the people in the room with me. Loq and Fool were there and they seemed really kewl but I got too lost in IRC. Oh well, at least I wasn't hopelessly drunk. And I wasn't kicked or banned once.

People were delicate with each other on IRC. They were often drunk, vulnerable and more likely to reveal things when conversing. Those who were on were more than willing to talk to anyone who showed up.

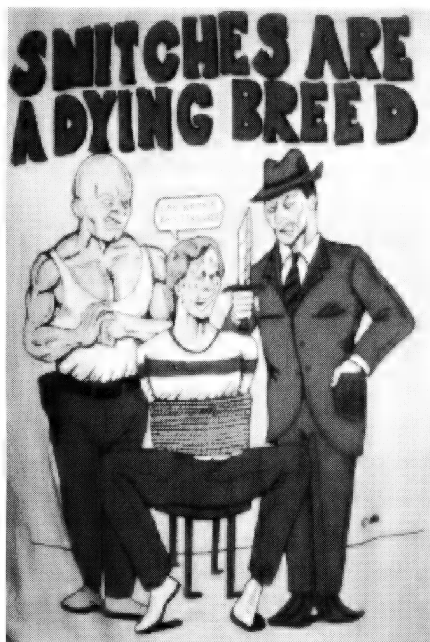
I dragged myself off IRC about 4:30 a.m. and went downstairs to

clean off one of the beds. Novocain and Joe630 had checked out of their room and were gonna stay in my room for one night. I was thrilled at the idea of having company. But when the bed was empty it looked tempting and I lay down for the 90 minutes till I was due to meet them at the breakfast buffet. Next thing I knew it was Sunday afternoon. Oops! I wondered where they had slept. Apparently they hadn't wanted to wake me so they slept in another room. I felt bad but at least their stuff had been safe which is all you really care about at a Con. Sorry! Next time, guys, wake me.

I stumbled into the lobby and joined the conversations that were going on. A hotel employee asked if we'd mind moving to the conference room and we agreed. We figured the room was bugged just as the hotel phone lines had been. But we weren't talking about anything secret and a few of the hackers answered all of the questions asked by the cop/security guard who hung out for about half of the time we were in there. It was a very fun time there on the floor chatting with Voyager, Ophie, Onkel Dittmeyer, LGAS, Deadkat, Drunkfux, etc. There were way more people but I'm drawing a blank on specifically who. I went upstairs to get more magazines and ran into Bruce Sterling. He was growing facial hair and looked great. He said he felt lousy which shows what I know. I hugged him before he said he felt lousy. We talked about the book he is working on. Then Ophie and I went off to be interviewed about female hackers and the treatment of women by hackers. It could have used Cori and Noelle but it made some good points. We came downstairs and I saw Drunkfux at work videotaping an interview with the guys from TNO in Colorado. This was priceless footage of them discussing how a group



Console copier



T-shirt

decides policies and handles politics and how they have applied political thought to hacking. I was sorry I had missed half of it and sorry I had spent so much time socializing with them that it had never occurred to me I didn't know much about their group and I should have interviewed them too. I hope Drunkfux includes every word of their interview in the video.

Ophie brought up the idea of photos and so I grabbed my camera. Everyone there got into it and I got a whole roll of film of people hugging and kissing me, looking at porn mags with Ophie and generally playing around somehow. They came out great. Alas, most of the people posing did not want them used for publication.

Slyme and I headed back to Mr. Wasabi for dinner but to our surprise it was closed! New Year's day turned out to be a bad day to try to find places open to serve food. We should have stayed at the hotel. We finally ended up in a bar which served food, ordered hot chocolate and consoled ourselves on the lack of sushi. Back at the hotel a bunch of us went room hopping and tried to determine who was left. My flight was at 7 a.m. and I had no intention of going to sleep and taking a chance I would miss it. Several people had flights at 8 and 10 a.m. Others were staying on for 3 more days to get better airfare rates. I heard ErikB had left with Ophie and he told me later they had asked the hotel and had been told I checked out. One room we ended up in had a console copier running. I had heard about them but never seen one and was told it was okay if I photographed it. Console copiers are machines sold legally for the purposes of back-

ing up game cartridges which you legally own. They are also used by software pirates to illegally copy and trade games which they do not legally own. A cartridge is inserted into the unit and then copied onto the built-in floppy drive which is IBM compatible. I went downstairs for my camera.

I hadn't been alone once since arriving in Austin. While this wasn't always planned, the thought did occur to me that my room might be watched and that law enforcement might be interested in any of the many people I was seen talking to. I had mentioned a controversial interview we had coming up with ILF and although I thought I was being overly paranoid, I was still nervous I would be questioned about it. But it was 12:30 a.m. or so and I felt too silly asking for someone to run downstairs with me.

So I went alone. But as I was closing the door and checking it was locked I saw someone head down the hall towards me and I knew instantly something was about to be up. Hackers are right when they say you can't fully understand this until you have lived it. He asked if I was Netta and I said yes and then he reached towards his pocket. I knew he was going for either a gun or a badge and there was nothing I could do about either. It turned out to be a badge and as he got close enough so that I could see it read "Austin Police Department" I thought to myself "Kewl, it's not the Secret Service." He asked me to accompany him to a room and, holding my camera, I did. He told the two "security guards" that we'd be leaving the door open. I had asked whether he was the guy who had called me last March and he said no that he was his partner. I wondered whether I was under investigation or whether they had no one else to ask for information or whether they just wanted to meet me after talking to me voice. It didn't occur to me to ask. I thought several times about the fact I was supposed to be out with Bloodaxe and Ophie and that if I had made it a point to leave with them this wouldn't be happening. I wondered who else APD had questioned who had not told anyone. I wondered if they had even questioned someone about me. I also feared people would come looking for me and see me in that room and think I was talking to the police voluntarily. That I had sought them out. God forbid they should think I was telling the police about the console copier.

The whole thing only took about eight minutes and the officer asked me nothing I had a problem answering. He treated me with respect and didn't press me to say anything I wasn't comfortable saying. I offered to give him some of my magazines at the end of the conversation and he walked

me to my room and was clearly planning to wait outside. I invited him in and he watched me pull issues from three suitcases. It was apparent nothing illegal had gone on in my room. I'd lay odds it was the cleanest room there too. The day before, for example, my trash in the bathroom had been dumped at least three times. None were by me or when I was in the room. The only thing I couldn't answer, and it was simply from nerves, was what I had done on New Year's Eve. The answer came out that I didn't remember and since I stammered it, it must have looked like I had seen or done something I shouldn't have. But all I did was IRC and eat sushi and I do that so often I didn't even remember when asked. New Year's Eve had been almost like any other night.

Anyway, I got the console copier photo. We then moved on to other rooms and I ran into Drunkfux and Damien Thorn. I did a long video interview with Drunkfux, who would have made an excellent journalist. He resisted the idea of asking me petty questions about who I like and don't like in the scene and who I'd sleep with if I could. I would have answered anything he asked in the spirit of the HoHoCon video tradition, but instead we got into more serious issues and people who think Drunkfux is shallow or a less-than-serious dude due to his IRC reputation will be most surprised.

Then Damien did an equally long interview and Drunkfux got eleet footage of me closing my eyes when the talk got too technical. I did almost pass out as it was 3 a.m. or so and I felt really comfortable being with them but I snapped to attention just in the nick of time as Drunkfux had the camera aimed on me and Damien was making a joke. Damien took it in stride but I think it was the first time anyone had ever had the chance to listen to his most eleet technical tips and was bored. I hope he knows I love him, like most hackers, for the person he is and not for the skills or trophies he has. I was transfixed as he told Drunkfux his beginnings in the computer underground and his views on laws, ethics, writing, etc. I just don't lust to know what model of phones he respects most or what gadget he's tested last. Luckily for you, Drunkfux did the interview, not me, and he did ask lots on that sort of stuff. After they were done Damien and I went out to some fast food burger joint. It was dirt cheap and tasted like cardboard. We had a great chat, as usual, and then went to the airport with Slyme who had slept the night away and missed everything. My flight was first and they walked me to the gate and made a fuss over me and it was the perfect ending. For more information about attending next year's HoHoCon contact dfx@usis.com ☐

GRAY THOUGHTS

ARE YOU A LIAR? By Vincent C. Hughes

People tell lies regularly as a part of modern social interaction. Many times these are good lies - falsehoods designed to make a person feel better. Example; a person tells someone "You look great," when in fact the person doesn't. Politeness does not allow us to tell someone you look awful. Therefore we tell a fib, or what my mother called a white lie. Someone tells you, "What a lovely outfit you have on," when the person really thinks your colors clash. It may be an untruth, but it makes the wearer feel better than if you had told the truth, and no one is hurt by it.

Black lies, nasty lies, lies designed to gain personal advantage at the expense of someone else are a totally different breed of prevarication. You can be thrown in jail for false swearing, perjury and deliberate falsehoods or concealment of the truth in legal documents. Spreading lies about an individual or a company to punish them or gain some profitable advantage are in the category of really ugly lies.

Some of the most serious, hurtful lies that can be told today occur in the area of sexual relations. "I had a vasectomy." "I don't have any sexually transmittable disease." Lying about things like that is about the same as forcing someone to play Russian Roulette.

In between these two extremes of falsehoods we have a large gray area wherein people prefer to hide the truth. Some of these untruths are light gray, and some are dark gray in their shadings. We, as a society, have come to realize that many people will lie about themselves as a matter of course because they often want to believe that things are different than they are or than they were. People will lie and not truly understand that they are lying.

At West Point the USMA cadets have an honor code that says, "I will not lie, cheat or steal or tolerate those among us who do." The code is applied strictly in most aspects of cadet life, but there are limits. When teaching there, I asked the students in one of my classes, "Does the honor code apply to

your relations with girls. Is it an honor violation to tell a girl that you love her to gain sexual advantage?" My cadets vigorously affirmed that the honor code did not apply to that type of situation. I suspect that the girls might not have agreed with that interpretation.

People love to lie about their weight (always less), their height (always more) and their age (always less when over 30 and often more when under 25). Men love to exaggerate how many miles to the gallon they get with their car or truck. The same sort of hyperbole is frequently used in describing their sexual experiences. Women conveniently "forget" about their past sexual experiences. Men tend to remember everything that they did in sports when they were younger as being much better than it actually was. Women love to claim that they modeled in their youth, and they frequently like to say their foot size is less than it actually is. I wonder if there is any relationship between that and the ancient Chinese practice of footbinding to make women's feet smaller.

Spouses love to lie to each other to hide unpleasant realities. Husbands will say they drank less than they really did after a night out with the boys. If they lost a bunch gambling, they will do their best to hide that fact. Wives like to lie about the cost of something that they bought when their husbands weren't along.

Do any of these prevarications sound familiar? "I had to walk three miles each way to school when I was your age." "The check is in the mail." "Officer, I only had a couple of beers over at a friend's house." "I thought I sent you that payment." "I had to work late." "My daughter was sick."

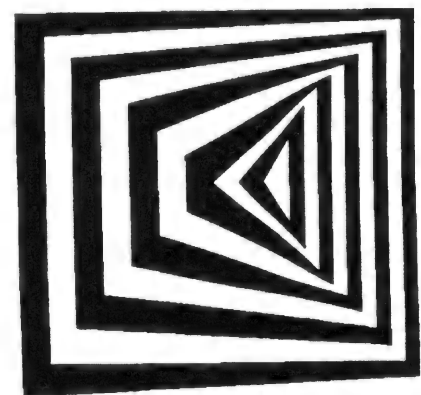
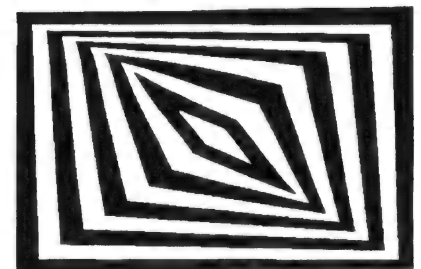
Women will sometimes lie about whether a certain piece of jewelry is really a diamond and not cubic zirconium. On the other hand their spouse or boy friend may have told them it was real, and they have never checked it out with a jeweler.

People do not like to tell the truth about how long it takes them to commute to work in a metropolitan area. In the Washington area I knew folks that would say, "Oh, I can get there in 20 minutes." What they didn't say was that they could do it in 20 minutes at 3:30 a.m. on a Monday morning. Otherwise, it took them 60 minutes during rush hour.

Why do folks create these gray lies? I suppose that it is primarily because they don't want to admit the truth to themselves. When the truth is unpleasant to have to say, people often will lie without telling themselves that they are lying. It is a weakness of character in that the person is attempting to avoid reality. After a while the person begins to think that their fantasy world is reality.

If you are going to manufacture a gray lie, be well aware you are doing so, and do so very infrequently. Otherwise lying, like drugs, can be habit forming with serious aftereffects. Remember, if you tell the truth, you don't have to remember to perpetuate that lie when the subject comes up again, and your life can be a whole lot simpler. ■

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ROBBERY

BY DANIEL PATTON

Occasionally, I seem to live a made for TV life. Not on purpose, of course; it just sneaks up on me. Like the other night -this guy bums a smoke off me at a liquor store then follows me down the street and the next thing I know I'm on the set of *Kojak*.

In a back dumpster lot where graffiti and El noise smash against a brick wall with the word PANTS on it he grabs my arm and says, "Give me all your money or I'll blow your f--ing head off." So I fork eleven clams into his rook. Then he says, "What's in the briefcase." I show him files, mostly. "Oh," he says, "you need that stuff." And disappears into the night.

Take One.

I do not call the police when I get home. I drink beer instead. I want my money back, sure, and my pride. But I know *Kojak*: the robber sees the cop car he knows where I live and someday will come drug-crazed to kill me. Besides, eleven bucks is less than any legal fine I can think of.

And the robber didn't even touch the stuff in my briefcase. How cool is that? He knows that I'm not out to do anybody any harm. The files are something I need; he knows that. I need them to work, need to work hard, and maybe have fifteen or twenty next time around.

But then again, that money is mine. I work for it.

So it goes on through the night, my personal Waterloo(t), beer after beer, until six

giddy longnecks are screaming for blood in my brain. Yes, Karl, it is a property issue. My property. Via mace or pistol or agent orange, I vow to get the eleven back laughing. I have rights. A tax paying citizen with two i.d.'s and a can of mail order poison has nothing to fear but a strong wind.

If I succeed, the good people have one less sicko to worry about. The Constitution will see that I go on to make millions as the loon of some post-yuppie docudrama like *The Amy Fisher Story*. Easily, that's worth an eleven dollar investment.

But it's so frightening, that shifty miniseries life. Am I ready for the headlines? There are no scenes in an Olympic training facility. None at the beach. Not a single exotic location. My tale is barely trendy, borderline hip. Will people think I'm cool?

Indeed, taking the man's eyesight is quite a Bronson-esque notion; but when I imagine my likeness broadcast from a skyscraper overground to the tube in your house, my likeness hiking up the crotch of a propaganda machine... Et tu, Amiae. There is no justice for the victim.

But there is a big bureaucracy and I am a victim. I think maybe I will call the cops. So I try to picture the face of the hood in my mind. Unfortunately, I come up with a description that essentially fits some of my neighbors. If the police go on that, they eventually go after me and the whole 'hood. Rats. Perhaps I should get eleven dollars credit towards my next 1040EZ.

I look out the window to the street, wondering if the robber has followed me home. There is no sign of him. No sign of the police, either, except for the "boots" that are bolted to several parked cars.

Where, I wonder, are these Boot Police when people get robbed? Surely, with so

much revenue and success, they must be capable of paralyzing more than just parking violators. Yes? Why not screw that ball and chain technology to a higher form of criminal behavior? Why not lock that 400 pound sewer lid onto the ankle of a convicted felon? After all, I have never been mugged by an illegally parked car. Nor is it the car they arrest for a drive-by shooting on COPS. Ouch man, the felon would say, unlock this thing.

But you would just walk on by.

And I'm still out eleven bucks. Oh well. The bureau may be big, but it doesn't offer re-funds, especially at the strongarm level. There is no applicable violence compensation. Crime, like hatred and greed and television, is the stuff of careers in this country.

My assailant is a five year man, at least. A professional, this guy, with a tattered coat, floppy shoes, and a Wild Irish Rose kind of swagger. He's got a refined and familiar approach, simple terms, and that one particular condition. Impeccable professionalism. I'm sure that he's looking forward to the day Oprah does a show about muggers - her guests stay at one of the nicest hotels in Chicago.


Me? I dished out cash like a game show host - prey - and thanked him for playing.

Everyone agrees that I got off easy - "He coulda conked you on the head," they say, and "hey, got eleven bucks I can borrow?" I figure they're right. It was a mere service charge.

And I did file a police report - the next morning. The officer who took my complaint asked if it was "the bearded guy with fatigues and boots?" "No," I said, "but I know who you're talking about - looks like he just walked off the set of *Kojak*. Does he rob, too?"

"Yep," said the cop, "we call him the Colonel."

Apparently, things are expensive on the real life set these days. ■



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MAY I TALK NOW?

By T. F. Davis

I was beaten insensible by San Francisco police and left bleeding in a warehouse area of the old South-of-Market district. The beating happened about thirty years ago on a Saturday night. My beating was different from Rodney King's in several ways: no one made a videotape of it, I am a white male, and, perhaps of more importance, the American people viewed such matters in a different way back then.

In those days, on any Saturday night across the U.S., thousands of young yahoos, as I was then, got worked over by police. It was a way of keeping order. We all knew it. A beating by police was a risk you took if you were going to be a wildman and misbehave in public places. No one was outraged when the police bloodied you. You got little sympathy, if any.

So, maybe my surprise at what followed Rodney King's beating is understandable. I'm astonished at the cries of racism. When I was young I saw police beat up white men, and I'm white. The cops worked over whites, blacks, browns, and yellows with equal enthusiasm. We all got our skulls cracked. I don't think Rodney King's beating was a racist act.

I'm surprised, also, at the general outrage over the brutality. That brutality has been there, as part of keeping order on the streets, for over a century. I guess that having television put it in people's living rooms forced the audience to share the brutality that's been there all along. It's strange that American television viewers have no stomach for it. They wallow in worse stuff night after night.

I am not bitter about my beating. Police exist to keep order, not to dispense justice, or to be social nannies as it seems so many modern busybodies want them to be. Think about it: if young wildmen know that punishment will be swift, certain, and painful when they get caught misbehaving, it helps keep the lid on.

Keeping order is the main job of the police, and to demand that they try to do too many other jobs results in no job being done well. The police cannot focus on keeping order if they must also try to be nannies and respond with politically correct sensitivities in all the situations they face.

Do we want our police to go the way our schools have gone? Our schools no longer do their main job because we insist they be sex counselors, social reformers, and spend

precious time doing much of what families used to do. Not much time is left to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, computing, history, languages, geography, and physical sciences. We've destroyed our schools by insisting they do too many jobs. Are we now doing that same thing to our police?

We'd better make up our minds about what we want our police to do, because there is a force at work among us that will keep them busy. No, it isn't organized crime, it's television. Television broadcasting is what made the difference in the consequences of my beating and Rodney King's beating. And now, countless camcorder operators want to get in on the act: maybe even help the television news people incite another riot. So, today we're hearing that all those camcorders out there will keep the police nervous. Police the police.

But why the propensity of so many Americans for taunting and annoying the police? Why the focus on the molehill of police brutality when all around us are the mountains of violence and crime in our cities. Why not use the camcorders to record, and help police the crime in our nation?

It's truly pathetic that so many Americans exhibit the attitudes and behavior of rebellious adolescents. Witness the people I've referred to who want to police the police via camcorders. Better to train those camcorders on the drug peddling, mugging, burglary, child abuse, and drive-by shootings. But, of course, monitoring crime is risky. It's much safer for our brave camcorder brigade to bug the cops; it's also cowardly and destructive to social order. If we must point our camcorders at social ills, let's point them at the real messes and help the police, whose services we need. We'll need those services a lot more in the years just ahead.

Yes, police brutality exists, I'm glad it does. Remember, a man who has felt police batons writes these words. I say I'm glad — because we'll need our police to keep order as we pass from the old social patterns to the new. Our nation is in the process of changes unprecedented in their pervasiveness and speed.

We have taken the old roles of family head and provider away from young males, new roles have not yet developed to absorb and channel the aggressiveness and energies of these young men. Many become rogues and find roles and places in subcultures: read, gangs.

Margaret Mead told us that, in any society, a high priority had to be given to providing roles for males to connect them, through constructive activities, to the society. Many American males have not yet found that "something of value" to replace the old roles from which they've been "liberated" in recent times.

During this time of passage from old social roles and patterns to a new society in the U.S., we'll travel a rough road. We face high levels of disorder and violence for awhile. We'll need our police to just hold things together until a viable social arrangement is in place. Do we really want to harass and weaken our police now? We'd better work with our police during this decade, or the social turmoil that is guaranteed for the 90s will cripple the nation.

It would be nice, also, if the people involved in television news gathering and reporting could behave responsibly and refrain from inciting riots. But, at this point, I've given up expecting anything good from television. And with television news teams aggravating our problems, we'll really need our police. ☐

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ISSUE

WE DON'T NEED ROSARY BEADS

By Linda Gusmano

I had an abortion. I say this and people clench their jaws; fighting back words such as "life" and "choice" and "Jesus" and "slut." But still the fact remains: I, an eighteen-year-old college student, terminated my pregnancy two months and eight days into my term.

Since the surgical procedure (Yes, abortion is a legal surgical procedure), I have debated the labels of human and fetus, tossed right to life and choice back and forth as fervently as a baseball pitcher. I've bitterly, yet rationally, justified my actions as a woman raised in the Catholic church. And, how often, I've prayed for the soul of my unborn baby, of whom I'd known nothing more than morning sickness. Yet, I've come to no ethical law. And certainly no solace.

This is not due to a lack of morals on my part, nor a self-serving or cold-hearted nature. I merely loved the father of my child. I used insight to determine our future. It was my passion and love of life that prompted me to kill my unborn child. Murderer!—you might say. Though you would be greatly lacking in compassion if you did. Selfish?...on the contrary, what I was forced to do was selfless. It was a sacrifice.

I do not condone the use of abortion as a form of birth control. However, as a woman in the Catholic church, I have been caught between a rock and a hard place. Birth control is as much a sin as abortion. So I must ask the church, How dare you criticize my actions? You have failed—failed to live in reality. I refuse to be shunned and disgraced for my sexual relations outside of the institution of marriage. For the argument is obsolete. In a day and age when the homeless, the poor and the teen pregnancies grow, the churches pseudo argument is meaningless. While women have become independent, literate, and equal even the institution of marriage does little to protect them and the future mouths to be fed. When the church recognizes that women need band-aids instead of blind-folds, protection instead of rosary beads, then I'll regain my faith.

It is not only single mothers that seek abortions. When I discovered that I was pregnant, I confided in my freshman Biology teacher. I dreaded attending her lectures on reproduction and was afraid that in my emotional state, I would fail her class. When I sat down in her office, I never expected that she herself would have once been in my shoes.

She told me that she had once, as a married woman, made the same decision. She and her husband couldn't afford children and felt that their marriage wouldn't have succeeded with the added pressure. She said, "If there's any doubt in your mind about having this child, then abortion is the right decision." Today my peace of mind rests on those words.

Of course, the majority of pregnancies ended in abortion are by single teenage girls. However, this needs to be recognized and remedied. We sinners should be educated and supported, not prayed for. It is true, we do not want our youth engaged in sexual activity. We do not want more unwanted pregnancies. But, given that the average teenage girl is sexually active, single and without a source of income, shouldn't we protect her against an unwanted pregnancy? Wouldn't this be a logical, practical alternative to abortion? No, the church instead chooses to bow their heads and put their hands together in prayer. Cowards—I say!

And I bitterly blame the Catholic preachings for my lack of responsibility! My mother, a devout Irish Catholic, hushed the subject of sex until I not only feared this natural and beautiful act, but was afraid to seek the health care I needed. My mother actually confided that intercourse was a messy and terrifying experience; coming from a woman with three children, this was obviously a lie and a feeble attempt to keep me chaste. She insisted that I wouldn't need a pap smear until I was married - after all I wouldn't have sex until I was married - therefore there would be no need for a pap smear. My mother told me this because a pap smear is the only way a woman can obtain the contraceptive pill. What my mother failed to recognize is that pap smears test for yeast infections, bladder infections, urinary tract infections and cancer. All of which I could have suffered as a virgin.

This however did not stop me from having sexual intercourse. My freshman year I met, fell in love and moved in with my boyfriend, despite the disapproval and better judgment of my parents. I realize now that the Catholic church was not completely to blame for my irresponsibility, my ex-boyfriend shares that burden as well. My ex-boyfriend, Bobby, also a Catholic, insisted that we didn't need to use condoms as long as we were monogamous. I am almost certain this decision had nothing to do with his moral upbringing, but somehow it was easier to believe him. We decided that I would go on the pill. This of course would leave me with sole responsibility, but I rationalized that he would one day be my husband and that, he, like my mother, was trying to keep me chaste

in his own way. I did go for my first pap smear, with the consent of my mother. I went to a family doctor in my hometown. I felt molested and violated, yet somehow it seemed this declared my womanhood.

However, taking the pill was a grueling experience. Although they shortened my period, I was irritable, moody and suffered from terrible headaches. Sometimes, I'd just get so sick of taking them, I'd skip a couple of days. And other days I was just too busy to swallow that tiny little pill. Two months into my second semester, I began having pains in my abdomen. I was four weeks pregnant.

My loving boyfriend, refused to discuss the possibility of keeping the child. Though in my heart, I knew it didn't matter. I didn't really want it. We accepted it as a sign that it would happen again. My boyfriend gave me half the money that it would cost for an abortion and let me go to the clinic alone.

You may still scream that my child had a right to life! That my child was a child of God! And I'll tell you this. My child had no name. My child had no gender that could be determined in the stage of my pregnancy. The form that existed in flesh and blood of my body, left me through the plastic walls of a suction cup device. In the white tiled room of the Wilson Women's clinic, I slipped from a surgical table to look for my child. My one-hundred pound frame had weakened from loss of blood and the 5 milligram valium I'd been given as anesthesia. On a cardboard bulletin, I saw my child, a spec of fuzzy black on a print-out of a sonogram. My doped hands ran over the paper—I wanted to see if my baby was a boy or a girl. Would it be Anthony or Marie?

I didn't know these things. I only knew what it wouldn't be. It wouldn't be fatherless, it wouldn't be hungry or cold. It wouldn't be poor or neglected. So if you ask me about life or choices, I can tell you that's all I know. ☐

Shades of Gray

By Deb Webber

Abortion is a symptom. An effect which has come from many years of subjugation and is a method women use to cope with the effects of that subjugation.

Those who speak of the right to life, the killing of a life, have a strong and valid premise to base their beliefs and values on. It is not just the Bible which tells us taking a life is wrong. We know inside it is not up to us to decide who lives and who dies. In doing

so, we become the evil of our society, the evil we fear from others.

Yet, those who advocate a woman's right to choose over what happens to her body, also have a strong and valid premise on their side. Years of subjugation to a male-dominated society which has ruled the minds and bodies of women have fuelled their outrage and response. We know, in our hearts, that no person should have control over another.

And yet neither is wrong, nor right, black nor white.

As a child who experienced abuse and its effects for a long time, I could not comprehend why a person would bring an unwanted child to this earth.

The responsibility of raising a child is the largest, most difficult task any of us will undertake, other than healing ourselves from our own issues and experiences.

I remember in between the abuse, the words of love I was told and the tenderness I felt, but after awhile, I learned that an abused child learns to trust no longer those words or moments. Sometimes, the child even develops a misguided interpretation of what the word loves means, which is all that happened to me. Soon, I learned love meant letting another manipulate you. That way they may like you and not leave you. I gave up what was important to me, over and over again. And the rage built inside me.

By the time I became pregnant in my teens, the idea of a child terrified me. It was the responsibility I feared but more so, it was me that I feared. I was not sure how to love. I certainly knew how to hate. But most important of all, I knew of the rage which loomed inside me. I feared I would not have the patience to raise a child. That if I carried the child to term, give birth, do my best, it may not be enough. That one day, I would go too far in an outraged moment and as a result, would lash out or strike the child too hard and find myself doing what abortion does. Taking a life. Yes, I would have been repentant, but it would have been too late. So, I chose the abortion.

Of course, I should not have gotten pregnant in the first place.

Like many teens, I figured it would not happen to me. Sex, back then, like now in some ways, was not talked about. And for me, an abused child and teen who had learned to distrust everyone, listening to what someone would say would have felt like more manipulation, more trickery. And after sex without protection for a few years and no pregnancy, I was sure it was not going to happen to me.

I remember that day. It was winter. Cold

and snowy, just how I felt inside. I was petrified. I had not told my parents, nor my boyfriend. A girl friend was the one I trusted to be there for me. I remember the long wait in the corridor, the shame I felt for having become pregnant and for the abortion, and for my fear. I remember the pain I felt physically, but it was the pain in my heart that I remember most clearly. Grief that I carried for fifteen years. Questions as to whether I had done the right thing, regret for what could have been. But at the time, it was the right decision for me.

So, I agree with the pro-choice group. It is a woman's right to choose, for only she knows herself, her capabilities, her limitations.

But then, as one who has gone through the process of healing from my history, I have learnt that abortion is the taking of a life unnecessarily and I agree with the right to life side. Abortion is not the answer.

As a counselor, writer, and advocate for an abuse free society, I look at us and our children and I know we are all here for a reason. The conception of a child is indeed a gift and opportunity. Friends who try everything to conceive strike a chord in my heart for their longing. They often seem to be the ones who would give the most to a child and yet, many of the children born are other without thought or planning. More so, they are often surprises.

To me, now, I see abortion as just another abuse inflicted on a child before it has a chance to speak. In our society, technology has taken us far in presenting us with the dilemma of choice, whereas before, too many children were born to a family, mothers died too young or suffered many physical ailments preventing them from providing the guidance a child needs, economically was inhibited from leaving an abusive husband with so many children to care for.

But abortion still is a symptom. An effect initiated by our ability to safely dispose of something unwanted for now we have the technology in this still male-dominated society.

And the right to lifers use the premise that is old and does not fit in with the world we live in today. The idealistic premise taken from the Bible that all lives are sacred. Even though many people have become dissatisfied with the words espoused from a document written such a long time ago, the pro-lifers still decree the validity of the message. And rightly so. I too was raised a Christian, a Catholic and although now do not belong to a particular denomination, I believe in the same values.

However, instead of looking at the problem

from a realistic perspective, the right to lifers provide no solutions to women. And of course, there is the hypocrisy of some of pro-lifers who so strongly advocate theirs is the right choice, that they commit the same crime against humanity. They resort to killing others who go against their beliefs, even though that too is part of what the bible speaks against. Ultimately, their actions destroy the impact of their values.

Neither side is wrong nor right, black nor white.

In the space between the pro-choicers and the right to lifers lies our answer, for our current society.

In the shades of gray, we can examine the cause which generates the need for abortion. For there is a need.

For others like me, and there are many, who were ignorant, we need education. For those abused as children, like me, we need education and support to help them heal, so they may make good choices about birth control, pregnancy, and raising a child. We need to stop the rape and assault of women by men who feel the need for power and control. We need to learn to help the men heal too and create a different type of society. We need to learn the value of a life once again and not just with those we are connected to personally. We need to learn that every man, woman, and child are sacred, alive and worthwhile. We need to learn that technology and science are tools which can help us, not rule us. We need to take responsibility for ourselves, examine our beliefs and values, see if they link with our actual everyday lives, seek and get the help we need before we have our children. We need to consciously choose the option of having a child before becoming pregnant. We need to understand the responsibility. We need to not be afraid to think "What if it happened to us?"

Abortion is an option, a sad one, that we need in our current society. Right or wrong, white or black, it is a symptom of a society that has lost itself along the way in its pursuit of power and technology. For when we reduce, eliminate the abuse of each of us, we will no longer be ignorant, careless, or thoughtless. We will no longer need abortion. No longer will we have to examine the shades of gray which permeate our current society.

Then, eventually we will be able to match the idealistic goals of the right to lifers with the realistic conditions of the pro-choicers and those women, who for whatever reason, decide abortion is their only choice or last resort. ■

GAY GENES

By Johnny Townsend

Like many gays and lesbians, I longed to have a family and raise children of my own. In fact, I used to shop at garage sales and buy clothes, books, and toys for children of varying ages and both sexes. I knew I was planning to be an English teacher and would be poor, so I wanted to be prepared.

Then after a 3-1/2 year engagement to a woman, I finally decided I had to accept the permanence of my orientation. The loss of "my children" was one of the most difficult things to accept, and yet in the years since, as I see more problems with overcrowding and violence and economic unrest, I feel that perhaps I was lucky not to have children.

And then more studies began coming out about the possibility that homosexuality is genetic or at least has a strong genetic component.

How can we use that to our advantage? Being Black or Jewish or Hispanic also has a strong genetic link, but it doesn't make those groups any more acceptable to bigots. But we could, perhaps, use genes to increase our numbers. I expect that if no gay or lesbian alive today passed on their genes, there would still be plenty of us in the next generation anyway, but perhaps more of us should reconsider having children, gays and lesbians finding other lesbians and gays to swap sperm and eggs with. Or lesbians can go to a sperm bank and gays can find a surrogate mother. We'd not only be passing on our genes but also be increasing the numbers of people reinventing the definition of family.

But even those of us who don't want to raise children can still participate in passing on this heredity. Gay men can donate sperm to sperm banks and lesbians can donate eggs to fertility clinics. They could also be surrogate mothers, though that may be asking a bit too much. In any event, there are several ways available to pass on our genes. Even if we do choose to raise a child or two of our own, we should donate "extra" genes to fertility clinics to increase still more the number of gay and lesbian genes in the next generation.

I called a fertility clinic in my city, and one of the questions is, "Are you homosexual?" We need to be prepared to answer that. I tried honesty just to see the effect. The effect was immediate disqualification.

Gay men, of course, need to be sure they are HIV negative before donating. Lesbians, too, should be tested, but gay men are more likely to be infected.

Science hasn't told us yet if it is the X or Y

chromosome which carries the gene or genes which may create homosexuality. It may even be two different kinds of genes for gays and for lesbians. In any event, we carry the code somewhere, and since we don't know if gene testing by couples will be used to abort gay and lesbian fetuses in the future, we need to be out passing on our genes while we still can.

It is more difficult to donate an egg or a womb, of course, but come on, guys, we like to masturbate anyway. Let's do it where it will do some good politically as well. Let's pass on our genes, our heritage, and our hope for demographics which will ensure us better representation only one generation away.

Hopefully, we'll have won rights for lesbians and gays before these kids every grow up, but just in case, it will be nice to know there are a few extra fighters coming along soon enough. Certainly, the majority of children of lesbians and gays turn out to be quite heterosexual, but they very likely carry the appropriate genes and can pass them on to their children.

We have good genes. Let's use them to make the world a better place for everyone. ■

"I called a fertility clinic in my city, and one of the questions is, "Are you homosexual?" We need to be prepared to answer that. I tried honesty just to see the effect. The effect was immediate disqualification."

THE LINE ITEM VETO

By Cameron Archbold

President Reagan wanted it, President Bush wanted it and now President Clinton wants it. What is it? The "Line Item Veto," the power which would give the President the authority to dissect a congressional bill and eliminate items that he believes are wasteful. The bill is then sent back to Congress to be passed in its new form. The question is, will the President cut all pork barrel projects or will he let some slip through for the Congressmen he owes favors to.

Article 1, Section 7 of the Constitution of the United States stipulates the procedure used to enact a bill into law. After the bill is passed by both houses of Congress, it is sent to the President to be signed into law, or vetoed and sent back to Congress with a letter of explanation.

A bill might be called the "1994 Road Improvement Bill," but in it you will find some items included that have nothing to do with roads. Things like: a study of the sex life of the potato beetle, a request for funds to preserve Lawrence Welk's childhood home, a tax increase on French Wines or a proclamation honoring the Boy Scouts.

When this bill arrives on the President's desk, he will weight its merits against its flaws, then decide whether to sign it into law, or, veto it. He may not alter its contents in any way. The "Line Item Veto" will change this procedure.

To enact the "Line Item Veto," we will have to amend the Constitution. This can only be done through a Constitutional Convention. Article 5 of the Constitution explains the two ways a Constitutional Convention can be assembled. Either two-thirds of both houses of Congress shall deem it necessary or two-thirds of the state legislatures must pass bills requesting one.

Once the convention has decided on the amendment to be added, three-fourths of the States must ratify the amendment to integrate it into the constitution. The whole process is cumbersome, expensive and unpredictable.

The reason for the convention might be to adopt the "Line Item Veto," but the whole constitution is vulnerable to change. Do you trust the politicians on Capitol Hill to have your best interest at heart when they tinker with this document?

The problem of including wasteful pork barrel projects in otherwise good legislation can be eliminated without a constitutional convention. The Congress should pass a bill that would require an adherence to certain principles of procedure. In the aforementioned "Road Improvement Bill," you could only add items that are pertinent to the study, building and maintenance of roads. In an education bill you could not add an item for the preservation of a forest. You would have to include that in a National Forest Bill. Keeping like subjects under specific bills will make it easier for the people to find and study the legislation currently under development in Congress. This would also make it embarrassing for a Congressman to author a bill wasting your tax dollars on pork barrel legislation. Would Congress even consider this plan? Only if the people demand the passage of such legislation. ■

ADOPT-A-PRISONER TODAY

By Jay E. Nowman

(The following piece is intended as satire. It spoofs the commercials which advertise the ability to financially support a destitute child in a Third World country.)

Hi. I'm Shelley Stutters. I hope some of you out there will stay with me for a moment while I tell you how you can make the difference in life today.

As a part of a government sponsored humanitarian effort, I recently had the opportunity to see for myself, the pain and devastation that is wreaking havoc in these poor people's lives. Everywhere I looked I saw barbed wire and iron bars, some even appeared to have pieces of flesh still hanging on the bars, a sign that only moments ago another life had been shattered there. It brought tears to my eyes, and I couldn't help but realize how lucky I was to have a home of my own. All six or eight of them took on new meaning for me. I knew then and there that I had to do something to help these darling pitiful souls. I seriously doubted if I could ever enjoy them for another day, knowing that there were human beings out there suffering the way these prisoners are suffering today. The plight of these people has touched my heart and soul and that's why I'm writing to you today. This is one way that I can do my part in making the world a better place.

Please - As you sit there and read these next few paragraphs, look deep into your heart and ask yourself if you would like to be a part of this too. Just imagine how it would feel to know that for just seven cents a day, you could make a prisoner's life a little bit better and enrich the character of your own. That's less than the cost of a candy bar. Because of your kindness and compassion, we can work together and put orange sunshine back into the life of a convict.

Once a month you'll receive a form-letter from your sponsored inmate telling you what it is like to smoke dope on a rope, look at a girly mag, and to have a friend for the very first time. You'll be so proud to know that, without you as a sponsor, one more inmate would be lost to the heartless maw of poverty and depression. If not for your generous donation of just seventeen cents a day one of these poor prisoners would have nothing to look forward to tomorrow. For less than the cost of a postage stamp you can make someone's life much less bitter.

I know there are some of you out there that would like to help but you just can't afford seventy cents a day, and that's OK. Just send us what you can and we'll see to it that your name is put on our "Cherished Donor" list. Your gift is possibly more cherished than all the rest, because even though you couldn't afford the full amount, you've made a token sacrifice out of love, and you gave until it hurt. We can't guarantee that you'll receive a letter every month, but you can write to your sponsored inmate and accuse him of anything you want. It will mean oh so much to him. You, in turn, will be receiving the greatest gift of all - the gift of giving.

Somewhere out there is someone that will make the whole world a nicer place to be. For seventy seven cents you too can make a difference. If everyone had a heart like yours there would be no wars, no disease, or famine. But everyone's not like you, and that's why we write to people like you. You are the only one that stands between a roll-up and a tailor-made. We know that you, more than anyone else, will do the right thing.

Standing here beside me is a friend that everyone calls "Psycho," a tiny fragile little waif with dark circles under his bloodshot eyes. The darkness of the dungeon in which he, and others like him, live, has drained the pigment from his skin and left him crippled in the head. Completely unable to live in society with others, he was cast away and forgotten.... destitute.

But thanks to you and your donation of just seven dollars a day, he was able to gum a little bit of gruel this morning. Unable to hold his head up for more than just a spoon or two, he lay back down and rested....on a mattress bought with your donation. Now, thanks to you and all our friends the world over that are working together to make this life-saving mission a success, Psycho is able to stand beside me on two feet. Though they belonged to someone else at one time, they mean much much more to him.

It brings tears of joy to my eyes to see that wicked smile on Psycho's face and know that there are people like you out there that really know what it means to care....to share. It's people like you that keep kindness and humanity alive in a world with too many people.

Often times, entire warehouses full of men have no choice but to share one tattered page of lingerie from a worn out catalog, or pass a single cigarette around, and bogart on the joints. It's so so sad to see.

If you'd really like to sponsor a prisoner and put a light back into his life, but you seem to keep forgetting, (and I know that's easy to do), if you like, just send us your credit card number and we will be happy to arrange it so that just seven seventy seven per day will be deducted from your account automatically. You can rest easy knowing that your precious gift of life is helping some poor prisoner in another state.

If you would like to know more about how you can improve an inmate's life, and how you can save the life of someone no one loves, we will include, along with your receipt for seven wonderful cents, a handy one page pamphlet describing different ways of making your check payable to: Jay E. Nowman #121322, Waupun Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 351, Waupun WI 53963. ■

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ZSA ZSA AND THE TORT EXPLOSION

By Ralph R. Reiland

This time it's big trouble for Zsa Zsa, a million times worse than when she slapped the Hollywood cop and was sentenced to pitch in at the women's shelter. Now, for a verbal faux pas, a California jury says she must fork over every cent she's earned since World War I in all those movies and marriages. For telling a German magazine that fellow actress Elke Sommer is a Hollywood has-been who loafs in sleazy bars and makes hand-knit sweaters to support herself, Ms. Gabor owes a full \$3.3 million.

In less litigious times, before the tort explosion, we could have expected a volley back from Ms. Elke about ancient Hungarian gasbags, and that would've been it. No government involvement, no trial, no houses confiscated, and no gravy train for the lawyers. Not a cent was transferred from W.C. Fields when he called Charlie Chaplin a "son-of-a-bitch ballet dancer."

Zsa Zsa probably remembers Bette Davis saying, "The best time I ever had with Joan Crawford was when I pushed her down the

steps in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*." Ms. Gabor might recall when Quentin Crisp said of Ms. Crawford, "Toward the end of her life she looked like a hungry insect magnified a million times—a praying mantis that had forgotten how to pray." Or Oscar Levant saying, "I knew Doris Day before she was a virgin." For any of that, no one claimed actionable stress or financial loss, no lawyer got a beach house, and no one filed for bankruptcy.

The problem with Zsa Zsa is that she totally ignored campus life and now she has to pay. She had no idea that the First Amendment's "no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press" had been increasingly loaded down with exemptions, and that zealous politicians and bureaucrats had enacted jackpot penalties to muzzle the outrageous and eradicate faux pas. Stars of the silver screen are now supposed to talk like law clerks.

If Ms. Gabor had taken a class at the University of California at Riverside, she could have witnessed the administration suspending a fraternity from campus for three years after several students accused the members of insensitivity for wearing T-shirts emblazoned with a drawing of a man under a sombrero, drinking beer.

It's the same at the White House. In 1992, at the Mexican Surprise State Dinner honoring the president of Mexico, pastry chef Roland Mesnier prepared cakes shaped like adobe huts with Mexican peasant figures sleeping against them wearing little icing sombreros. Laurie Firestone, White House Social Secretary, ordered their removal, but chef Mesnier wouldn't agree. It ended with Ms. Firestone standing guard at the door of the dining room, lopping off each sleeping Mexican with a knife as the desserts went by.

Last year, a small California newspaper chain declared bankruptcy after being sued for running an ad that included the words "adults preferred," and Beverly Schnell, 50

years old, divorced, and a part-time worker in Milwaukee, has \$8,000 in fines and legal bills after advertising for a "Christian handyman" as a tenant for her second floor. Mrs. Schnell explained to Milwaukee's Fair Housing Council that as a Christian she felt obligated to help other Christians, and as someone with a 100-year-old house she wanted to trade low rent for repairs, but the Housing Council filed a complaint that Mrs. Schnell's ad violated the federal Fair Housing Act and the state's Equal Rights Division found her guilty.

At the *LA Times*, there's a new 19-page list of words that are officially off-limits to reporters, lest they might hurt somebody's feelings. Banned are Dutch treat, gypped, welshing (all stereotypes of Euros), plus Chinese fire drill, ghetto, inner city, pow-wow, illegal alien, admitted homosexual, queer, hillbilly, white trash, hick, lame, deaf, handicapped, babe, co-ed, divorcee, bra-burner, and gal. Also unprintable is the Kaffir Lily (a botanical slur against South Africans) and Canucks (except on the sports page). Words not fully censored, but warned against at the *LA Times*, are stepmother, WASP, mailman, male nurse, and man-made. Reporters at the *Washington Post* are warned about using oriental, woman lawyer, and Red China.

The School of Journalism at the University of Missouri recommends that people not be called Tonto, Leroy, barracudas, dingbats, airheads, or coconuts. A Hollywood has-been sitting in a sleazy bar making sweaters is a grim slip that can go on next semester's list.

The Iowa City Community School District has a no-no list for Halloween costumes. The district's Equity Affirmative Action Advisory Committee suggests that kids not dress as hobos, old men, old women, witches, devils, Indians, slaves, Africans, gypsies, or Nazis. Instead, Marian Coleman, Equity Director for the district, recommends the tykes go door-to-door as Abe Lincoln and Robin Hood (showing her lack of sensitivity to folks who can't handle one more politician or egalitarian with his hand out). Ms. Coleman explains that the school makes costume suggestions because the district doesn't want to get sued for providing a "hostile environment" for children.

A memo from the School-Parent Association in Voorhees, N.J., warned parents to stay clear of jelly beans and purple and yellow decorations at Spring parties. At Winter parties, "Jingle Bells" is fine, but "Silent Night" isn't. The bottom line is that it can be unlawful to expose the MTV generation to an Easter basket.

Philosopher David Hume said, "It is sel-

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dom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once." At Harvard Law School, Professor Alan Dershowitz laments, "These days I will not teach the subject of rape without having a recording. One woman actually tried to bring sexual harassment charges against me for the way in which I teach rape... People are really losing a lot, in terms of their education, when teachers are frightened away from teaching controversial subjects."

Fear of abuse allegations has made it increasingly difficult to find volunteers to work with children. With nobody immune from accusation, "Every year it's like looking for a needle in a haystack to find enough coaches," says Richard Walker, national spokesman for the Boy Scouts of America. "What you are seeing is sexual abuse hysteria," states Dr. Richard Gardner, Professor of Child Psychology at Columbia University. "People are running scared. You can't touch kids anymore."

"The idea that our individual lives and the nation's life can and should be risk-free has grown to be an obsession, driven far and deep into American attitudes," cautioned Henry Fairlie in "Fear of Living" in *The New Republic* several years ago. "Indeed, the desire for a risk-free society is one of the most debilitating influences in America today, progressively enfeebling the economy with a mass of safety regulations and a widespread fear of liability rulings, and threatening to create an unbuoyant and uninventive society...as if the Declaration of Independence had been rewritten to include freedom from risk among the self-evident rights... This morbid aversion to risk calls into question how Americans now envision the destiny of their country... The loss of courage and faith has manifested itself in many ways, but it has found its most immediately dangerous expression in tort law."

In *Democracy in America*, De Tocqueville predicted a "new kind of servitude" where a "supreme power covers the surface of society with a network of small, complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered but softened, bent, and guided; men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting. Such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, 'til each nation is reduced to be nothing better than a flock of timid and industrial animals, of which government is the shepherd." ■

THE POLITICS OF PARODY

BY JENNIFER ELDEN

In its first case to examine the law of parody since 1956, the Supreme Court confirmed what most have suspected since then: American courts don't know parody when they see it.

When the rap group 2 Live Crew produced its own version of Roy Orbison's "Oh, Pretty Woman," copying outright the opening line of lyrics and duplicating the song's distinctive bassline, the owner of the original song's copyright sued. The district court considered the evidence and held that the plaintiff didn't have a case. 2 Live Crew, said the judge, had created a genuine parody, which is a legitimate and fair use of a copyrighted song. Aside from the opening lyrics, noted the court, the version by the controversial rappers was most unlike anything Roy Orbison ever had in mind.

The Court of Appeals, however, disagreed. Reversing the lower court, the Sixth Circuit held that because 2 Live Crew benefitted commercially from its version of "Pretty Woman," it could not take advantage of the fair use exception to copyright infringement. In reaching its decision, the Circuit Court compared 2 Live Crew's parody to those of Weird Al Yankovic, a decidedly tamer artist. Yankovic's parodic songs, remarked the judge, were all licensed uses of the originals. 2 Live Crew had neither asked for nor received permission to make money, in the court's view, from someone else's song.

Undaunted, the rappers took their case to the United States Supreme Court. The Court reversed the appellate judge, stating that he had given too much weight to the commercial nature of the parody. Yes, Justice Souter wrote, 2 Live Crew did take the heart of the original. But the heart, he continued, is what conjures up the original and makes a parody effective. Parody law, the justices reminded us, has long been protected as a valued means of fostering creativity.

American parody law began to take its current shape in the mid-1950s. Jack Benny burlesqued the film *Gaslight* on his radio show, and the copyright owner sued for infringement. Benny claimed his "Autolite" was fair use parody, but judges as high as the Supreme Court could not agree on what, exactly, was fair. Even the Supreme Court justices were divided, 4-4, when they held that Benny had taken too much from the original film and was guilty of infringement.

Another parody case, however, litigated at nearly the same time as Benny's, reached the opposite conclusion. When Sid Caesar presented "From Here to Obscurity" in a television skit, plaintiff Columbia Pictures was surprised to be told that Caesar's copying was a perfectly legitimate parody.

Since these cases, a number of courts have struggled to create a coherent set of laws to govern fair use and parody. Judges have produced lists of factors, tests and guidelines, but these have only resulted in more confusion. While one court states that a parody can go only so far as to conjure up the original, another relies on the question of whether there was a "substantial taking." *The Greatest American Hero*, a television series about a reluctant superhero in a red leotard, was held legitimate parody because it took only what was necessary to bring Superman to mind. But a singing telegram service featuring "Super Stud," also in a leotard (though perhaps only temporarily), was adjudged not fair use. In the telegram case, the judge noted that the character "tarnished the image" of the original.

Like the judge who found a stripping Superman offensive, numerous courts have taken advantage of the uncertainty surrounding parody law to rule against what they personally find distasteful. When a nude musical turned "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" into an off-color tribute to a character's sexual talents, the court sternly commented that the song was neither a parody nor a humorous commentary. When a counter-culture comic book, *Air Pirates Funnies*, portrayed Mickey Mouse engaging in drug use and promiscuous sex, the judge held that the parodist had taken more than was necessary and was liable to Walt Disney Productions. The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders objected to a poster portraying seminude cheerleaders billing themselves as "The Texas Cowgirls," and a judge agreed. The poster's creator was found guilty of copyright infringement.

Hustler Magazine parodied a then-popular series of print ads for Campari by suggesting that Moral Majority leader Reverend Jerry Falwell's "first time" had been in an out-house with his mother. Part of Falwell's response was to print thousands of copies of the parody ad and send it, with a request for contributions to "defend Mother's memory in court," to Moral Majority members. When it became aware of the reprint, *Hustler* boldly sued Falwell for copyright infringement. The court, siding with the Reverend Falwell, argued that Moral Majority members are unlikely to read *Hustler*, so the demand for the original ad was not diminished. Without clear guidance, these judges turned to

their own impressions of good taste and acceptable behavior in deciding what constitutes fair use parody.

Without a consistent set of laws to define what is parody and what is infringement, these value-based decisions will continue. These cases may always turn heavily on a single person's judgment, but that judgment call will be strengthened by clearer guidelines. The Supreme Court may have begun to set such rules with its common-sense approach to the "Pretty Woman" controversy. Perhaps the strongest voice in the call for reason, however, was that of the judge in the *Eveready Battery* case.

A few years ago, Coors Light had comic actor Leslie Nielsen dress up as the Energizer Bunny, complete with bunny ears, puffy tail, and fuzzy slippers. Nielsen banged his bass drum and spun around but, unlike the real Energizer Bunny, got dizzy and staggered offstage. Audiences and critics adored the commercial, but Eveready Battery didn't see the humor in it. The company sued Coors, claiming copyright infringement of its lucrative Bunny.

The judge in this case agreed with Eveready that the Coors parody was designed for a commercial purpose — to sell beer. He also agreed that Coors was using the popularity of the Bunny to make money for itself. Nobody, however, was going to be confused into thinking that the commercials had the same source. The parody did not copy the original exactly. Leslie Nielsen, the judge noted, "does not run on batteries, is not fifteen inches tall, is not predominantly pink ... and would probably make a better babysitter than a children's gift." In what may be the most sensible parody decision to date, the judge gently pointed out to the plaintiff that the commercial was a joke, and everybody except Eveready got it. ■

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R.D.C. By John Rich

The guard opens the cell door and tells me to go downstairs and wait for the psychologist to call my name. I sit in a row of chairs with six other inmates, and in only half an hour I am the last one left.

"Offender 910243 — Rich," the psychologist yells.

"Yeah."

"Come in."

As I enter the psychologist's office, the first thing I notice is the institutionalized avocado green upholstered metal furniture. The walls are white cinder blocks, and the ceiling is made of one foot square acoustical tiles. The office reeks of stale cigarette smoke. As I close the door, I notice "Just Say No" and A.I.D.S. posters hanging on the wall.

"Have a seat," says the psychologist.

"Thank you." I sit down and look at the psychologist as he shuffles through my paperwork. He is in his 50s, balding, with a gray goatee, mustache, and gold-rimmed wire-framed glasses. He looks like a cheap imitation of Sigmund Freud dressed in a green plaid sport coat and white wing-tipped shoes. Behind him, on the wall, hangs his degree from Indiana University.

"You don't seem to have any mental deficiencies," he continues, "so you can go to Westville, C.I.C. (Correctional Industrial Complex) or Indiana Youth Center."

"I'd like to go to Westville because my brother is there."

"O.K., I will recommend that." He looks again at my record. "What are you and your brother doing in Indiana? Did you two come here from California to sell drugs?"

"Well, no! Originally we were both from Indianapolis, but my brother moved to Florida, and I moved to California."

"You know what I say about California?"

"No."

"I call it the cereal bowl of the nation because it's full of fruits, nuts, and flakes."

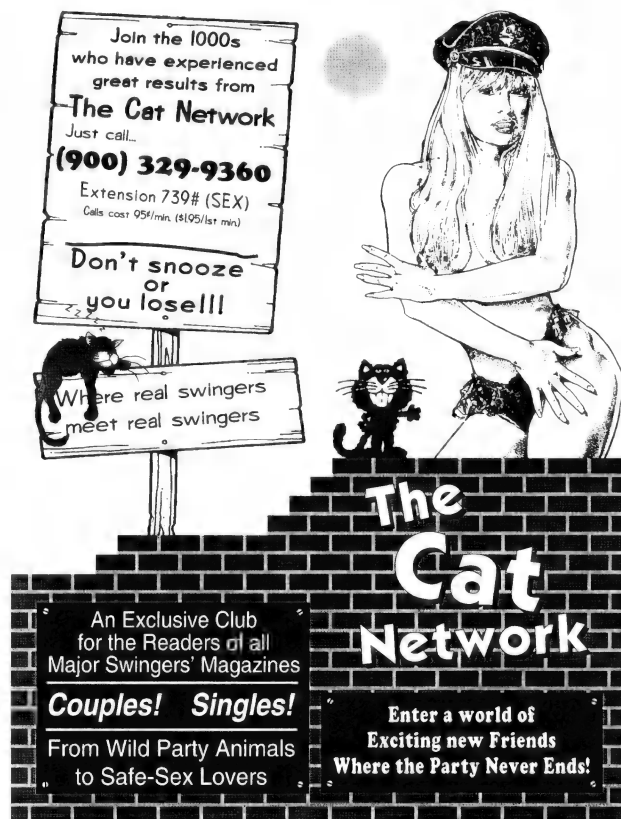
"Yeah, I guess."

"It says here that you pled guilty to sales of cocaine."

"That's true. The judge gave me twenty years, which seems kind of harsh for non-violent, victimless crime."

"If I had it my way I would take all the pushers, addicts, weirdos, and queers to California and blow it up, drowning them all in the Pacific Ocean."

This man, with his enlightened philosophy, is a brilliant individual. I can tell this by the open-mindedness of his plans for American citizens who live alternative life-styles. If he is the best, then I can *really* look forward to being rehabilitated in the Indiana Department of Corrections. The truth is that there is no rehabilitation in the Indiana Department of Corrections. But thank God they're only warehousing me; I don't think I can take any more jokes. ■



MEDIA SELLING SEX AND DEATH

BY DAVID HARGROVE

With the recent and tragic loss of Randy Shilts, the world has lost a strong and dedicated voice in the fight for survival of persons with HIV/AIDS and against discrimination of those same individuals. Shilts was the first openly gay journalist to work for a major newspaper, the San Francisco Chronicle, and his book, *And the Band Played On*, exposed our government's total disregard for an epidemic that may eventually kill millions.

Shilts proved that the media could help improve the lives of persons with HIV/AIDS. His messages brought about significant changes in lifestyles and attitudes. Randy Shilts used his journalistic position as a positive force in the fight against death by ignorance.

It is a sad shame that other journalists have not learned from Randy's example.

Having served sixteen years in two prison systems, traveled through countless jails, and served as assistant editor and writer for the Texas prison newspaper, *The Echo*, I am in a unique position to write about what I know best, life on the inside, behind the red brick walls and concertina wire.

I was recently commissioned by a prominent gay publication to write an article about doing time in jail. With the advent of groups like Queer Nation and ACT-UP who participate in civil disobedience, more and more gays are finding themselves behind bars for their beliefs. The magazine's editor wanted a humorous, yet reality-based article about the slips, trips and falls a person can experience when dumped into a dehumanizing city or county dungeon.

The article I submitted provided good, solid facts about what to expect and how not to become a victim. Since the article was for a gay publication I pointed out that the sex in jail may sound like a fun night of video porn fantasy, but life is not art (is porn art? NOT!) and that perception is usually greater than reality. Had the article been for a non-gay publication, I would never have mentioned jailhouse sex.

Yet, jailhouse sex is real and goes on in every incarcerated setting with both male and female prisoners participating, usually not with each other.

For the benefit of a gay readership I pointed

out that those participating in jailhouse sex (prisoners, gay men, IV-drug users and young minorities) are all in high risk categories and that *all jailhouse sex was unsafe*.

To avoid the possibility of rape, I recommended that individuals who could not easily protect themselves against predators take advantage of available gay housing areas. I explained that since the advent of AIDS, gay bashing in jail has become a blood sport.

That was the first draft of my article. The editor came back with suggestions for dropping the prohibition on sex and limiting the recommendation on avoiding general population inmates.

Needless to say, I was angry. I have watched friends become infected with HIV and die from AIDS. I have seen the rape of individuals unable to defend themselves. I know the worst *can* happen and this particular editor obviously did not.

Through *The Echo*, I have attempted to bring HIV/AIDS information out of the closet and into the hands of Texas' prisoners. And now another editor wanted me to forsake my principles and tell his readers that sex in jail was the happening thing. I went back and reread the publication's "writer's guidelines." They wanted articles about travel, entertainment, politics, and sex.

It really upset me to think that while the media talks a good game about abstinence and safe sex, a magazine - a gay publication at that - could condone unsafe sex practices. I thought back to Randy Shilts' 1984 diatribe against the San Francisco gay bath houses and unsafe sex, demanding the bath houses be closed to protect those who would not protect themselves. He was persecuted, by the gay community, as a sell out to the powers-that-be who had attempted to close the bath houses for years on moral grounds.

There is nothing moral or immoral about jail-house sex. It is simply stupid. And should a single death result from a journalist's backhanded implication that jailhouse sex is anything less than Russian roulette with a fully-loaded gun, the journalist is guilty of more than poor editorial judgement.

In 1992, 18% of deaths in Texas prison system were AIDS related.

I wrote the editor and explained my position. His response was that he had shown my

article and exceptions to other people including "an inmate," and all concluded that the "don't mix" and "no sex" tone should be softened. "If you do this," he wrote, "that would be great. Of course, discretion, cautions, and safe sex concerns would be incorporated." Safe sex? I don't think so.

The World Health Organization guidelines on HIV infections and AIDS in prisons, March, 1993, lists two items under "sexual transmission": *...information should be available to prisoners of all types of sexual behavior that can lead to HIV transmission. The role of condoms in preventing HIV transmission should be explained. Since preventative sexual intercourse occurs in prison, even when prohibited, condoms should be made available to prisoners throughout their period of detention...and Prison authorities are responsible for combating aggressive sexual behavior such as rape, exploitation of vulnerable prisoners (e.g., transsexual or homosexual prisoners...) and all forms of prisoner victimization by providing adequate staffing, effective surveillance, education, etc. These measures should be applied regardless of the HIV status of individuals concerned.*

The WHO recommendations have been adopted in some countries in Europe and by Canada to a certain extent. The United States does not recognize them and with the exception of jails in five major metropolitan areas, condoms are not available to prisoners. And it does not promote consensual sex among prisoners.

The magazine's position was that its readers have freedom of choice concerning consensual sex. As a progressive liberal, I understand and advocate freedom of choice. I do not have to like someone's choice, do not have to advocate it, but I do have to acknowledge their right to make that choice, no matter how stupid it may be.

Somehow, in the last dozen years, since Randy Shilts first sounded the alarm about AIDS and unsafe sex, we have come full circle. Thanks, in part, to his diligence, the general public knows how AIDS is transmitted and how to avoid it. Yet journalists are again telling their readers that sex can be exciting and safe. In jail, "exciting and safe" are an oxymoron no matter what they represent. ■

Confessions of an AIDS Activist

By Jane C. Holmes

In 1982, I was working on a doctorate and needed some extra money. A new program had started at the University and they were looking for a coordinator. I took the job on what I thought was a temporary basis. After all, this new disease probably wouldn't last long. I figured the program would close within a year.

In 1982, people came out . . . of the woodwork - electrolisized transsexuals, house painter dykes, divinity students who had been hospitalized for fevers of unknown origin. AIDS gave them a cause, a stage. Governors and doctors listened to them. Researches begged for interviews. Suddenly, what had been taboo and unspeakable in America was headline news. Every journalist, pundit, and grant seeker was looking for fags, queers, and druggies to interview, examine, and induct into coalitions.

What happened to those people, those pioneers who burned with a fever as deadly as the one caused by PCP (pneumocystis carinii pneumonia)? Given their Warholian 15 minutes of fame, most tried to stretch it into a lifetime career. Most failed.

One fatal flaw was evident in every meeting, every telephone call, every congregation of the players. Gay Related Immune Deficiency (later changed to AIDS, Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) had become a platform for gay rights. Like a seven year old dressing up in Mommy's cedar chest prom dress, many of the activists were naive to the utilitarian nature of the government's interest in them. Like a velvet gloved Gestapo, public health workers cajoled gay men to kiss and tell in the name of disease control. And the activists, sure that they were embarking on a noble quest, spilled their guts. Glory holes and poppers became fodder for the NY Times' editorial cannons. People who had spent a lifetime hiding in the shadows sought celebrity.

"Tell me about the first time you had sex with a man." Focus groups (read f--- us groups) and fundraisers gave a veneer of respectability to lost souls. Like sponges, dry and waiting, the interviewees soaked up the attention.

Some were stars; the post bellum predator who found himself running the largest AIDS service organization in the country, the straight woman who slept with females to go native in her work, the old queen who found

a new, heretofore untapped clientele for his gay psychobabble among the frightened and flattered blue collar gay men he supposedly served. Most were just average people, going to work, paying their bills, and crying themselves to sleep at night with the fear of sickness and premature death.

Ralph didn't choose to be a ringer. He sat on my back porch making peace offerings and sipping vodka. All he wanted was to do his job and collect a paycheck. He wanted to do more, but the triumvirate that ruled the AIDS program was too intimidating. He hadn't planned to come here to take my job. He told me he admired the work I'd done for three years. I believed him.

Ralph was a gentle man, a Baptist minister. His southern accent and homosexual charm belied the passionate dedication he exuded in his work. A hired gun with sites pointed directly at me, he was uncomfortable with the role.

Poor Ralph, Pawn Ralph. In a dim Italian restaurant, he sat nibbling breadsticks, waiting for our colleague to arrive. "You know, two years ago I was hospitalized for some bizarre fever. It came from nowhere. I'm sure it was nothing, though."

Six months later, I had been recruited by the State Health Department, had moved to the state capital, and was reviewing grant applications from AIDS service organizations. Ralph wrote his just before he died. Other government reviewers scoffed at his reference to AIDS as a Gordian knot. They didn't get it. Their loss. My loss. Ralph, wherever you are now, I miss you.

Then there was Don, the feisty Italian diabetic who as the first of many to hear me utter those life shattering words, "Your HIV test came back positive. You have the virus." His apartment in Long Beach was well furnished. A music stand and silver flute graced a corner of his living room, but the bathroom was filthy. Human sloughings adhered to the shower tiles in gray dinge. A black plastic bottle of hair conditioner sat pathetically on the window sill.

Don called me daily to talk about the Howard Brown Clinic in Chicago, to plan our next step in fighting AIDS on Long Island, and to keep up my spirits. When the first International Conference on AIDS was held in Atlanta, he babysat my kids because he believed I needed to be there. While he

was there, the oil tank ran dry and the heat went off. He filled it up so the kids could stay warm and take baths.

When I went to work for the State he stopped calling. I took the train down to New York City to see him. Over a tuna fish sandwich, this usually effusive man said very little. At one level, I knew it was dementia, an invasion of his brain by the AIDS virus, but at a conscious level I denied it until early in 1988 when a friend called me. "I know you must already know this, but I thought I'd call." He read me Don's obituary.

Okay, that's enough. My best friend had died without giving me the chance to say good bye. I left the Department and went into business, telling myself I had paid my dues, done my part. But the business folded and as I perused the want ads, my heart sank as I read "AIDS Educator wanted for a program serving men and women of color." Conscience forced me to apply. I had kids to feed and rent to pay. If they hired me, I'd just show up, give a few lectures, and keep my psychic distance. Besides, who would hire a seemingly middle class white woman to work with minority drug addicts and prostitutes? This place did and quickly promoted me to run the program.

I was miles away from the glitz and rhetoric of the downstate fight against AIDS. At first, I thought I could actually do a job and avoid the politics. Life was slower upstate if you weren't working for the government. Maybe we could actually prevent a few cases of HIV infection. Then I reviewed the data.

Using my training in public health and information from a few connections I still had left at the health department, I analyzed the cases of AIDS in my county, my city, and finally, in the neighborhoods surrounding my worksite. Although the county, mostly white and suburban, had about as many cases as other upstate NY counties, the city, also predominantly white, had rates (number of cases per 100,000 population) that were three times that of the county. In some of the zip code areas surrounding my worksite, the rate of AIDS cases was higher than the rates in parts of Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Failing to recall the fate of other messengers who had brought bad news to the king, I reported my findings to the feds and the

state. True to form, they threw money at the problem and soon I was able to expand the program, adding acupuncture, therapeutic massage and (gasp) vitamin and herbal therapies to the menu of services for clients. I foolishly did all this in daylight.

Most of my clients were Black or Hispanic. Over half of them were young women. Most had a history of alcohol or drug use, incarceration, prostitution, or childhood sexual abuse. Shirley was twenty two when she came to my office for HIV testing. Her father was dying of AIDS. So was the sister she used to prostitute with on Staten Island.

As she sat across from me, she placed her slender mahogany hands over her eyes. "I came to ask you to do the test. Don't trust nobody else." I explained she could have the test done elsewhere anonymously. "Nope. Don't want nobody but ch'all to do it. 'sides, if I got it, I gots to deal with the baby soon." She was two months pregnant. When the positive results came back, she sat on my lap and cried into my left shoulder for half an hour. So much for psychic distance.

Shirley lost the baby and was so overcome with grief that she relapsed into cocaine use and went on a weekend binge, turning over fifty tricks. When I asked her if she used clean needles or condoms, she said no, the fools deserved whatever they got.

Butch was a Vietnam veteran who looked like seven feet of stacked coal. Homelessness, drug abuse, and time inside a state correctional facility had done nothing to enhance his social skills. Yet he was handsome and charming. Although he'd known about his HIV status for two years, he had never sought help from an AIDS service organization. Because he was a friend of a friend, he came to see me. I took him with me to the Salvation Army to speak to the men there about his experiences with HIV and recovery from drugs and alcohol. Seventeen men showed up the next day as "walk-ins" for HIV counseling and testing. Five of them were positive.

Butch and Shirley and lots of others made community presentations with me for three years to spread the word that HIV was not only a New York City problem. The Mayor and the Health Commissioner began to talk to us. Local colleges began to distribute the condoms we supplied. Over two hundred people with HIV came for our services. Afraid of AZT and suspicious of institutions in general, they packed our seminars on vitamin therapy and global AIDS drugs.

The day after the State announced a big grant award to my sponsoring agency, I was told to pack my desk. Whether it was the higher financial stakes, the audacity to promote openly "alternative therapies," or some-

thing else will always remain an unanswered question.

Here are a few more to ponder:

Many gray areas arise in the world of HIV - like what to do about the HIV infected individual who chronically relapses into alcohol or substance abuse and infects others while under the influence. Should these people be jailed? ...quarantined? ...sent to a rehab? What are the legal and ethical obligations of those who provide care to such an individual and are aware of their activities?

One third of all babies born to infected mothers will have HIV disease and a life expectancy of four years. Their lives will be permeated with painful illnesses and multiple hospitalizations.

Should HIV infected mothers be required to abort? . . . be sterilized? What are the medical, financial, legal, and social consequences of any of these actions?

People with HIV are often "fast tracked" through entitlement systems; Medicaid, Social Security Disability, state sponsored support programs. Are they bumping the elderly, the unemployed, the chronically ill from needed services? Do some people falsely claim to have HIV, hoping to cash in on the loopholes provided by HIV confidentiality laws? Do victims of incest or rape have a right to know the HIV status of their attackers?

Finally, what happens to nurses, doctors, counselors, outreach workers who deal with this disease on a day to day basis? Are they well paid? Do they have sufficient support systems to prevent burn out and high employee turnover? How many of them have committed suicide, divorced, or turned to drugs or alcohol in an attempt to deal with the many stresses presented by their work?

The purpose of this column is to examine some of these questions in a way that fulfills the *Gray Areas* goal of "educating people so they begin to care more about the world around them and become less hasty in judging other people's morals." Any questions? . . . Any answers? Write to me at *Gray Areas*. ■

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WHAT IS THE AIDS TEST?

By Jane C. Holmes

Developed in 1986 as a test to screen donated blood for antibodies to Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), the virus that causes AIDS, the test is relatively simple. It doesn't test directly for the presence of HIV, but rather for antibodies, chemical footprints that show that HIV is in the person's blood. It takes about two weeks to get the results.

A lab technician or nurse draws a few teaspoons of blood from the patient's arm. The blood is sent to a lab where a test called an ELISA is performed.

If this test is positive (that is, if HIV antibodies are found) a different test is run. This second test confirms the presence of HIV. The process is accurate about 98% of the time.

Once a person is infected with HIV through sex or sharing "works" (needles and other equipment used to inject drugs), HIV antibodies usually develop in six weeks. So if someone has unprotected sex on Tuesday, they shouldn't be tested for HIV on Wednesday. They need to wait six weeks or the test might come back falsely "negative" (no HIV antibodies detected).

On the other hand, once a person has accurately tested negative, there is no reason for them to continue to be tested unless they again engage in behaviors (e.g. unprotected sex or needle sharing) that could transmit HIV.

If you're worried that you might be infected, don't stick your head in the sand. Get tested. Many life extending treatments are available, but they are usually most effective in the early stages of infection.

For further information about HIV counseling and testing, call the National AIDS Hotline at 800-342-AIDS (342-2437).

For information in Spanish, call 800-344-SIDA (344-7432).

For Deaf Access, call 800-243-7889 (TTD/TTY).

Or call your local health department, listed in the phone book. The service is available in every state, often at no charge. ■

Schmeckel Movies In California

By Richard Pacheco

You know what a schmeckle is, don't you? Sure you do. A schmeckel is a schmuck, a dick, a c---, a man's thingee, a penis in the dictionary and a favorite body part of mine that has figured very prominently in my former semi-adult choice of professions. That understood, let me tell you folks a little story...

The telephone was ringing. I was on the outside and the telephone was on the inside. The locked door of my own Berkeley home stood between me and that telephone. Naturally, the answering machine was in the repair shop.

For the life of me, I couldn't get the god damned key into the keyhole. I was returning from a friend's rather raucous wedding reception. "Tipsy" would not be an entirely inappropriate term to describe my condition and it did not further me at all one bit in the hurried exercise of trying to put the key into the keyhole before the unknown caller would give up on the telephone.

"Put some hair around it!" I said to myself. It was a mantra from days gone by of working in my daddy's old gas station. Whenever anybody had any difficulty putting the gas hose into the gas tank, one of the other goofball employees would invariably shout out, "Put some hair around it!"

Well. When I finally successfully navigated the difficult maneuver of unlocking the door, I rushed to pick up the telephone. "Hello..." said I all breathless.

"You're busted!" came a hard, raspy voice over the telephone line.

You know, it's utterly amazing how fast those two little words can sober somebody up. You see, I worked frequently as a porn actor in those days. I was Richard Pacheco. I was an X-Rated movie star and I knew that getting occasionally arrested was definitely one of the occupational hazards of the industry.

I figured it was my time.

"Didn't you hear me?" the voice asked, "I said you were busted." Visions of mobsters, lawyers, the F.B.I., judges, and grand juries immediately began swirling about in my head. I wondered who I should call as I imagined the heavy, rolling sound of iron bars closing behind me.

"What are you in for?" the mass murderer would ask.

"Smut," I'd tell him, "what's it to ya?"

"Hey...wait a minute," I thought to myself.

This wasn't right. I had heard a familiar sound in that raspy voice.

"Is this Bennie?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said, "and you're busted." It was Bennie, my cousin, calling from my hometown of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Now, I was confused. If I was getting busted, why did the F.B.I. tell my Cousin Bennie back in Pittsburgh? I guess I wasn't as sober as I thought.

"What are you talking about, Bennie?" I asked him. "Tell me what happened."

Now, you gotta understand...with Cousin Bennie, anything was possible. Trouble was on him like odor on poop. Bennie should have been the porn star, not me. He fit the ill-starred, stereotypical porn profile far better than I did. His daddy had died quite unexpectedly when Bennie was still a little boy. A couple of years ago, his mother had actually been murdered with a kitchen knife in her own kitchen. The police suspected Bennie. In fact, he claims that they beat the shit out of him while trying to force him into a confession, but Cousin Bennie maintained his innocence.

I had to ask him to his face when I saw him the next time if he had in fact committed the foul deed. He looked me straight in the eye and swore that he hadn't. I believed him. Bennie was still family, but he was involved with a lot of illegal drugs and some very scuzzy people back in Pittsburgh. His call had me ready for everything. Well...

"Cousin Marvin saw you in a porno film!" he told me.

I started laughing. Cousin Marvin! I was so relieved that nobody else in the family was dead and that the KGB wasn't involved that I just started laughing. So, this wasn't gonna be about Cousin Bennie at all, this was gonna be about Cousin Marvin!

Cousin Marvin was a high-priced lawyer for a drug called Valium. He just skipped out of work one day from his fancy-schmancy Washington D.C. office to take himself to see a dirty movie. Just my luck, it was *The Candy Strippers*, my very first film. I remember I got \$200 for getting a blow job in a closet. It took an incredible eight hours to film that astonishing scene, but that's really another story.

The point here is that dear Cousin Marvin thought he recognized me in the movie. He got so excited that he drove home to Maryland, picked up his wife in Suburbia, left their kids with the neighbors, and then drove all the way back into Washington, D.C. just to show Cousin Naomi the movie. Yep, Naomi confirmed it for him. It was definitely cousin Howard up there on the screen.

Well, Cousin Marvin got so excited that he didn't know what to do with his sorry self next. He tried calling my parents. He was going to tell on me. I was thirty-two years old. I hadn't lived at home in fourteen years. Cousin Marvin was thirty-seven.

It turned out that my parents were not at home when he called up, so Cousin Marvin called his mom, my Aunt Sylvia. He told her that he had seen Cousin Howard in a porno film. Well, Aunt Sylvia made her son Marvin promise not to tell my mother and father. It seems that Aunt Sylvia had once taken my mother out to see the movie *Last Tango In Paris*. When Marlon Brando started buttering up Maria Schneider's a--hole, my mother dragged my Aunt Sylvia out of the theater. This, by the way, was all news to me.

I guess Aunt Sylvia felt pretty sure that my mother would not take Cousin Marvin's news very well. She decided she would protect my mom and dad from this totally distressing information about their youngest son.

"So, how did you find out all about this?" I asked Cousin Bennie, who after all was telling me these stories. "Did Aunt Sylvia tell you?"

"No," Bennie said, "Aunt Tillie told me. I think she got it from Aunt Sophie." Now, this was getting complicated. If Aunt Tillie and Aunt Sophie knew, that meany Uncle Moe and Uncle Jake knew, too...and so did Aunt Sylvia's new husband, Ziggye."

"But don't worry," Cousin Bennie said, "everybody swears they'll keep it secret from your mother and father."

"Right, Bennie, sure," I said and immediately began feeling the anguish of being an embarrassment to my parents. I could smell the ugly little scene of them being snickered at behind their backs at the next Bar Mitzvah and they wouldn't even know what was happening. It was no good. I had to do something. "Why didn't Marvin just call me?" I asked him.

"Now, how in the Hell should I know?" Bennie answered me.

"You know Marvin. He's always been a jag-off."

"Got that right," I thought to myself. "Jag-off," what a gloriously descriptive Pittsburgh insult! The rest of the world has no idea what it's missing.

Cousin Marvin was a jag-off, but I still felt like warm moose droppings myself, friends. I resolved two things before I got off of the phone with Bennie: One, I was going to tell my parents right away, that very day about my X-Rated film career.

And two, I was going to punch out my Cousin Marvin the next time I saw his ugly, Valium face.

First, I had to de-fuse Bennie. He was wired. He was acting as my agent, but his attitude

was all filled with scandal and terror. I tried to get him to realize that this whole mishagus was really no big thing.

You know, I tried hard to believe that myself. Actually, I had no idea how my parents would respond. The only thing I had going for me was that I knew I was their son. The apple's not supposed to fall far from the tree, right? Biology seemed to suggest that my actions would not be too far fetched for my parents' ability to comprehend them. Then again, what did I know about biology? I skipped it when I was in high school. I wasn't gonna cut up any frogs. I couldn't even put a worm on a fishing hook. And I'll tell ya something straight, I was not overjoyed that I had to call my parents and tell them that I had been in some porno movies.

The sexual revolution of the '60s seemed to just skip Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In the city of Roberto Clemente and the golden triangle, pornography was still incredibly seedy. The mob-run theaters were in the crappiest parts of town and the vibe was absolute lowlife. It was not the pre-AIDS, upbeat San Francisco scene at all. There were no Mitchell Brothers hobnobbing with the city's artists, intelligentsia and cultural elite.

In Pittsburgh, pornography was still equated with racketeering, mobsters, illegal gambling and prostitution. There was no Sexual Freedom League. There was no socially redeeming value. Pornography was vice, crime, police business. To the Jewish community there, it was decidedly trafe. Sexual liberation, Wilhelm Reich, Esalen Institute, Masters and Johnson's sex therapy...all that was California bubblemeinz. In Pittsburgh, a dirty movie was still a dirty movie.

By the time I reached the age of thirty-two, all that long-haired generation gap crap of the '60s was decidedly over for me and my family. I was into getting along with my folks. I had come to appreciate their acquired wisdom based simply on their years of raising a family, staying married, and being alive. I no longer wanted to know their dark secrets or have them be my best friends anymore. I didn't want to get stoned with them. I had given up on trying to re-educate them or change them with each new wave of therapy that I had discovered in the counter-cultural Mecca of Berkeley, California in the '70s. I had come the full circle back to just loving them and being grateful that they had brought and nourished me into this life.

Yo, did I have a curveball to throw at them! I just hoped that they could handle it. As I approached that telephone call home, I tried to prepare myself to become the black sheep of the family. I had to prepare myself for the

excommunication.

I imagined the news bulletins: Dateline Pittsburgh — LOCAL JEWBOY DISCOVERED F---ING SHIKSAS FOR CASH IN CALIFORNIA...news at 11. Well, for good or bad, I was about to reunite the characters of myself. Richard Pacheco, porn star and wonderful figment of my imagination, I'd like you to meet your real parents. I picked up the phone and dialed the number of my origin. My wife got on the line with me. I needed her there for moral support.

My mother answered the phone. My dad had gone out to get a haircut. We did a little small talk. She was having the walls washed and getting new carpeting installed. It was keeping her busy. She was readying the house for my older brother's return.

After ten years of trying to make it in Israel, my brother, the doctor, was moving his family back to Pittsburgh. My parents were ecstatic about this turn of events. I was

"I hoped that my parents wouldn't be too devastated that I was blatantly participating in the sexual fringes of humanity."

pretty happy about it myself. Having him back in the country would take some of that parent pressure off of me.

"Listen, Ma," I always called her "Ma," "I have to tell you something..."

"Yeah?" she answered.

"Yeah," I answered. "I did a couple of X-Rated movies awhile back..." The truth was that I had done thirty features, ten loops, and two magazines by then, but I did not want to open with a sledge hammer... "HEY, MA, I'M A PORNO STAR! I F--- SHIKSAS FOR A LIVING!" I thought I'd take it a little slow and see how the medicine was going down.

"Yeah, I did a couple of X-Rated movies awhile back. I didn't tell you about it before because I didn't think you'd be too crazy to hear about it..."

"Ye...ah..." she said haltingly. My mother was no dummy. She was waiting for all the bombs to fall.

"Yeah, well, Cousin Marvin stumbled into

one of my movies playing in Washington and..."

"He goes to see those movies?????" my mother asked me.

"I guess so, Ma," I told her. "Anyway, he got himself all excited at seeing me and he called Aunt Sylvia."

"Aunt Sylvia?" my mom asked. "Why didn't he call you?"

"Good question, Ma."

"Well, did Sylvia tell you?" she asked.

"No, Ma," I answered, "Cousin Bennie did."

"Cousin Bennie," she said, "that good for nothing lowlife, how did he know?"

"I think he heard from Aunt Tillie or Aunt Sophie, I'm not really sure, Ma. Cousin Marvin told Aunt Sylvia and I think Aunt Sylvia told Tillie and I think it was Aunt Sophie who told Bennie. Look, Ma, I don't know. Bennie was kind of excited when he told me all this. The bottom line...is that it's on the family grapevine and I wanted you and Daddy to hear about it from me before you got wind of all the gossip flying around." There was a pause of silence.

"What was the movie's name?" she asked.

"*The Candy Strippers* was the one that Marvin saw," I answered.

"How much did they pay you?" she asked.

"I got \$200 a day for a couple of days work in the film," I said. It was the truth. There was a moment of silence. "I worked with Marilyn Chambers," I added. That was technically a lie. I had worked with Marilyn Chambers, but it was in another film. Somehow, it occurred to me that Marilyn Chambers' fame might somehow help me to legitimize the whole thing.

"Who?" my mother asked. Can't blame a guy for trying.

"Marilyn Chambers, Ma," I said, "you know?" Jesus, I thought the whole world knew Marilyn Chambers. "You remember, Ma, the Ivory Snow girl? The woman with the baby?"

"You worked with a baby?" she asked.

"No, Ma. Marilyn Chambers was on the Ivory Snow package with the baby. Then when they found out she'd worked in the movie *Behind the Green Door*, they fired her. Remember? It was all over the papers, Ma, front page.

"Oh," said my mother. "So that's your news?"

"Yeah, that's my news," I said.

"You want to know what I think?" she asked. Here it comes...

"Yeah, Ma, tell me whatdya think?"

"Plllbbbbb!" she said. "That's what I think." My mom gave me the raspberry! I laughed. My wife laughed. My mom laughed. That was it! There was a little more small

talk about nothing at all and then we all just said good-bye.

When I hung up the phone, I imagined my mom running into one of her friends the next time she went shopping in the kosher butcher shop.

"So, how are your kids?" the friend would ask.

"Fine," my mother would answer. "My son, the doctor, is coming back home from Israel and my other son, the one in California, he's making schmeckel movies."

With time to pause and reflect on the depths of this little family soap opera, I wondered if I would become the black sheep of the family. I knew that my mom would tell my dad and I wondered what that would bring. I didn't give a fat rat's fart about Aunt Sylvia, Aunt Tillie or all the rest of the clan, but I hoped that my parents wouldn't be too devastated that I was blatantly participating in the sexual fringes of humanity.

Anxiety gave way to relief. For the first time in four years, I didn't have to worry anymore about my parents finding out about my career. Every little lie I had told them about acting in local commercials or this or that had left a tiny scar. It was good to have it all out.

Several days later, my old Chevy died. When I called a tow truck to make the funeral arrangements, I was told that I needed to have the car's title. I had to call my dad and have him send it to California.

On the phone, dad told me, "No problem," about the car. Then he said that Cousin Bennie had just told him that I had won some kind of acting award.

I had told Bennie that I had won the New York's Critics' Best Supporting Actor award that year for the original *Talk Dirty to Me*. I had told Bennie and then I had forgotten all about it.

When my dad mentioned it, I habitually started to lie...and then I just stopped myself in my tracks.

"Yeah," I said, a little unexpected pride creeping into my voice, "I won a Best Supporting Actor Award." There was a brief pause...

"You know what I think?" my dad asked. Uh-oh, here we go again. I braced myself for what was to come.

"What?" I answered.

"How's your health?" he asked.

"Fine," I told him, taken a little back.

"How's your wife's health?" he asked.

"She's fine, too," I told him.

"You love your wife?" he asked.

"Yeah, dad, I do."

"Does she love you?"

"Yeah."

"Well, then everything's okay," he said,

"and that's what I think!" Over the phone, I could hear the smile on his face.

I don't think in my heart that my dad could understand what I was doing at all, but I felt how he had found the power to forgive me. I wanted to cry then, but held my emotions in check. A thousand dollars worth of therapy went right down the drain. The men in our family held their emotions in check. I think that's why I was drawn to acting. You get to express your emotions. Hell, you've got to express your emotions. But schmeckel movies? Well, that's another story.

Anyway, the moment passed between father and son just as it had between mother and son earlier. There was no hellfire and there was no celebration. It just wasn't going to be any big deal between us. I'm sure that volumes exist of what wasn't said, but our bond had managed to survive the fact that their son made schmeckel movies in California.

I was a lucky man. I wonder sometimes about the conversation that must have taken place between my mom and dad when he first came home after getting that haircut and my mom gave him the news.

I wonder, too, about all the rest of the relatives and what kind of sense they have made out of my schmeckel-oriented odyssey.

I know all about Cousin Marvin, the jag-off. He became one of my biggest fans. He knew more about X-Rated movies than I did. He used to call me on his company's Watts line and grill me for gossip about his favorite porn stars. He had developed a mad crush on Vanessa del Rio. I used to plot revenge while I humored him. I was gonna ask Vanessa to lose a vibrating dildo somewhere up his ass and leave him in a motel handcuffed to a bed.

Eventually, though, Cousin Marvin apologized for starting all the wildfire gossip that led me to having the telephone confrontation with my parents. And I forgave him, too. In a weird way, he did me a favor. It was good getting straight with my mom and dad. It cut way into the anxiety quotient I had to live with on a daily basis. I did not enjoy having a secret life from them. And besides that, just having to be Cousin Marvin seemed like punishment enough for any man. ☐

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Adventures In The Porn Store

By Doug Brunell

Twenty-one. That is the age, right along with eighteen, that most people look forward to. Most people can not wait until they turn twenty-one for one reason: Alcohol. Not me though, I couldn't wait for a different reason: The adult bookstore.

I don't drink at all, it bores me. So when people offered to buy me a drink on my twenty first birthday I would kindly decline and ask for the money that they were planning to spend on me instead. Everyone refused. I just wasn't interested in going to a bar. I had a different idea of fun. I wanted to experience the wonders of an adult bookstore. It wasn't until I traveled to Boston though, that I was able to experience one.

There was an adult bookstore in my town, almost every town has one. I just never had the balls to go inside one. I don't know what I was so worried about. Maybe I was scared that I would be beat up by some redneck because I wore an earring and had a strange haircut. Perhaps I was just pretending to be more moral than I really was. I really have no clue as to why I did not go in, I just didn't. Not until I went to Boston.

I went to Boston the summer after I turned twenty-one with my three friends Nick, Erica, and Pablo. Being the tourists that we were, we wandered around the city in search of something to do when we came to the porno district. Pablo and Nick decided that they would go in. Pablo was looking for bestiality, which I told him I thought was illegal. Needless to say, in two minutes they were back out on the street with Erica and me. Pablo had forgotten his ID at home and Nick had about two weeks to go until he turned twenty-one. My first lesson was that these places seemed to follow the law closely. I was under the assumption that they would let anyone in.

Here was my chance. I could finally justify my going into one of these places without making myself look like a pervert to my friends, and more importantly, to myself. "Hey," I said. "I have my driver's license. I'll go in and look for that s--- for you."

Just as I thought, they agreed, and I was on my way to porno heaven.

My first impression of the place was that it was fairly large. Magazines, videos, and various penis shaped devices lined the walls. I was in awe. An old man in a wooden booth next to me asked to see my ID. I handed it to

him with my hand shaking uncontrollably. "Go ahead."

I snatched my ID back and went over to the magazine wall. My eyes widened when I saw all the various titles and acts that were displayed. *Playboy* this wasn't. Women were doing all sorts of things right on the covers of the magazines! Men were inserting their erect members into every opening a woman possessed! Women actually had cum on their faces and breasts! There were women with women and men with men. People doing it alone and in groups. Anal, oral, and manual sex was everywhere I looked! It was amazing. Not surprisingly, I was getting one hell of an erection. One thing I didn't see was bestiality. I saw the dildos and the cheap blow-up love dolls, and I saw the videos with women that weighed more than two of me combined, but I did not see any bestiality. This place was so sleazy that it had to have it. I decided to ask.

"Um... do you have anything strange?"

"What's so strange about f---in' and suckin'?"

"Well, not that. You know... animals."

Lesson number two: Sex with animals is illegal to sell in Boston, MA and he let me know it.

I had to buy something for Pablo. I had ten dollars that he had given me. I couldn't come out empty handed, plus I wanted to see what was in one of those magazines. They were all in plastic wrap and could not be opened until they were purchased.

I went back to the wall and grabbed a magazine that I thought looked pretty sleazy. On its cover was an Oriental woman with heavy eye makeup, sucking on some guy's huge penis. It was called *Hong Kong C---sucker*. I was sure Pablo would be happy with it. Once outside I found out how wrong I was. He was pissed. It wasn't animals and as far as he was concerned it wasn't even sleazy. I was astounded. I took the magazine from him and claimed it as my own. At least now I could look and see what really was pictured inside.

I ripped off the plastic and opened its slick pages. Inside the magazine the Oriental woman was engaged in all sorts of sex with this American "pilot." It ended with her sucking the guy off and the last shot was her with semen dripping from her ruby red lips. The semen did not look anything at all like

mine. It looked more like Ivory dish detergent. Odd. There was another photo shoot with an American "doctor" that ended much the same way. I was very disappointed. It was repetitive and boring.

This was not what I imagined it to be, there had to more to it. Maybe I had made a poor selection.

We wandered around in the porno district for awhile longer and came across a theater with a bookstore attached to it also. I asked Pablo if he wanted me to check this place out and he said "yes."

I strolled inside and noticed that it was smaller than the previous store. Everything had a fine coating of dust on it too. This place consisted mainly of magazines and videos. Directly in front of me were two sets of double doors from behind which came the very loud sound of people moaning and groaning.

The movie theater!

I went to the small ticket window and asked how much it was to get in to see the show. A chubby Oriental girl, without even looking up from her romance novel, informed me that it would be six dollars.

I, along with every other normal American, have seen porno films before. I just wanted to see if the theater was really as wild as they were made out to be. I wanted to know if there would be people having sex on the seats, but I didn't want to pay six dollars. I decided to sneak in.

I walked around the corner and went in a doorway that, for some reason, I thought led into the theater. I was wrong. It led into the bathroom, the urine smelling, men's room. I wanted to get out of there badly.

I turned to leave and found my way out blocked by a man roughly the size of a football player. "Looking for something?" He asked. Not in a normal voice either, it was more like a purr.

"Yeah, the exit," I said as I pushed past him.

Lesson number three: Don't go into the men's bathrooms in porno stores!

I ran out of the theater and told my friends what had happened. Of course they laughed at me and asked if I wanted to try another place down the street.

You bet I did.

Except for the two black men, one with a tumor on his head, outside the store selling

pot, the place was pretty normal. I left Boston feeling disappointed about my adult bookstore experiences. I was determined, however, that when I went back to Pennsylvania I would go to the one in my hometown.

Back in good old PA my friend, Nick, turned twenty-one and that night we headed down to the bookstore.

The set up was the same as any other place I have had the pleasure of going to. It even had those video preview booths. I browsed for a few minutes, looking at the covers of various domination mags and newspapers and at some of the videos. Then I mustered the courage to go up to the register and buy two tokens.

Behind the counter sat the cashier and his friend. The cashier's friend was on the phone telling whoever was on the other end about his ass bleeding and having to shove a Kotex inside himself to stop it. I was amused but undaunted.

"I would like two tokens," I stammered to the fat cashier. I knew I would be in the booth for a good amount of time watching the movies and doing whatever came naturally.

"Here you go, Sugar," the man said.

I walked into the back of the store where the booths and the signs advertising the movies were. There were other signs that explained the rules also. According to the signs that were posted, only one person was allowed in the booth at a time and there was to be no discharge of any bodily fluids. There was a reminder at the bottom of the sign that the booths were for the previewing of movies only and nothing else.

Right.

I walked into a booth and dropped a token, good for four minutes, into the slot and unzipped my jeans. Instantly the screen lit up with the image of a man and a woman doing it doggy-style. I flipped the channels past the two gay guys, past the man masturbating, past the orgy scene, and stopped at the lesbians. I don't know if it was the excitement of doing something that I wasn't supposed to be doing or the two lesbians licking each other that made me cum so fast. I did not even get to use my last token so I pocketed it for the next visit.

I left the booth and the store. I had this feeling that everyone there had known what I had just done in the booth. I was afraid that there was a hidden camera in the booth that had caught me in the act of pleasuring myself and displayed it on the security monitors for the fat cashier and his friend to see. That wasn't going to stop my friend and me though, we were going to come back.

We came back all right, every weekend we were there. We followed the same routine

every time: Go in and walk to the back wall to check out the magazines, shuffle around aimlessly for about ten minutes, go to the cashier and get our tokens, and then go view some movies. I never masturbated after that first time, it seemed to have lost its appeal.

After we had been doing that for about a month, or so, I finally went there alone. I figured that I had done it enough and was brave enough to do it alone by now. There had never been a problem before and it was foolish to think that there would be one this time. As usual, I was wrong.

I went in and followed my usual routine. As I was looking at the newest issue of some paper devoted to spanking I noticed some grandfather-like looking man staring at me. I gave him a sort of "Hello" nod and went back to my browsing. Eventually it was time for me to get one of those non-refundable tokens. I walked back into the preview room and began to look at the wall to see what was playing.

In an instant the old man was standing next to me looking at the wall also. I could sense him stealing glances my way. Then I heard it; the sound that is burned into my mind until the end of time. It is the sound that a hand makes when it is rubbing against polyester, which was what he was doing. His hand was giving his crotch a heavy rub down.

I walked away from him and quickly glanced back. He was gone. I pulled the token out of my pocket and headed toward a booth. Just before I entered my chosen cubicle I heard someone cough to my left. I turned to look, and through a crack in the door of the booth next to me was the old man. He had his pants down around his ankles and he was masturbating while staring at me!

Now I was pissed, but I was not about to leave the preview room. I had my pride and I wasn't going to let some old pervert scare me. Also, the token was non-refundable and I paid a whole dollar for it!

The man came out of his booth fully

clothed and motioned me to join him inside another booth. I shook my head and ducked into my own booth. I slammed the quarter-sized token into the slot and began to watch the movie. My viewing was cut short as I noticed a shadow appear at the bottom of the booth door. The creep was right outside!

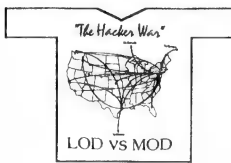
My door rattled a little as he tried to pull it open. He asked me to let him in but I remained silent. The movie shut off and the little light came on inside the booth. He waited outside for a minute and then left. So did I. I wasted no time in exiting from the booth and the store.

After being angry for a most of the night I came to the conclusion that this was an isolated incident and it was not going to happen in every adult bookstore. For the most part, adult bookstores are very clean, law abiding, and they frown upon this type of behavior. I still go to them as often as I can and I even bring my girlfriend. She finds them to be even more fascinating than I do, and she has had no problems at all in a store yet. If anything, I think the men are a little intimidated by her.

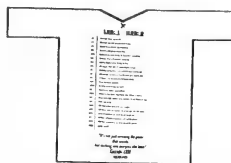
Well, I'm off to the bookstore. I think I'll buy my girlfriend that cute, heart-shaped lingerie and the Doc Johnson dildo as a little gift. Maybe I'll even check out a movie...or two. ☐

YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

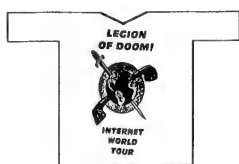
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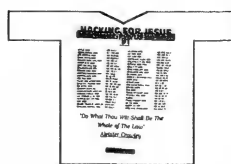
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SAYING “NO!” SHOULD BE ENOUGH

By Elizabeth Adams

When I went to bed last night, I was furious. When I woke up this morning, my stomach still churned with anger, and my body was tight and sore from tension. Why? Because I had just read a newspaper article about a unanimous Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruling that upheld a Superior Court's reversal of the conviction in a rape case.

From the details presented in the newspaper article, the case appears simple and straightforward. In 1987 the victim, a student at East Stroudsburg University, entered her assailant's dorm room looking for his roommate. Her assailant lifted her shirt and bra, and she said “No.” He locked the door, and she said “No.” He pushed her onto the bed and removed her underwear, and again she said “No.” In fact, she said “No” throughout the entire encounter. But her assailant, also a college student, was not deterred from accomplishing his purpose.

Because she did not try to fight or escape during the assault, the justices refuse to call this a case of rape. They have no quarrel over the issue of consent, but they stated that consent is not the issue here. They believe whether or not a woman is raped turns on the use of force.

As I read the newspaper account detailing the court's opinion, I felt like I had stepped back into the Dark Ages. Didn't we do away with such notions years ago? One of the most powerful plot lines of the *Cagney and Lacey* television series featured the acquaintance rape of Det. Cagney. In that show, the writers and actresses very poignantly dealt with the fear—of a trained policewoman whose gun was housed in the drawer of the nightstand that was only a few feet away. Her assailant didn't threaten her with a knife or gun. His menacing, physical presence was enough to make her fear for her life. She did not resist.

One of the common themes discussed by rape victims is their fear of being killed—whether or not a weapon was present, whether or not they were beaten during the rape. The very act of rape is violent, brutal—no matter how pleasant mannered the perpetrator tries to be. I think it's safe to assume that resistance during rape can easily lead to escalation of the brutality and violence.

The show also dealt beautifully with the damage inflicted during a forced sexual encounter. When Cagney's boyfriend learned about the rape, but understood that she had

not been beaten, his comment was something to the effect, “At least you weren't hurt.” Cagney's look, and her response, “Yes, I was hurt—I was RAPED!” signaled what I believe was the beginning of the end of their relationship. Although their involvement continued for some time afterward, I never believed in him again. I don't think she did, either.

Rape isn't being threatened with a knife, nor is it being beaten, although these actions can be a part of rape. And fear doesn't just come with being threatened with a gun or being beaten. I have no doubt the victim in the Pennsylvania rape case knew fear the moment she sensed that he intended to toy

“I wonder whether these judges, in all their wisdom, understand the message they are sending to women.”

with her—whether or not he ended up raping her. Her fear grew the moment he touched her shirt and bra. It grew when he locked the door, effectively blocking her escape.

He didn't need a weapon—he already had many. His size. His strength. His malevolence. His willingness to inflict fear, pain, and suffering.

In the face of impending harm, many women freeze—like a deer caught in the beam of a car's headlights. Other women fight; often, doing so results in terrible physical damage. This woman had the strength to cry out, asking her assailant not to continue. She probably begged him to stop. We know she said “No” a number of times. But her

pleas were ignored.

He can't claim ignorance. There has been a great deal of publicity concerning “No” means “No,” not “Yes,” not “Maybe.”

Yet this college student proceeded with his intent. He raped her.

But the Superior Court and Supreme Court of Pennsylvania have ruled that it wasn't rape—because she didn't fight, because he didn't use force.

I have a problem with both those arguments. First, experts don't advise women to fight against rapists. They caution women to follow their instincts. My instinct would be to surrender, to try to minimize the damage, to hope I came out of it alive.

Believing that any man who would rape a woman is not only sick but evil, I would not want to further arouse his hostility.

Second, it's absurd to believe that “force” is applied only when there is a gun or knife brandished, or when the assailant beats the woman with his fists. When this assailant locked the door, cutting off his victim's escape route, he used force to keep her in the room. When he entered her body against her will, he forced her to do something she chose not to do.

It seems unlikely that the seven judges don't understand the difference between male and female strength, but I suppose it's possible. I learned the lesson when I was in college. My boyfriend wasn't particularly strong, and I didn't view myself as particularly weak. In fact, I believed my strength closely matched his. One day, I challenged him to arm wrestle, insisting that he try his hardest. The match was over before it began.

Although my boyfriend didn't hurt more than my ego (because there wasn't even the pretense of a contest), I learned how easy it is for men to physically overpower women. That situation is only a heartbeat away from inflicting harm. I never forgot that lesson.

I wonder if these judges, in all their wisdom, understand the message they are sending to women. If you don't fight, if you don't risk even greater injury than the sexual abuse of your body, then you haven't been raped. I wonder if these men would encourage the women in their lives—their mothers, wives, daughters, granddaughters—to risk death in order to take comfort from the fact they are being raped, not just undergoing “indecent assault.” I am overcome with sadness as I realize these men don't have a

clue to understanding what happens during sexual assault.

I am a survivor of childhood sexual abuse. My perpetrator was a trusted family friend and, although his actions against me didn't include rape, he inflicted damage that, 36 years later, I have just begun to understand. He didn't just do bodily damage, but he terrorized me over a period of 12 years. His influence was so great that when I was 20 years old, and in danger of drowning because I was caught in the ocean's undertow, I could not call out to my friends for help. His hold was so strong that when I was later sexually molested by a second man, I could not seek assistance. In both instances, I had to find ways to save myself.

Children who are sexually abused have no safe place, no safe world, no sense of trust. They develop what appear to be unreasonable fears. Women who are raped experience similar fears that lead to the narrowing and restricting of their lives.

From my own experiences in attempting to recover from the horror inflicted on me in childhood, I have learned that the physical pain is the least of the problem. Apart from sexual issues, it is the easiest to heal. The emotional, psychological, and spiritual damage is harder to recognize, accept, and heal.

Apparently these four elements of destruction aren't enough for the good judges. They would also require that those who are to be classified as rape victims must also contend with broken bones or stab wounds. Which makes me wonder, if they are allowed to establish such a lofty definition today, what will they require tomorrow? Death?

I hope the women in these judges' lives make them see differently before one of them is attacked and must come under the glare of this new interpretation of rape.

Although there will surely (and rightly so) be an outcry about this judicial decision, and many will wonder, "What part of the word 'no' don't they understand?" there is another issue that makes me very uncomfortable—the tossing aside of an individual's perception of danger. These judges apparently didn't believe that this woman was in danger—despite the fact that she was prevented from leaving the room, that her spoken wishes were ignored, that she was touched in a way that she objected to, and, ultimately, that she was raped.

Rather than looking at the actions the assailant was taking against his victim, they looked at the manner in which he went about the deed. Apparently he didn't physically or verbally threaten her (apart from the fact that he touched her body and placed a part of his body inside hers without her consent), thus these judges found the man's actions met the definition of "indecent assault," but not rape.

One thing that appears to have gotten lost in this legal shuffle is the belief that each individual's perception of force is valid. This season, there was a powerful program on the *NYPD Blue* television series that dealt with this issue. A police officer shot and killed a man who pointed a gun at his partner, but the gun disappeared before the crime scene was closed off.

When a member of the media threatened to go public with a story that alleged there was no threat, because there was no gun or the gun was not loaded, one of the investigating detectives took him into the police locker room. Without being seen, the detective unloaded his gun. He then pointed it at the other man's head and threatened to kill him. The member of the media was terrified.

When he finally realized he was not going

to die, he was furious.

And his anger didn't dissipate even after he learned the gun was unloaded, thus there was no "real threat."

When a woman is confronted by a man who is stronger than she is, and he is not complying with her requests, there is a very real perceived threat. When a woman is being held against her will, there is a very real perceived threat. When she is being touched against her will, there is more than a perceived threat.

When a man enters her body against her will, there is far more than a perceived threat. She is being raped! The man doesn't need any weapons other than his superior strength, need to dominate, will to inflict pain and suffering, and desire to degrade her.

In the Pennsylvania case, in my opinion the victim was raped three times—once by her male assailant, once by the Superior Court, and once by the State Supreme Court. Tragically, the last two rapes occurred "in the name of the law."

The seven justices of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court have sent a very clear message in redefining "rape" through deciding that saying "No!" isn't enough. Sitting on the bench in the city of "brotherly love," they have embraced all brothers, including rapists. Through doing so, they very blatantly excluded all sister victims. What's wrong with this message? Everything! ■

*Elizabeth Adams is the pen name of a survivor who is a university employee and freelance writer. She is the author of **Understanding The Trauma Of Childhood Psycho-Sexual Abuse** (Bedford, MA: Mills & Sanderson, Publishers; \$12.95), which is based on her personal experiences.*



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New Conflicts Over The Oldest Profession

By Ronald Weitzer

American cities spend large sums on prostitution control every year. A study by Julie Pearl found that each of the country's 16 largest cities spent an average of \$7.5 million and a total of \$120 million in 1985 enforcing prostitution laws. The average cost per arrest, court hearing, and jail time of each arrested hooker was \$2000. These efforts have little noticeable effect on "the oldest profession." As a San Francisco Crime Commission concluded back in 1971, spending on prostitution control "buys essentially nothing of a positive nature." At best, the problem is "contained" within a particular area where prostitutes are occasionally arrested and then quickly released back onto the streets.

Frustration with street prostitution has led a number of cities in recent years to consider new approaches. Most are more punitive than the status quo, while some appear more permissive. On the punitive side are new efforts of community groups and police departments to drive prostitution out of neighborhoods or out of a city altogether. And it is customers who are increasingly under the spotlight. Many community groups have reached the conclusion that cracking down on customers can be much more effective in reducing prostitution in an area than targeting prostitutes. Hardened streetwalkers are resilient and not easily deterred; customers are more vulnerable to public embarrassment or legal sanctions.

In the dozen American cities I have examined there has been a remarkable upsurge in community activism against prostitution. Residents have patrolled their streets, followed and harassed prostitutes and johns, and paraded with signs condemning, belittling, or warning prostitutes and johns. They have photographed and videotaped suspected clients. They have recorded license plate numbers, and used them to mail letters to the owners' homes—as a form of retaliation or to embarrass the men and cause family problems. They have tried, with little success, to convince local newspapers to publish customers' names. And they have barricaded streets to interfere with the prostitution traffic.

Other tactics are rather inventive and unique to a particular city. In New Haven, Connecticut, in 1992 residents stapled posters to trees naming a "John of the Week," which included the name and address of a man observed soliciting a prostitute and a

warning to other johns. Some of these men later received threatening phone calls. In Kansas City in 1993 activists created a "Hooker Hotline," a recorded list of the names of men arrested, but not convicted, of soliciting a prostitute. The hotline receives several hundred calls a month, and police say arrests have fallen by fifty percent.

Johns are not only more susceptible than prostitutes to public humiliation, they are also more easily deterred by economic sanctions. Recently, a new strategy has been attracting a lot of attention, laws that empower police to confiscate the vehicles of persons arrested for soliciting sex from undercover female cops. Since 1989 a growing number of cities have enacted such laws, including Portland, Oregon, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, Long Beach, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Philadelphia.

Seized cars are returned to the owners, sold at auction, or retained as city property. The laws vary in whether the car is temporarily impounded or permanently confiscated; whether first-time offenders or only repeat offenders are targeted; whether the car can be forfeited if the arrested driver is not the owner; and whether criminal conviction or simply loss of the civil case is necessary for permanent confiscation. In some cities (Portland, Oregon and Washington, D.C.), a person may be acquitted of the criminal offense of soliciting a prostitute but lose his car in the civil case!

Portland, Oregon's 1989 forfeiture law was the inspiration for other cities. Portland police seized 1,089 vehicles from 1990 through 1993, 52 of which (5%) were eventually forfeited, and they report that prostitution has decreased substantially as a result of the law, though streetwalkers and johns reappear when police relax their efforts. In some other cities, like Washington, DC, a much higher percentage of cars are forfeited.

Car forfeiture laws are not only a way of punishing or deterring johns from soliciting prostitutes. They can also be a moneymaker for financially strapped cities, just as the government has profited from the property it has seized in the drug war. The police also may benefit. In Detroit the proceeds have been used to buy police equipment and to pay for officers' overtime in fighting prostitution, though currently enforcement has been suspended because the law is being challenged in the courts. In Portland, the 45 cars sold by police netted \$47,835. Even

when the cars are returned to their owners, the authorities try to recover the costs of police time, towing, and storage—which is tantamount to a fine on owners whose cases are dropped or who are acquitted of soliciting a prostitute. Portland recovered nearly \$62,000 in this way in 1990-1992.

The punishment does not fit the crime. As the ACLU has pointed out, immediate seizure punishes a person before he is found guilty and permanent forfeiture of a car worth perhaps thousands of dollars seems disproportionately harsh for a misdemeanor offense.

In some cities, the law has received little publicity and customers may be unaware that they risk losing their car. In Washington, DC, for example, after the initial flurry of media reports in June 1992 when the law was passed, there has been almost no subsequent publicity. A sergeant working in the prostitution squad told me, "Almost all of the men stopped say they weren't aware of the law," and he and other officers felt that much more publicity was necessary for the law to have any deterrent effect.

The trend toward more punitive solutions is evident in almost every city that has changed its policies on prostitution in recent years. But a very different approach has emerged in a few cities. New York City Councilwoman Julia Harrison proposed a resolution in 1992 that would license prostitutes, require them to take AIDS tests, and legalize brothels in certain areas. She told me that her constituents in Flushing supported her idea as a way of driving prostitution out of the community, but the resolution met with stiff opposition in the city council and never made it out of committee.

San Francisco Supervisor Terence Hallinan had more success with his proposal for creation of a task force to study and make recommendations on reform of prostitution policies in the city. The one-year task force was approved in December 1993 and its members include representatives from prostitutes' rights groups, community groups, NOW, the National Lawyers' Guild, and six city agencies (including the prosecutor's office, mayor's office, police department).

Supervisor Hallinan favors legalization and it is possible that the task force might recommend a Red Light district, legal brothels, mandatory health exams for the workers, or other controls. But it is not likely that the Board of Supervisors would approve any

of these ideas and Mayor Frank Jordan is already on record against legalization. Even if the city endorsed some kind of legalization, it would be overridden by state laws against prostitution. The city would then have to get a special exemption from the state legislature, which is unlikely.

In the past, it has been rare for any elected official to take the political risk of advocating legalized prostitution. It is not a popular idea or one that will earn anyone political capital. Even legislators who are liberally inclined on the issue realize that attempts to change the law would almost certainly be fruitless and might cause constituents to question that politician's judgment. With the exception of Nevada in 1971, no state legislature has seriously entertained the idea of legalization. The recent efforts of Hallinan and Harrison can be applauded for at least bringing the issue to the level of public debate, whatever the outcome of that debate. This is healthy in a context where so little serious thought has been given to alternative ways of dealing with the problem.

The consequences of legal prostitution are another matter, and one that city officials would ignore at their peril. Standard arguments against legalization are that it would give the state's blessing to immoral behavior or the "degradation" of women; would attract a flood of prostitutes to areas where it is newly legal; would do irreparable damage to the "image" of the area hosting legal prostitution; and would threaten public health by contributing to the spread of VD and AIDS.

Until a specific system of legalization is in place, these predictions are largely speculation. But if the Nevada experience is any guide, they would appear overblown. In 1971 the Nevada state legislature gave counties the power to legalize brothel prostitution, with the exception of the counties where Reno and Las Vegas are located. Currently there are 34 brothels scattered around the state employing about 400 prostitutes. The consequences:

Nevadans realize that the brothels bring income and tax revenue to rural counties, and moral issues appear rather unimportant. Occasionally a conservative politician or a fundamentalist minister calls for outlawing the brothels, and bills to that effect were proposed in the state legislature in 1972, 1981, 1985, and 1989. But each bill was killed in committee, and there is little political or public support for a ban.

Since the number of brothels is small and has not grown substantially over the years, legal prostitution has not acted as a magnet drawing women from around the country. The supply is capped.

Nevada has long been known as a place where certain kinds of vice are tolerated, and a bemused public for the most part sees neither legal gambling nor prostitution as ruinous to the state's reputation. A 1988 poll found that only 22 percent of the Nevada populations think prostitution hurts the state's tourism economy, and only 14 percent of the rural population holds this opinion.

Brothel prostitution does not threaten public health in Nevada. State law requires all brothel workers to be tested monthly for HIV and since 1988 latex condoms have also been required. To date, no prostitute working in a brothel has tested positive for HIV. They are also regularly tested for other sexually transmitted diseases, and the number of positive cases has been low.

The Nevada experience may hold some lessons for other states or large cities. Much depends on how well regulated the sex trade is under a particular system of legalization. Where it is discrete, restricted in terms of the number of purveyors, and governed by safe-sex requirements, it may overcome most of the standard objections. In other words, proper regulation is absolutely vital to any successful legalization program. This means that the demand of prostitutes' rights groups (like COYOTE in San Francisco) for full decriminalization (where criminal laws are abolished and no controls are put in their place) is neither defensible as a viable solution nor politically realistic in the United States today.

At the same time, legalization is certainly no panacea, and it raises a number of thorny issues that cannot be conveniently swept under the carpet. First, it does not necessarily help to reduce street prostitution, which many people find obnoxious. Street prostitution flourishes in Las Vegas and Reno, despite the existence of brothels in counties that border these cities. Nor did street prostitution decrease in Hamburg, Germany, when it legalized brothels in the St. Pauli district in the early 1980s. Legalized indoor prostitution will remain unattractive to at least a segment of the streetwalking population, because it is considered more restrictive, less lucrative, or less "exciting" than

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the street trade. Second, for those who consider prostitution the ultimate in sexist "objectification" of women, as radical feminists do, legalization would only legitimize and entrench women's sexual subordination to men. Feminists such as Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon, who, along with the religious right, are in the vanguard of the antipornography crusade, would go ballistic if prostitution were legalized in a particular locale. For them, pornography and prostitution are by definition forms of sexual slavery and violence against women, but prostitution is the most objectionable since it goes beyond the sexual display of the body and involves real sexual contact. Ordinary citizens and policy makers may reject the idea that prostitution spells exploitation of women, seeing it instead as a consensual act, but still be wary of giving it the state's stamp of approval because they find it highly distasteful or immoral. Supporters of legalization will face a long, steep uphill battle trying to change these sentiments. ▣

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Two Thousand In Two Years: A Housewife Hooker's Story

By Hale O'Malley

Author's note: This story is fact. I've had to change all names, but everything else is as it happened. The conversations are exactly as they were recorded.

She is 39 now. Her husband, who today runs a successful advertising agency with her help, is 40. They've been married 18 years, have three boys and two girls, the most intelligent, well-behaved kids you ever saw, and if you were looking for a genuine Red-White-and-Blue-Reader's-Digest-American-Family, you'd pick this one at once.

Of course they'd had the same struggle as any young couple starting from scratch, but they were making it. Then he formed a partnership in a small business, the business failed, the partner left town and he was left holding the bag and some \$25,000 in debt. Now what? Of course they could file bankruptcy, but they wanted to pay their debts as honorable people do. They talked it all over. They considered all the possibilities. And they—she—decided she should apply for work in a massage parlor; in plain English, she'd become a prostitute.

They told me this over a drink one day, almost casually. I gulped it down as best I could—both the drink and the information—, said it would make quite a story ("Let's do it!", they said) and asked if there wouldn't have been considerable strain, tension, emotional upset—however you wanted to put it. "There was at first," Leah said, "but I just decided that I needed to make a lot of money in a short time and that seemed the fastest way to do it. I know I could have worked as a cocktail waitress or something, but I wouldn't have made half as much as I did and I would have worked the same number of hours. I don't think it's anybody's business how I lived my life—that was what was most important; whether or not it bothered my conscience—and I don't know why it didn't. I really don't. Once I made up my mind to it, I just went. I got a newspaper and I got dressed up one Saturday—I was about 33, so this was about six years ago.

"I got the newspaper—it was the *Bachelor's Beat*—and I called some places and I went to see 'em. The first job I got, I had to go downtown to a kind of deserted building; there were two people in the room, a man and a lady...."

I interrupted to ask what the ad said—surely it didn't read "Hookers Wanted"—how explicit was it?

"They're not very explicit; they can't be. They advertise for *masseuses*; of course you can pretty well figure it out, but when I first went in I was a little naïve about what went on, and most of those people are so paranoid that it's a little hard to get them to *explain* anything.

"So when they called and said I had the job and told me to come to work, even then I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do there. I had a pretty good idea, but I didn't know exactly how to go about it. The first night I went, this girl, she was younger than I was; she'd been in the business about five-ten years—she was in her twenties, but she'd been doing it a long time—once they figured out I wasn't undercover—she told us what to do.

"She told me you can't come out and say exactly what you're going to offer. First you have to give a massage—that's their cover—because supposedly that's what you're there for."

(Understand, please, I'm writing about real people, well-educated people, hard-working and devoted to their kids. I recorded their story with their consent, talked with them together and separately, but I am quoting mostly Leah. What Bob's real feeling about it all was I really don't know, and I suspect that to this day he doesn't really know. But I'm just telling their story. I'm not a psychiatrist.)

"The first place I worked—I knew absolutely nothing about those places; I'd never even seen the *outside* of one. They're all big mobile homes in one area of town and they have different schedules about what they offer. Like some offer just a regular massage, or topless, or nude. I think the first place I

worked, a massage with your clothes on was eight dollars, twelve dollars topless and twenty dollars nude.

"You were *required* by the owner because that was the front for the place, to give a massage for at least 15 minutes. Most of the girls didn't like the massage part because all of that money went to the owner. What you did beyond that was up to you, of course, and that money was yours.

"I *liked* giving the massage, because when you go into a room with a total stranger, and it's fairly dark, just barely lit, and you take off your clothes—say he wants a nude massage, it's, uh, strange, both for you and for him, but as soon as you touch somebody it gives you a communication, and also that was one of the ways you could tell if the guy was a cop or not. We'd put the man in the room and say, 'Would you undress please and lie down and I'll be with you in a minute.' And if you went into the room and he had not taken off his shorts, you should not say *anything*. Anything out of line, anything suggestive. And that happened quite a few times.

"I gave a *good* massage; it's relaxing, and it kind of takes people's inhibitions away. Then after you did his back you could ask him to turn over, and then you'd be facing him and he could get to the *point*—about why he was really there. I'd say, 'Turn on your back so I can massage your chest' and then, typically, they'd start to talk to you.

"I'd sit on the front part of the bed with my leg touching their chest or something, which gives you even a little more physical contact, because the idea is to make the guy suggest to you what he wants without you saying anything. So you have to just put ideas in his head.

"So most men would just start to rub your leg—or—but some of them would get real—yeah, get right to the point, and that—I did not allow that, because that's what they have to pay for. If you're going to give it away, why should they pay for it?"

All so matter-of-fact. And all the time I kept thinking, how could this highly intelligent, well-bred, well-educated daughter of a

solid Catholic family go into this so casually—and stay in it for four years? And her husband, same caliber, same background—how could he accept it?

I asked him.

“It didn’t come about overnight,” he said. “We’d had the standard monogamous one-on-one marriage for a long while, then I strayed a couple of times and got caught, and we almost got a divorce over it.

“So she decided what was sauce for the gander was sauce for the goose, and we sort of gravitated to an Open Marriage thing. This took quite a while, you understand. So when this big money problem came along, the massage parlor idea was a lot easier to consider than it might have been.

“But did it bother me? Sure, and as you say, maybe more than I knew myself. I know I drank a lot at that time—every night, just so I could get to *sleep*. Otherwise, I’d just lie there and feel sorry for myself.”

I said if we talked for a week I’d still never really understand it, maybe because, crowding 70, I was born 30 years too soon. I went back to Leah, and here’s that segment of the tape:

Me: “What really amazes me is that you could spend a night under those circumstances, entertaining maybe a half-dozen guys, and go home and make love to your husband, and enjoy it. Or he enjoy it. But you did.”

Leah: “Mm-hm. You see, it’s not the same kind of sex. It’s not mechanical anymore.”

Me: “But he didn’t resent this?”

Leah: “Oh he did sometimes. And I’m not even sure, he may have resented it more than I thought he did. Several other of our friends said that he drank too much, and, he drank more than he normally does. While I was doing that.”

I would never get any closer to the answer. All right: what then was an average night like for this former self-styled, “mouselike housewife,” this petite mother-of-five turned prostitute?

“Boy. I don’t think there was such a thing. You get all types. Even some fellows who just want a massage! And a lot of them just want to talk to somebody, especially the businessmen, and the traveling businessmen. Because they were so used to that traveling, and going to bars all the time, and talking to girls and the same old routine. They have to spend all their money on the drinks and the dinner and they don’t get anything, and, you know, so they just find it easier to come there and spend fifty dollars and get what they want, and get someone to pay attention to them for half an hour.


“If anyone asked you for something you didn’t want to do, you could just say, ‘No, I

don’t do that.’ I didn’t do anything that wasn’t just normally sexual, intercourse, or oral sex, me to them, or they to me.

“One thing you get asked for a lot is *abusive* sex. They want you to spank them while they’re having intercourse with you, and talk nasty to them. But that turned me off; I wouldn’t do it.

“Some men will have you perform oral sex on them, but they will *not* have intercourse with you. For some reason they have an aversion to that—that’s what’s so interesting about the whole thing, that every person is so different about what they consider Good Sex.

“The talking thing’s the most important;



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really, the most important thing is the *listening*.”

I remarked that it would be nice if she could tell that to a few wives.

“Yeah. You know, if you can identify with the person that’s there on the bed with you, and you say, ‘I’m just gonna concentrate right on him, and see what he’s feeling; it gets a lot easier. Because if you *fight* it then you’ve got to expend a lot of energy. But if you get the person to go with *you*, then you’re not expending so much. If you get him to relax, and talk to you and like talking to you, pretty soon his inhibitions are gone....you have to—kinda have to get your mind where these people are, when they come here. ‘Cause it’s not just a normal everyday transaction like it is in an office like this. A lot of people that came there resented the fact that they came there. Even though they wanted to come; they resented the fact that they were going in to some girl that somebody else had had maybe fifteen minutes before.

“So you have to remember that and not do anything that’s going to remind them—at least the way I think—to remind them that that’s what they’re about. You know. You

have to make it that—you have to make them special every time they come there.

“I washed a lot—to prevent disease—I never got a venereal disease—but I *also* did it because most of the girls who’ve been in that business for years are really used to the business, and they don’t—there were a few of them that were real good at it and kept themselves real nice looking, makeup nice and hair nice. But typically they get real sloppy about their appearance. And just psychologically to a man, when he sees you first, if you look clean and shiny, and your makeup’s nice and your hair is nice, *your* job is gonna be a lot easier because he’s gonna *think*, in his mind, that you’re a girl that’s not—he’s gonna treat you like a lady.

“So I did that. Even on those nights when I had twelve customers, every *one* of them I would make sure that I was clean, and put my makeup back on and fix my hair, because that’s an important part. And ultimately it makes your job easier. It gets the idea in their mind that you’re different.

“The odd cases? No, don’t worry about embarrassing me. I don’t get embarrassed any more. One guy I remember, all I had to do was walk around the bed, topless; just walk around, and he sat in the corner and masturbated. He didn’t even *touch* me. Another one asked me for my panties after we had intercourse; I said ‘Sure, keep ‘em!’ and he folded em up and patted his face with them and then put them in his pocket.

“Oriental people. That was another thing. There were lots of Oriental people that came, and they almost always, invariably fell in love with you. That’s a big deal with them. Evidently, sex without love there is not real common. I don’t know. But they would almost always find one girl they liked, and come back. They were most all real nice, and they paid pretty well *and—quick*. Easy money. They’re *so fast*, honestly.”

She even kept books. In four years (except summers — she didn’t work summers) she and Bob had paid off all their debts, had remodeled the house, his advertising business was beginning to prosper, and having sexually entertained by actual count something over 2000 men, she wrapped it up and called it a day.

I wish you could see her. She’s lovely. And two things she said really stick in my mind. She’d remarked that she wouldn’t trade the experience for the world and I asked her why. “Because I found out I can do *anything*,” she said.

The other I overheard at a party at their house a few nights ago. Someone said, “You kids are all so charming, so well-mannered! How do you do it, anyway?”

“It’s just love,” she said. ■

The Men's Room

By Amy Armstrong

Long regarded as the “bastard” of show business, stripping is an act unlike any other and offers some of the most scintillating performances on today's stage for as little as twenty dollars, depending on where you go. An overview of the business will show that each locale in the U.S. tenders its own alluring version of this erotic art, surprising the senses like the sybaritic delights served up by the various regions across Europe. However it is delivered by the free-spirited girls of California, the seductresses of the Southwest, the princesses of Texas, the blonde bombshells of Florida, the sweet southern belles of Georgia, the glittering madonnas of Massachusetts, the long-legged sophisticates of Connecticut, the playful kittens of Canada or the simply sensational girls of New York, with or without tattoos, their shocking performances mirror the moods and tastes of their male audiences and represent the quintessence of adult entertainment. In a perfect world, the ideal club would have a wide variety of girls on revue with a different dancer titillating the eyes of the audience every ten or fifteen minutes, all night long.

Presenting guileful idols on pedestals to adoring voyeurs who are, after all, just ordinary men who love to look at women, at its best stripping is a joyous experience for the woman and an ancient ritual for the man. Enthused ecdysiasts often arrive on stage with classical or modern dance backgrounds, acting, singing or similar experience, or they may be body builders, athletes or acrobats, while others simply are struggling single mothers or students. All are there, the daughters of men of every rank who for one reason or another are victims of circumstance, and everyone is on the rebound from poverty.

Some of the more tragic examples include very young or underage girls recently swept into the business by the recession who find themselves far from home and are vulnerable and naive to the abuses and dangers lurking in the recesses of this brutal, often outlaw lifestyle. Access to fast cash makes them easy prey for drug dealers and others who view them as moneymakers, and in the long run many don't survive and even fall victim to murder.

Regardless of her social background or

history, though, each dancer must work as hard as the next because if she doesn't, the others will swiftly move her out by setting her up to be fined or fired by management, physically roughing her up or harassing her until she can no longer perform. Nonetheless, the varied experiences of these women shapes up into integrated and dynamic teams whose overall quality is measured by the strength of the show's sex appeal and ability to draw the men into the club. This becomes evident whenever a new girl arrives at a venue, particularly if she is beautiful or an accomplished performer, so that any doubts

“A smart stripper understands that, much as in life, in a business about using or being used it is better to be a user, and will quickly learn what to do to keep the tracks to money clear and how to stay out of trouble”

about a male grapevine quickly vanish when one regards just how fast the men beat a path to a local club as news spreads—literally the time between lunch and quitting time, and bees can not fly any straighter.

Juice and alcohol are not the only products sold in a strip club, however, and while drugs and private sex acts are indisputable facts of the business, these constitute separate and distinct branches of an industry built solely on fantasy with its power to ignite the spirit and arouse the flesh, the fountainhead for all human thought, passion and progress. Absent these added sources of income, huge sums of cash continue to pulse along the legitimate paths of business to the beat of billions of dollars a year, with the larger percentile going unrecognized and untaxed. But no one gets money

for nothing, and the stripping business is so full of hardships, pitfalls, nightmares and political dragons that anyone who is in it for any reason other than a ruthless drive to make money is bound to fail.

The ability to size up a situation, read an individual at a glance, study a new club and its owner, adjust to a strange stage with its unique quirks, “feel” each audience and give it what it wants and adapt to circumstance like a chameleon are critical to a stripper's earning power. Thus, possessing the right physical qualities, building a network of personal contacts, trusting one's instincts and being a good political game player will enable a savvy woman to promote herself and make as much money as she wants to fulfill her own agenda. Combining a skill of dancing with a passion for show business is also essential, albeit debatable because the business is, after all, about breasts and buttocks, “tits and ass”, skin, sex or however one defines it, but success ultimately depends on her special understanding of men's secret fears and fantasies, coupled with an ability to communicate with them on their terms.

When a dancer capitalizes on all her assets, stripping opens a unique window into the economy and a privilege which remains off limits to men, cutting the shortest route from “his pocket” to “her purse,” helping to balance ancient inequities in an inarguably sexist world. But while sexism will always pay “her” rent it is unlikely to pay “his” rent, for although the CHIPPENDALES and others like them enjoy certain notoriety, their share of the market remains insignificant.

Much like the rest of show business, stripping is full of egos and work is found by referral, so success usually depends on who you know. A smart stripper understands that, much as in life, in a business about using or being used it is better to be a user, and will quickly learn what to do to keep the tracks to money clear and how to stay out of trouble. This can be done by sharing the spoils and tipping co-workers like bartenders, doormen and deejays, even other dancers, if her tips have far outstripped theirs. Blackballing can occur almost overnight and management will force a cut of a girl's tips or pay by imposing hefty charges or fines if she is seen to be earning too much money, or as

harassment or punishment for behaving, or not behaving, as expected. If she complains about club policies she can be fired on the spot and must take her business elsewhere, often without wages already earned.

Like many other demanding games and professions, the hard realities of stripping can be understood only by the players. Regardless of how many years a club owner or agent may have invested in the business, he or she can never fully appreciate the enormous pressures on a stripper to perform day in and out, athletically, aesthetically and consistently to a high standard while striving to please an unpredictable male audience whose tastes and moods often vary from the last, on a new stage in a strange club with rules that sporadically change week to week, night to night and even minute to minute, whether or not she is sick or having to struggle with personal hardships.

Much like professional sports where all the players must pull together, the girls must perform as a team and may find themselves spending much of their time on the road, sleeping in strange quarters and going "up to the plate and batting" whether they feel like it or not. Girls often arrive to work suffering from torn knee cartilage, pulled muscles, bone fractures, bad backs, the flu, bruises, black eyes, and many other handicaps yet still must perform because this is show business, and without the dancer there is no show. Meanwhile management (including club owners, managers, bartenders, bouncers, waitresses, disc jockeys and others) who are usually men, maintain their own thoughts about how the dancer should be doing her job, particularly where local ordinances or regulations impose strict restrictions on style or performance. A reflection of reigning male confusion, these rules converge into an absurd burlesque on reality, bearing no relation to the law's objective of protecting the health, safety and welfare of the community, making a tough job tougher still for both dancer and club management. Adding this to the constant stress of work, the uncertainty about any day's income, competition among dancers (which often includes stealing), the lack of benefits, health insurance, pensions, perks or security of any kind, makes the profession begin to look unattractive.

As in athletics, time is a cruel dictator counting down to the day a stripper can no longer perform, so she must plan her exit from the moment she makes her debut and try to withdraw gracefully, at the top of her form, in order to preserve her self-respect. Inevitably, she will find herself struggling to maintain or increase her market share and have to respond to unexpected and continu-

"While women come to a strip club to bare their bodies, men come to bare their souls and almost every man who ventures in has a story to tell about a broken heart, broken relationship or broken marriage..."

ous changes introduced by new faces and gimmicks by traveling longer and farther to get bookings and upgrading her appearance by undergoing expensive plastic surgery to enhance her breasts, flatten her tummy, lift her fanny, smooth her face, or by lengthening her hair with a weave or destroying her skin in tanning booths. She also may need to find a reliable partner to share travel costs, provide protection in cutthroat surroundings or win a slot for both which she couldn't arrange by herself, for one reason or another. And as expected, she may have to yield to the sexual pressures of a club owner, agent, or their friends, in order to keep her job. So after the long hours, grueling schedule, physical stress, alcohol, drugs, and fierce competition, the sexual propositions that often come with the territory can be a welcome diversion.

Dangling on the fringe of society, then, a stripper is viewed as a bauble, a non-person poised on the threshold of prostitution, and if robbed, raped, roughed up, busted or murdered she's left twisting in the wind while her malefactors, most often men, simply brush themselves off and walk away. A history of violence or abuse at home, alienation from family and society, poverty, living on the street, lack of education, drugs, despair and other conditions which led to her current state create a downward spiral sustained by lack of interest, legitimacy or protection by the law or society. The absence of legitimacy leaves these women, and others in various aspects of the sex trade at the mercy of a system of double standards controlled by men who in one stroke are eager to exploit them and in another, quick to condemn. Meanwhile megabucks continue to flow through a monetary maze composed of strippers, their male customers, agents, club owners, bartenders, club employees, liquor distributors, costume de-

signers, photographers, cosmeticians, hair dressers, athletic clubs, wig makers, plastic surgeons, music retailers, disc jockeys, electricians, motels, drivers and others involved in the show's production, including payoffs to local liquor authorities and law enforcement.

Thus society's refusal to recognize what these and other women do in the skin trade, and the government's refusal to legitimize a turgid underground of exotic, usually harmless, sexual practices where stripping is merely the tip of the iceberg, promotes a black market loaded with currency, a steady supply of services and a throbbing demand. Unregulated it remains a minefield for women who, with no protection from the law and armed only with their wits, find themselves in constant danger and wide-open to abuse.

While women come to a strip club to bare their bodies, men come to bare their souls and almost every man who ventures in has a story to tell about a broken heart, broken relationship or broken marriage, and a divorce attorney starting out and seeking clients would be well-advised to visit these haunts and leave some of his or her cards. Forced into the role of friend, confidant, psychologist, a stripper needs only to listen, and not very long, for the truth to emerge. As surrogate lover she becomes a soundboard or reflection of a man's success or failures, proclaiming his worth to colleagues and competitors so that for these men sex becomes validation, replacing the satisfaction, appreciation and respect lacking at home, at work or otherwise in their lives. But turning sex into a substitute for the rewards missing in life can become habit forming and a kind of sex abuse for both men and women, making sex, like drugs, an easy way to feel good about oneself, and a means to dull pain.

So it isn't difficult to understand why a brief retreat from the real world into a fantastic landscape abounding with beautiful naked women can make a man happy, calm and content. In the sexually charged atmosphere of a strip joint, the "fighter" becomes the "lover" so that strangers quickly become friends, business deals are struck and handshakes outnumber fistfights a thousand-to-one. Jockeying for position in a race to the death on a very rough course into which serendipitous birth has thrust them without their consent, men bear ultimate responsibility for the world's physical welfare. But as women join them on the killing fields of combat, even while pulling themselves up by their bra straps into the heights of the work force to enjoy the view at the top in the comforts of board room and revered

gentlemen's clubs, strip clubs remain the last ports of refuge for men, currently caught in an identity crisis, who seek small space just to be themselves. Likened to life rafts floating upon the raging seas of life, amazingly these rooms—often filthy, ugly, unkempt and removed from the mainstream, frequently hidden on the edge of town or out in the woods—can buoy and revive a drowning man by providing respite from the onerous obligations to wife, work and family in a world where even the locker room, the hallowed inner sanctum of male bonding, has been invaded by professional women with a goal.

Yet men do not appreciate women the way that women appreciate men, and in a new age where words like "love" and "marriage" render neologisms of "sex" and "commitment" they continue to evaluate women within the context of the old jargon: she must exude sex appeal (as he perceives it) coupled with an ability to serve him as wife and mother and/or be able to produce real income enhancing his own clout as provider and patriarch. A woman who becomes too competent, however, will draw suspicion and be eyed as a competitor, and wind up eroding a man's self-esteem and respect among colleagues, conditions reflected in the size of his ego. Thus a woman often finds herself teetering on a veritable tightrope strung out between the vagaries of a man's angst and ambitions, a posture more complicated by a complex world, proving you can never be too good at pleasing a man.

But getting back to SEX, it's not *what* you do but *how* you do it, so that if a man were to focus more on the quality of the chase rather than his mission of "getting laid", he would improve his lovemaking and find that success comes easier. Nonetheless, each rosy path in pursuit of the perfect mate and the irresistible delights of connubial bliss contains a thorn of contention, for the chase must include a certain magic, or fantasy, as well. Thus after the dishes are washed, dried and stacked neatly away, the children bathed and put safely to bed and the bills paid with plenty of money left over, a woman must challenge and control her man in bed, for while he enjoys exclusive mastery over the world (men build the streets, buildings, bridges and rockets to the moon) she maintains one advantage. Without disparaging her professional abilities, exercised with skill her power of seduction allows her to govern her man's actions, for although it is his gate and his lock, she inarguably holds the key.

But one need not philosophize to arrive at the obvious truth: As products of Nature, men are nothing less than walking, talking, even stalking, sex machines whose engines

like diesels are made to work all the time. And while enjoying the largest, proportioned for weight and size, most specialized brains, similarly they are blessed with the biggest erecton and most potent sex drive in all the animal kingdom along with a boundless supply of frisky, frolicking females in heat, eager to reciprocate 365 days a year. No wonder the male drive does not discriminate, can not be diminished or contained, is not rational nor with conscience, and why men continue to categorize women in only two ways: (1)Available, (2)Unavailable, (1)Hot, (2)Cold, (1)On, (2)Off.... like a utility!

But punishing a man for his libido is like punishing the cat because it likes to hunt birds, for while men (who like children give back more than they take) expect women to satisfy their physical needs, they can be counted on to take the path of least resistance to get fulfillment. This fundamental rule of human behavior helps to explain most forms of sexual deviance, with the caveat that regardless of how many obstructions or difficulties encountered en route to the "norm," somehow or another the male sex drive will have its way.

Inarguably, sex is by far the strongest passion and dangerous as quicksand, where one step can be fatal and find you helplessly sinking well over your head. Why, then, in spite of such compelling libidos and strong homing instincts, are men are so quick to reverse themselves at the thought of commitment? Perhaps they no longer feel they can shoulder the responsibilities that accompany raising a family in consumer driven America—including the formidable costs of higher education, health care, housing, food, clothing, transportation, not to mention recreation—which can appear so awesome that one man admitted it felt like having a gun to his head. It's not that these men don't want to bond and commit themselves, for every man enjoys his family as natural provider and protector, but a survival mechanism kicks in like a trip wire when the pressures at work or within the home become too great, causing the bonds of commitment to snap. Every man's threshold is different, however, determined by his unique capabilities and tolerances, and at first he'll find means to escape or lighten his load—abusing alcohol, drugs and other substances, taking too many "nights out with the boys", overeating, promiscuity. But when these psychological props fail or no longer sustain him, he will step back, break his commitment and alienate himself, not just from family, but from society as a whole.

When this happens, as it does today in

epidemic proportions, it signals that something is terribly wrong, for man is a social being who yearns to be surrounded by family in his quest for place, purpose, and even identity. Clearly the male drive is to procreate and the female drive is to nurture, but if we are sincere about cherishing the family, and want to preserve it as a strong, viable unit of society, we must do more to assist the primary providers who still tend to be men, by helping them to shoulder their burdens, or stand by and watch the nuclear family continue to disintegrate.

One response has been to restructure ourselves into communal groups for the purpose of burden sharing. Today, the milieu of change reveals itself in a panoply of reformation—gays and lesbians cluster into family groups, single mothers care for each other's children in daily play groups, day care centers supervise children in groups, the extended family group helps to raise children in cases of divorce, untimely death or other absence of a partner or spouse, grown children return to the "nest" or original family group when unable to survive on their own, and teenagers organize themselves into street gangs or groups in what has become a national phenomena.

Group living is one way to deal with an increasingly hostile and dangerous world, but we need to ask where the steady march away from the nuclear family back to the tribe is taking us, and what will the final impact on society be when it emerges from all the upheaval? And as a nation, are we willing to expend the time, money and energy necessary to rebuild the traditional family? As the main providers of most nuclear families, more and more men are sinking beneath the weight of their responsibilities, but when the male withdraws the nuclear family crumbles without its main pillar of support and the children, the most important members of the family and most vulnerable members of society, become the true victims. Even under the worst conditions, they lose the immeasurable advantage of the male's presence, his knowledge, experience, unique vision, physical strength, security, discipline and ability which the female, filling the role of both parents, simply can't provide by herself.

In support of women's changing role in society, in 1973 the U.S. Supreme Court wisely decided in *Roe v. Wade* that the Bill of Rights erects a shield around a woman's absolute right to choose whether or not to bear the burden of motherhood by terminating a pregnancy, limited only by serious risks to her health or reasonable viability of the fetus. This decision became a milestone on the long and difficult path toward women's

autonomy by removing an impasse to their self-determination. Fundamental to any meaningful exercise of autonomy, however, is control over the use of one's body which begins with sexual freedom, the most personal and private human expression.

Throughout history, every culture has extolled the beauty of erotica with its power to inspire the muses, awaken the spirit and enliven the flesh. Viewed as Art, eroticism with all its spinoffs, including erotic dancing, swinging, nudist colonies, exhibitionism, voyeurism, fetishes, bondage and domination, prostitution, reverse prostitution, bisexuality, homosexuality, and all other sexual acts performed in private, are not obscene but significant human expression. The First and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution remain the ultimate champions of opinion and expression and it follows that the government must not use its powers to proscribe or inhibit sexual communication, particularly as a means of censoring or controlling thoughts and ideas. Any sexual act engaged in by consenting adults and performed in private, excluding those resulting in serious physical harm or death, whether or not it involves money, is an agreement which clearly lies outside government scrutiny, unless there is an overriding interest in suppressing such activity. But today, neither federal nor state governments may claim to have an overriding interest in saving society from the supposed perils of such behavior, one consequence of recent achievements in medicine, sex education promulgated by concerned parents and teachers, and the qualified success of the women's movement.

Even now medicine's whirlwind technology continues to spew forth innovative contraceptives, and while many of these prevent sexually transmitted diseases (STD's), their main purpose is to protect women from unwanted pregnancy. However, these devices are without effect against either condition unless women are encouraged and carefully taught how to use them. Meanwhile urgent warnings by government about the grave dangers of carefree sex play to our children like a whimsical mime because ruthless advertisers and the media continue to target them, a market ripe for its message that "sex is fun," without advocating responsibility. Such hypocrisy and skewed policies confuse and confound young minds, contributing to the current crisis of teenage pregnancy with all the attendant problems, including the breakdown of the nuclear family. Meanwhile enlightened teachers and parents, and an overburdened organization called Planned Parenthood, are left struggling with the imponderable challenge of

guiding and educating our young with no assistance or support from a hostile government or disinterested public.

Still there are those who oppose legalizing sexual transactions in order to save society from a syndrome of unwanted pregnancies, the spread of STD's, divorce, dissolution of families, domestic violence, child abuse and pornography, moral decay and instability. But such arguments are void and invalid, for these afflictions already plague our nation to such degree that regulation of sexual transactions may actually help to improve the situation. Rather, state and local governments should shoulder the task of establishing rules and regulations to control disease and abuses, and to protect the rights of consenting partners. Health hazards of unsafe sex pose such serious risks to us all that they ought to begin by requiring regular medical checkups and tests for anyone engaged in any aspect of the sex profession, including but not limited to those earning an income as a dancer, model, escort, call girl or prostitute, male or female.

"The fact is, men still control about 75% of the nation's wealth, and it leaves one breathless to learn what they are willing to spend to fulfill their sexual fantasies."

Such regulations would address cases like those of the swingers' clubs in New York City exposed for allowing unsafe sex among its members. Instead of banning these activities and forcing them back underground, the law should take control and regulate them by imposing hefty fines for violations, easily enforced by discrete undercover officers or agents.

The subject of abuse of women who stumble wide-eyed into the stripping business serves to open a dialogue about the need for regulation. Common violations against these women often include arbitrary withholding of pay, unreasonable work hours (considering the nightclub business), cruelty or abuse by agents, club owners and management, and unclean or unsafe working conditions. Club owners trying to corner the market by firing or refusing to hire a woman who works in another club in the same area should be informed that they violate federal law against unfair restraint of

trade.

Licensing escort or similar services by the state would legitimize the entire skin trade, provide a forum for complaints, and empower those with authority to deal swiftly with problems and troublemakers. The existence of some standards and controls would help to eliminate problems for everyone, including employers, employees, customers and law enforcement in what, after all, is a very tough business. It would help to avoid unfortunate incidents like the one in Albany, New York when members of the U.S. Olympic Hockey Team were robbed in their hotel room by some women they picked up in a local bar, eventually recovering their personal items but losing their cash. While boys will be boys and girls will be girls, naturally, such risks are not part of the territory where agents and agencies under the watchful eye of the law are permitted to provide services to these men and others who share similar interests. More importantly, legalization would help local agencies identify runaways and minors who suffer neglect or live on the street, and run a high risk of disease or abuse by rough clients or operators who also may be violating child labor laws. Removing the industry from the underground and curbing violations against society's most vulnerable members will benefit everyone, remembering that attempts to abolish the skin trade with unreasonable rates or restrictions will only serve to pump up the black market.

The fact is, men still control about 75% of the nation's wealth, and it leaves one breathless to learn what they are willing to spend to fulfill their sexual fantasies. So it becomes doubtful that legitimizing the skin trade would substantially increase consumption because demand in the underground is already impressive, but likely that more women would be willing to enter the trade if it were thought to be safe.

Only those enjoying a windfall will argue against legalization of the sex industry, and howls of protest should be expected to come from those controlling Las Vegas, Atlantic City and similar playgrounds. Meanwhile state and local governments continue to forfeit untold revenue by their refusal to tap into the market, even though arguments based on the health, safety and welfare of participants and society at large, and our current economy, all weigh in favor of legalization. Yet these and all other arguments fade away in any debate to release heaven's gate and give full throttle to the sex industry if it could save even one child or infant from the ugly scars, agonizing torments and horrors of sexual abuse at the hands of family, friend or stranger. ■

From Creative, Deviant Movements To Conventional Oppressor: A Look At Psychoanalysis & Women's Liberation/Feminism

By Russell Eisenman

As a clinical psychologist who has done psychotherapy, I look to help clients achieve growth. This often involves overcoming the old, inhibited ways of doing things, and coming up with new, original (at least for the client) approaches. An exception to being less inhibited is criminals, who often need to be more inhibited (Eisenman, 1991a, 1991b). Social movements are like clients in some ways, and what is interesting is that social movements that were once creative often become stale and oppressive. Thus, the movement was for change and reform, but eventually becomes part of the repressive establishment. I recall a politician who said about the reform group that ousted him "They said we were crooks, and that it was time for a change. Now they are as big a crooks as we were." I see two movements that started out as creative, innovative approaches, and which now show some signs of being less creative and more repressive. Creativity may be defined as originality plus usefulness. I believe a discussion of this change from creativity to repressiveness is instructive, in that deviant (nonconforming; see Eisenman, 1991a) behavior may change and become repressively nondeviant, and possibly even worse than what the movement was trying to correct (e. g., the excesses of the French Revolution: "Off with their heads. "). I shall discuss two important social movements, psychoanalysis and women's liberation/feminism as examples. It is worthwhile to analyze social movements, both to understand them better and for implications which the analysis may have for the behavior of individuals, who also often fear freedom and retreat from it.

Psychoanalysis

Psychoanalysis may have been creative at one time, but has become less creative, at least to an extent. Part of this is no doubt due to flaws inherent in psychoanalytic assumptions (Eysenck, 1992), while part seems due to the general phenomenon discussed here of movements diminishing in creativity and tolerance.

Freud's invention of psychoanalysis was a

major accomplishment. Growing up in the Victorian era, when people thought that behavior was rationally governed, Freud advanced the idea that motivation is primarily unconscious, often due to dark urges of sex and aggression. Freud was, therefore, an anti-rationalist, not in the sense that he did not use reason, but in the sense that he said reason does not form the major basis of human behavior. From Freud's ideas grew a theory; a new kind of psychotherapy (psychoanalysis); and a method of investigation, such as dream analysis and free association. Freud was no doubt wrong on many of his

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ideas, but his new kind of thinking was liberating, from seeing that sex was more important that people gave it credit for to seeing that people may have hidden motives in everyday behaviors, such as in the telling of a joke. For example, the joke may reveal hostility which the person could not otherwise express. Also, I believe that he was right to say that symbols, especially in dreams, are important and this was another important advance. However, his belief in universal symbols (symbol X always means Y) seems to me to be incorrect.

Freud helped overcome some of the Victorian repressiveness with his new ideas. Much

of what he thought has been incorporated into our culture, so that laymen are Freudians, even if they do not know it. The Freudian ideas permeate everything from mass culture to serious writing, and most people who have not studied psychology know no other approach. Even professional advertisers know many of Freud's ideas, assume they are true, and try to incorporate them into the advertisements they produce. Thus, a product may be depicted in such a way as to appear upright and be a phallic symbol, or round and be a vagina symbol. Whether or not people truly see these things as symbols and thus are influenced to buy them is another issue. But, at least many advertisers believe they do, and create advertisements based on Freudian symbolism.

This once liberating, anti-Victorian ideology is, however, often used for repressive purposes. Here are some of the things I have actually heard psychoanalysts saying, based on their theory.

1. A man has several sexual partners. This, they often conclude, shows repressed homosexuality, and is thus, by definition, deviant in the negative sense of "deviant" (Eisenman, 1991a). The psychoanalytic concept here is that the man is engaged in a homosexual panic, defined as realizing, at some level, that he has homosexual tendencies. This induces a panic because he is opposed to homosexuality, so he engages in frequent heterosexual behaviors, with many partners, to reassure himself that he is not a homosexual. I once saw an example of this in a patient in a state mental hospital where I did my psychology internship. But, psychoanalysts, and those who follow the doctrine, make the mistake of applying, what is probably something like a one in a thousand occurrence, across the board to all men.

2. A woman is capable of multiple orgasms. We now know this to be a physiological reality. Whereas a man, after orgasm, undergoes a period of time known as the refractory stage, wherein he cannot become sexually aroused, a woman is capable of continual sexual arousal, and thus continual orgasms. Let us say that the woman induces multiple orgasms by allowing the water from

the faucet of her tub to fall onto her clitoris and vaginal area. This shows penis envy, according to what some psychoanalysts have said, and indicates there is something wrong with her. Again, the person who is different in any way is put down as disturbed, even though in this example the person is functioning in what is a physiologically normal way, to give herself pleasure.

3. Students protest the policies of their university administration. According to some psychoanalysts, these students have failed to resolve the Oedipus complex adequately. The university is the father, and they are rebelling against it because they unconsciously want to overthrow their father and sexually possess their mother. This far-fetched analysis fails to consider that there may be policies which are harmful and are worth protesting against. Is all protest to be explained in terms of some unconscious problem? This is reductionism at its worst: reducing whatever is observed to some other process, in this instance a negative one. So, there is a built in conservatism to this kind of psychoanalytic doctrine. Anyone who works to achieve change is condemned.

4. A person strongly disagrees with a psychoanalyst about something. The analyst concludes that the strength of the disagreement shows that the person truly (though perhaps unconsciously) agrees, and is threatened by what the psychoanalyst has said. In this instance, you either agree with the psychoanalyst or your disagreement will be interpreted to his benefit. Either way, his position is unassailable, under the rules he has constructed.

5. A woman has sex with more than one man, and is said by the psychoanalyst to be engaging in sexual acting out. "Sexual acting out" is a somewhat vague concept, as I have pointed out (Eisenman, 1987b, 1994), but it tends to refer to the person dealing with a problem by not facing that problem, but by engaging in sexual behavior instead. I found that the concept was applied more to women than to men, which is in accord with our sexual double standard which prohibits behaviors in women which are allowable for men (Eisenman, 1987b, 1991a, 1994). This cultural standard has its effects, since females, on the average, engage in less sexual behavior than do males (Eisenman, 1982), no doubt in part because society makes them feel like they are bad if they do certain things which are, however, not prohibited, or less prohibited for males (Eisenman, 1991a).

The above examples all show psychoanalysis at its worse. One might defend the movement by saying that everyone makes errors, and that these are just some negative ex-

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amples. But, the issue is, how likely are these kind of errors? I think they are very frequent, and show that psychoanalysis, at least as practiced by real-life psychoanalysts, often has a repressive, anti-creativity spirit. Instead of allowing the person to grow, the person is put into some category which serves a repressive function. The person is labeled as some kind of deviant, in the bad sense of the word (which is, unfortunately, how most people think of "deviance"), and their behavior is thus explained away as being based on some underlying pathology. Eysenck (1992) has shown that many of the assumptions of psychoanalysis are flawed and its conclusions can be better explained by other interpretations.

Women's Liberation/Feminism

Originally, the feminist movement was called women's liberation. The name change is very interesting. "Women's liberation" was a radical movement, suggesting major changes in the way women are viewed and live their lives. In 1972-73, I was a visiting associate professor at the University of California at Santa Cruz. The woman's liberation movement, sometimes also referred to as feminism back then, was a powerful, creative movement which suggested that women were being kept down in their role as housewives, and that life should entail more than taking care of a house and raising

children. Women should have equality in the workplace, in the bedroom, and in general. Sexual freedom was a major part of the women's movement as I observed it then, and women opposed the game-playing which goes on in male-female relationships. Sex roles can, of course, be very confining (Cyrus, 1993). Proponents of the movement said that women's liberation would liberate men, too, and this seemed like an accurate statement. Greater sexual freedom for women and less conventional role playing would mean greater freedom for men. To demonstrate their freedom, many women's liberation advocates in California would go topless at rock music concerts, showing their freedom from oppressive rules and laws.

In later years, the term "women's liberation" was heard less and less, and was replaced by "feminism." It is less clear what feminism means per se. "Liberation" implies a radical change, while "feminism" seems to imply less. "Feminism" seems to imply the rights of women, without suggesting any need to be liberated from conventional standards.

Pornography

In recent times, not only have many feminists seemed to drop their interest in liberation and sexual freedom, but they have become sexually repressive. Two major examples are (1) the feminist condemnation of pornography and the attempt to show that it is a major cause of rape, and (2) the feminist emphasis on sexual harassment.

With regard to the pornography issue, the feminists seem to be thinking in shallow terms. Rapists are not primarily motivated by pornography, if at all. There may be individual case histories where rapists read pornography before committing a crime, but that does not mean that if there had been no pornography there would be no rape. Just because something follows something else, we cannot attribute the basis of the second thing to the first thing. If we do, we are committing the logical fallacy of post hoc, ergo propter hoc. In fact, from working with rapists and reading the research literature, many rapists come from repressive, harsh backgrounds where learning about sex, or reading about it, or looking at pictures is taboo. The best research on this was the comprehensive investigation by the Committee on Obscenity and Pornography (1970), which had vast resources, and concluded that pornography had little or no effect on behavior. In fact, one study by the commission found that rapists reported less exposure in their youth to pornography than nonrapists. While we have to exercise

caution due to the self-report nature of the data, they are certainly not consistent with the feminist association of pornography with rape, and, in fact, are in the opposite direction.

Also, the issue of what is pornography is vague. Feminists usually include the relatively sanitized nudity of *Playboy* magazine within their definition of pornography, which is dubious. Gloria Steinem, a major feminist leader (with whom I usually agree), said that pornography is bad, but that erotica is good. The trouble is, without a clear definition, pornography is the erotica she does not like, and erotica is the pornography she does like. American society is more puritanical and sexually repressed than many think (Eisenman, 1991a). Many countries around the world have less taboos than we do about the naked body. A case could be made that we would be a more healthy society if we may had more freedom regarding nudity and sexually explicit material. In the Scandinavian countries, legalizing pornography has been associated with less child abuse, not more. I might exclude from this position pornography which combines female nudity with violence. This combination, which links in one's mind female sexuality and violence, may be harmful, while I believe most other pornography to be mostly benign. The whole idea that nudity or sexuality is bad is part of American values which needs to be overcome so that people would be liberated. If this were the case, then what we call pornography (including *Playboy*) would be no big deal, and would merely be seen as just another form of entertainment. Instead, today, with all our sexual inhibitions, we see pornography (or erotica; I use the terms interchangeably because I doubt that they can be differentiated) as Satanic.

Sexual Harassment

Instead of pursuing sexual freedom, feminists seem out to get men, and take away some of their freedom. The concept of "sexual harassment" has been a way to prosecute and persecute men who fail to conform to some conservative standard of sexual behavior. Of course, it is important to note that true sexual harassment is horrible and has a devastating effect on the victims. But, feminists have cast their net very wide, so that telling a dirty joke or having pin up pictures on one's wall is seen as sexual harassment. Women claim they want men to be more honest and open, but if a man is honest with a woman about his sexual interest in her, he leaves himself open for an accusation of sexual harassment, because he can be accused of making an unwanted sexual ad-

vance. Since it is often impossible to know if an advance is wanted or unwanted, this puts the man in the position of inhibiting his behavior if he wants to avoid possible charges. The result reminds me of a cartoon I once saw. A man and a woman pass each other on the street. You see what they are thinking. Each would like to approach the other, but fears being thought of negatively, so they pass by without speaking. On a network television news program, feminist Robin Morgan said that men can avoid harassing women by adhering to the following rule of thumb: "If you are not sure, don't do it." While this would certainly work to cut out offensive behavior, it would also work to eliminate any kind of risk taking or creative behavior. It is the advice of repression.

Feminists have largely won in the sexual harassment arena. Their position has become the law of the land, and it is easy to bring charges of sexual harassment and put the man on the defensive. Many organizations, fearing law suits, will side with the woman and punish the man, often with no hearing or with a kangaroo court type hearing, wherein the man is sure to be "convicted" so that the organization can say "See, we oppose sexual harassment."

At other times, though, women who bring charges are, themselves, persecuted, and the organization fails to deal with real, ongoing harassment. Rape in the military is an example of this, according to a 1992 network newsmagazine broadcast. Many female soldiers are raped by the male soldiers, but often they are not believed and further harassed by the military, if they complain.

Few people have looked at the sexual harassment of males by females. This is not what feminists want, since their movement seems designed to help women and persecute men when wrong doing is alleged. It is interesting to see the knee-jerk fashion in which many (most?) feminists side with the alleged victim (female), when she makes a complaint against an alleged perpetrator (male). The feminists, without much factual knowledge, assume that the woman is telling the truth and that the man is guilty. Our study of sexual harassment proclivities in both men and women found that the same variables which related to sexual harassment proclivities by men also related to sexual harassment proclivities by women: acceptance of traditional sex roles and belief in rape myths, and other beliefs which seem to indicate lack of empathy for others (Bartling & Eisenman, 1993). One conceptual problem is that while a woman recipient of some behavior might regard it as sexual harassment, the male recipient of the same behavior would often not consider what was

done to him to be sexual harassment. Thus, females object to more behaviors than males object to. In this sense, females are more conservative than males.

The assault on sexually explicit material and on male sexual behavior is an attempt to turn back the clock, and make men as inhibited as women used to be and perhaps still are. So, instead of trying to liberate themselves, feminists are, in part, trying to unliberate men. It is thus a repressive, puritanical movement.

Why the Change?

Why has all of the above occurred? I do not know, although it seems to be the way things often occur: a movement starts out creative and risk taking and ends up repressive. However, I have come across an explanation of why it occurs, and although this explanation has some disturbing implications for those who believe in equality of males and females, it does provide an answer. In addition, this largely biological approach may be true, despite many beliefs in social learning explanations. We should be open-minded, especially when a theory we do not subscribe to explains something better than our own, preferred theory. Although I often lean to a social learning explanation of things, the explanation to be discussed seems to explain better the change in the feminist movement than does social learning viewpoints.

Glenn Wilson's Sociobiology Viewpoint

This explanation is the socio-biological explanation of Wilson (1992). He says that evolution has made men and women very different. Some of the differences, which he believes to be innate are that women, relative to men, are more submissive, less skilled in spatial or mathematical skills, less risk taking, but higher in empathy, verbal skills, and social skills. Wilson believes these are biological truths, not really subject to great change by culture. Thus, from this perspective, women's liberation made a mistake in trying to achieve sexual freedom and all the other kinds of freedom for women, because women do not really want this, as it goes against their nature. So, it is no surprise that the freedom of the women's liberation movement has been toppled for the puritanical repressiveness of the feminist movement. This, in a nutshell, is the Wilson (1992) perspective on the feminist movement. In some ways I am bothered by this biological determinism and its implication that things cannot change as much as one might like. But, he does provide an explanation which

explains the change from the temporary radicalism of women's liberation to the current puritanism of feminism. In fact, it is the only explanation I know of which specifically addresses that freedom-to-repression change.

Not All Feminists Agree

Some feminists do not support the assault on pornography, the simple-minded view that it is a main cause of rape, or the constant attempt to nail men on sexual harassment charges, or to verbally put them down when they do something such as telling an off color joke. Thus, some feminists have not been taken in by what appears to be the majority part, and there is hope that things could change.

Is Biology Destiny?

Biological views tend to have the implication that things really cannot change, and that the way things are is, more or less, the way things should be. However, change is still possible. If women are truly low in risk taking, for example, then there will always be a sex difference with men, on the average, being more creative than women, since risk taking is often part of being creative (Davis, 1992; Eisenman, 1969, 1987a, 1991a; Merrifield, Guilford, Christensen, & Frick, 1961; Pankove & Kogan, 1968). On the other hand, there is still room for change within cultural standards of what gender means. For example, if women are partially non-risk takers because they are taught to avoid risks, then they can be taught to take risks, and the sex difference in creativity can be reduced. Also, a biological tendency does not necessarily mean an inevitability. Even if women have an inherent tendency, relative to men, to avoid risks, they can still learn to be more risk-taking than their inherent tendency predisposes them to be. Thus, biology is destiny only in part, if this perspective is correct.

Benefits of Feminism

The feminist movement has had a powerful effect in helping women see that their potential is much more than what they have traditionally been taught. One need only to look at the letters-to-the-editor section of women's magazines to see that even fairly simple articles, about personal growth or job opportunities for women, result in letters saying things like "I never before realized that I had options in my life. This article was an incredible, eye-opening experience." Much credit for the expanded horizons for

women goes to the women's liberation/feminist movement. The movement has also helped women to be more assertive and stand up for their rights, as opposed to being overly passive and being "walked on." Both men and women can often profit from assertiveness training, and it is to the feminists' credit that they recognized the nonassertive behavior of many women and sought to correct it via assertiveness training groups. It is tragic that the movement now seems to be headed in a puritanical, repressive direction.

A Final Warning

People are often strongly attached to their way of thinking. Thus, psychoanalysts or feminists may see my critique as so damaging to their beliefs that they will not tolerate it, and instead see me as the enemy. In fact, one person who read this manuscript said that I was trying to say that women cannot be creative. I am not saying that, nor trying to put down women. I believe strongly in the liberation of women. I am not criticizing psychoanalysts or feminists who avoid the errors described in this paper. I am trying to critique oppressive acts of what once were creative, liberating movements.

There is the possibility that what I am criticizing represents only part of psychoanalysis or feminism, and that the majority of those who identify with these movements do not do what I critique. While I suspect that I am on target, there may be many psychoanalysts and feminists whose voices are seldom heard, but who seldom or never do the kinds of things I criticized. If that is the case, the oppressors may seem to be a more dominant part of these movements than is actually the case, perhaps due to greater media publicity for their ideas.

Any strong social/political movement tends to see itself as above criticism and react strongly to deviation from group doctrine (Eisenman, 1991a). Thus, feminists who believe the current positions on pornography causing rape and on sexual harassment may not tolerate any criticism or deviation from perceived truth. For example, when one female professor, Christina Hoff Sommers, presented a paper at the American Philosophical Association criticizing some feminist positions, she reported that "...the feminists in the audience just went crazy. They had never been criticized before." (Ridgley, 1993, p. 9; see also Sommers, in press).

It seems that both psychoanalysis and feminism began as movements which strongly criticized existing social standards, but have turned into movements which, in some ways,

have become as oppressive as the things they were opposing. It would be interesting to see if this is typical of social movements, or merely true of some.

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Personality Enhancers: Prozac and the Controversial Future of Psychopharmacology

By Michelle M. Neitzel

Terri is 38 years old. She is an attractive woman, trim and well-dressed, with blonde hair and brown eyes. She is slightly reserved, perhaps, but friendly and likable all the same. Five years ago she went through a bitter divorce. There were no children involved. Even today Terri has trouble talking about her failed marriage and she hasn't dated since then, although she admits that she is frightened of spending her life alone. Six months ago she was passed over at work for a promotion that she knows should have been hers. The experience brought to the surface feelings of inadequacy that she realizes have been inhibiting her for as long as she can remember, keeping her from putting herself forward in both social and nonsocial situations. Her friends describe her as a warm and caring person but admit that she does not try to explore her full potential. Terri is prone to occasional bouts of depression and is considering going to a therapist. She hopes her doctor will prescribe the antidepressant Fluoxetine for her - better known by its brand name Prozac - because from what she's heard it could be just what she needs to get her life "back on track."

Can an antidepressant like Prozac really help someone like Terri, who is not ill but whose feelings of inadequacy and periodic depressions keep her from healthy relationships and a successful career? Yes, very likely. Prozac is effective in treating a wide range of diagnoses - depression, anxiety, obsessive-compulsive disorder, low self-esteem, etc. Furthermore, the side effects are minor compared to those caused by other antidepressants. For example, some patients become excitable or anxious on Prozac, others suffer from a loss of concentration or a lessening of sexual drive. However, these side-effects are more tolerable than the rapid heartbeat, constipation, sluggishness, or lethal food interactions which accompany other medications for depression. As with most drugs, Prozac does not work for everyone and when it does work there can be a wide difference in its range of effects, depending on the person taking the medication. In some patients it will treat only a single symptom, like depres-

sion, in others it brings about a virtual reshaping of the personality. For these extremely responsive patients Prozac can change inhibition to confidence, anxiety into security, and depression into energetic optimism. This is the response Terri has heard about and would like to see in herself. But does Terri really need this sort of help? Who among us is not afraid of rejection, anxious in new situations, occasionally "down-in-the-dumps?" If Terri's condition responds to Prozac does this mean she was ill or is this merely a cosmetic change - the equivalent of a facelift for the personality?

Prozac is classified as an antidepressant but it acts on a wide variety of symptoms. It is actually an SSRI - Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitor. It works by maintaining effective levels of the neurotransmitter serotonin, one of the substances which nerve cells use to communicate with each other. Since its introduction in the late 1980's Prozac has enjoyed a popularity and notoriety unusual for a medication. There have been front-page stories, prime-time reports, and entire books on the drug. The name has become a household word. But why has it been the center of so much attention? Perhaps the answer lies in the sheer size of the group Prozac is able to treat - those who are troubled but not mentally ill.

It is this ability to help the comparatively "normal" that raises so many questions about Prozac and other drugs like it. Most people suffer in one way or another from minor anxieties, depressions and obsessions. Should we all be on medication? And if we have the ability to improve the quality of our lives through medication - even if we consider ourselves "healthy" individuals - should we not do so? Prozac may not be the drug to bring these ethical issues to the forefront, but as we learn how to biochemically fine-tune our moods, temperaments and even characters, the implications of our newfound abilities will continue to creep up on us until they finally land full-blown in our laps.

Prozac, with its minor side effects and multiple applications, may well be the pre-

cursor of a whole new generation of psychopharmacological drugs. These drugs will enable us to tinker with the psyche with greater and greater specificity, targeting individual moods, traits, attitudes and emotions. For example, say that a person suffers from a fear of public speaking. A small pill in the morning before work might alleviate that problem - turning the nervous introvert into a vivacious extrovert in time for the big board meeting that afternoon.

There is an entire host of such alterations that would enable individuals to function better within this society, achieving greater success in both personal and nonpersonal areas. Imagine if you could change laziness into motivation, disorganization into efficiency, irascibility into patience. Enough of this tinkering and you can create the perfect overachiever; the person who "has it all" by today's standards. Never before have qualities such as being introverted been classified as illnesses, but if we are able to modify personality with such precision will such behaviors still be considered normal and acceptable?

On the one hand, individuals would have at their disposal ways of improving the quality of their lives in a manner their ancestors could not have imagined. Depression, anxiety and fear would all be minor obstacles and inconveniences. Instead of being controlled by your negative emotions, you would control them. Only a masochist could ignore the benefits of such an ability. On the other hand, there would be increasing pressure to adhere to cultural standards of desirable behavior. Society today favors a personality in hyperdrive - the confident, energetic, extroverted overachiever. Those not naturally of this temperament would be under pressure to conform to this ideal or else be left behind.

Currently American culture discourages the use of medication to avoid pain. Recent studies show that cancer patients are typically undermedicated for pain, often due to their own feeling that there is something inherently wrong with taking medication. There is a prevailing idea that a person is

better for suffering, that pain is an essential component of being human. Is this true? Or in a more psychological sense, are painful feelings and experiences necessary for our growth and development as human beings?

Perhaps to some extent they are. A person who has never experienced fear might not understand that it's unwise to walk alone down a deserted alley at night. But is the person who lost a beloved parent during childhood more emotionally developed than one who did not? Not necessarily. Through our own experience of pain we develop empathy for others, as when an embarrassing incident in our past reminds us to use tact. Through pain we become motivated to change, as when the frustration of a dead-end job leads us to find another. Through pain we broaden our depth of understanding, as when a failed relationship teaches us not to make the same mistakes again. Does it follow that without any pain at all we would become placid, stagnant and self-centered? And if so, how much pain is enough?

It would be a hellish vision to believe that pain is at the core of our human experience. There are clearly routes other than discomfort or suffering to achieve greater awareness. Reward can be an effective motivator, as well as punishment. We are genetically hardwired to avoid pain. If the means were at our disposal to avoid pain, I doubt that most people would willingly experience it, even for the sake of their personal growth.

However, the personality-enhancers we are discussing would not necessarily alleviate all forms of pain and discomfort. Like Prozac at its most widely-acting they would shift aspects of personality towards the cultural ideal and would merely shield from oversensitivity to pain. The idea of personality-enhancers makes most people uncomfortable, including myself. There is a feeling of falseness - that effecting such changes biochemically is less valid than through self-examination. But then again, I drink two to four cups of coffee every day without guilt to enhance my mood and abilities. It is all very easy to debate the issue in a general philosophical sense but an entirely different matter when individual cases are considered. Take Terri, for example. Say that on Prozac her depression is lifted, her fear of relationships is overcome and her self-confidence is boosted. She takes more initiative at work and receives the promotion she desired. She begins dating again and meets a man whom she later marries. Her friends say that she is happier than they have ever seen her. Terri considers her life drastically improved and says she owes it all to Prozac. Could we have denied her this happiness simply because she was never seriously "ill" to begin with?

Would I deny myself a cup of coffee? ■

Finding Peace: Experiences With Kava

By Robert J. Gregory

We hear a great deal about the drug problem, the illegal status of many drugs, and the devastation drugs create. Some naturally occurring drugs might be relatively harmless, indeed, even produce positive experiences. In fact, I feel one particular drug is far superior to the use of alcohol, which has been notorious for associations with automobile accidents, violence, and ill health. This drug comes from the South Pacific.

Some years ago, I had the opportunity to live on a South Pacific Island - in Melanesia - and specifically, the island of Tanna in what was the New Hebrides, now Vanuatu. The "big men" or leaders in the Nvhaal speaking region taught me about drinking kava - the drug taken from the roots of the Piper methysticum (Forst.) plant. They drank copious amounts, daily, in the evening under the spreading banyan trees dotting the island. The psychological effects were most fascinating. I found that my body, particularly the lower legs, became numb, so that I slowed down, ignored my physiological functioning, and with an "aha" sort of reaction, my mind became free and roamed wherever it wanted.

Long ago, Western visitors wrote about the irritation felt when and if kava drinkers are annoyed by bright or moving lights, noises, or sudden touches. They also wrote about how with silence, the intellect stays rational and oriented. That was the case for me. I was able to become quiet, think, and yet listen to my thoughts. I entered a dream state, but in another way, it was like looking into a mirror. Not like any other more familiar drug, kava creates an altered state of consciousness, which is subtle and mild. Notably, those using kava did not as a rule mix it with alcohol, and while violence was closely associated with consumption of alcohol, no such connection existed for kava.

The Tannese men, for no women used kava because of taboos, described kava as a way to get in touch with the supernatural. The spirits of the ancestors would listen, so

that the act of drinking kava became almost like a prayer and a way to make resolutions on how best to live. Indeed, it seemed to me that the men used kava to think about their problems and how to solve them, and that their subconscious minds would go to work during this time to analyze issues.

As I have reflected over the experiences during a number of years, I think that the message of kava is that the induced dreamy state offers the consumer an opportunity to reflect on the events of the past and in particular the preceding day. If anything untoward has occurred, then the mind fixates on that event. If nothing in life is amiss, then the mind continues to wander, unchecked, in a rather pleasant, reflective mood. Consequently, one lives or tries to live a life that is peaceful, indeed, sacred. In that way, a person does not jeopardize the kava hour or hours in the evening. And, if something unpleasant does occur, a person has every reason to make amends, to square accounts and balance the social arrangements, so as to enjoy "the kava."

Available in some health food stores, kava is not illegal, but for those wishing to try it, they should be warned that the taste is not the most pleasant, and that the strength may vary quite a bit. Some recent research has noted harmful effects, particularly when enormous quantities are drunk. However, I would maintain that the harmful effects of alcohol, and tobacco, are far greater. Finally, it should be noted that a kava-based pharmaceutical product will soon be, or is already being, marketed. ■

PSYCHEDELIC RESOURCE LIST

A comprehensive list with detailed descriptions of over 100 organizations related to psychedelics. Categories include ethnobotanicals (plants, mushrooms, cacti, herbs & seeds), gardening supplies & indoor light systems, merchandise (t-shirts, videos & smoking accessories), periodicals, book vendors, non-profit organizations & religious groups, info. sources, and a reading list/book review section. Updates are mailed out four times a year. One year subscription: \$15.00 (five issues total). SOMA GRAPHICS, P.O. Box 19820, SACTO. CA 95819-0820.

A Psychedelic Journey

By Peter Knight

HISTORY

I experimented with LSD in the 1960's. I was searching for cosmic truths and my own identity in the psychedelic experience.

A scientist working for Sandoz Laboratories in the 1950's had discovered LSD. Examining a cereal fungus, called ergot, he accidentally synthesized lysergic acid diethylamide-25. It was so powerful it altered his perceptions when he unintentionally ingested a microscopic amount through his skin.

Psychiatrists thought LSD, or “acid,” as it subsequently came to be known on the street, might have therapeutic properties. The drug was tested in various contexts. It became clear that the “set and setting,” the expectations and environment surrounding the drug’s ingestion, had profound effects on the experience which followed.

A group of seminary student subjects took the drug under moderately rigorous test conditions. After taking the drug most of the seminarians had religious experiences. Some of them had conversations with God.

Researchers noted that LSD has comparable antecedents in natural drugs used by “primitive” cultures in their religious practices. Certain cacti, mushrooms, and flower seeds, for instance, have psychedelic components. North and South American Indians used them in their religious ceremonies for centuries.

LSD began to make inroads into Western consciousness in the early 1960's. Outside sanctioned channels it took two major directions in the United States. On the east coast a few academics experimented with it, with serious intent but decreasing professional legitimacy. Timothy Leary and his Harvard compatriot, Richard Alpert, spoke

for this faction.

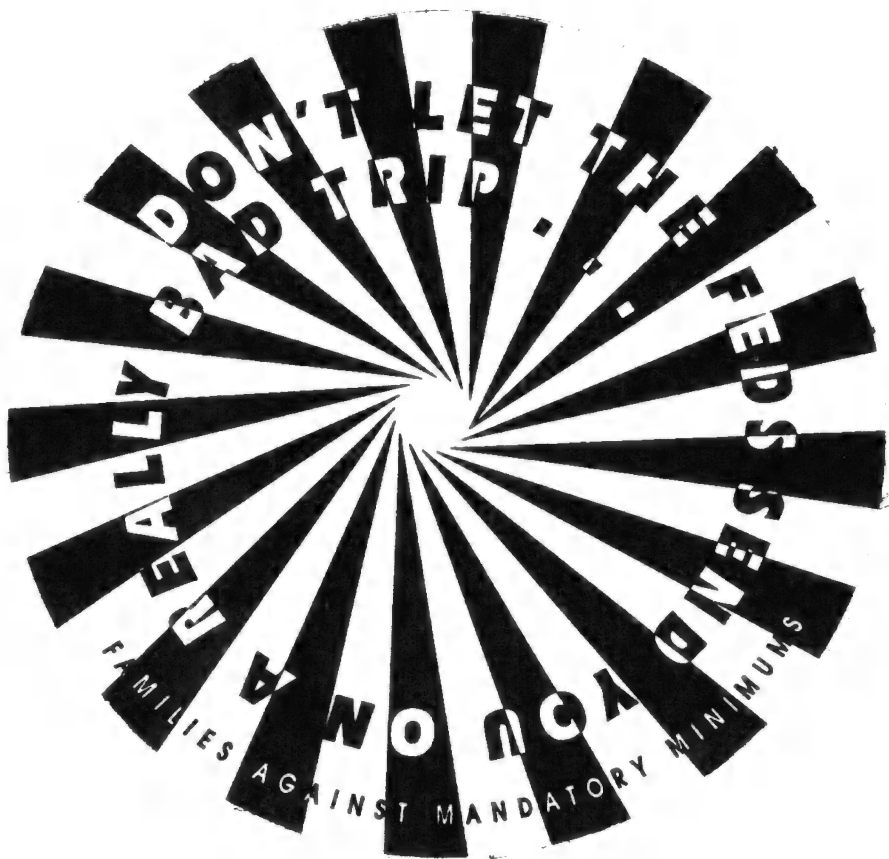
On the west coast another group were out to have a good time. Their standard-bearer was the author, Ken Kesey. His "Merry Pranksters" toured the country, turning people on. The psychedelic dance halls of San Francisco had a similar spirit. The popular press was becoming aware of psychedelics. *Life* magazine published a superficial story of a "trip" and suggested the experience was likely to lead to insanity or suicide. The accepted gospel of Timothy Leary's faction in the mid-1960's posited that a first-time tripper needed a guide—someone who had successfully navigated the shoals of the psychedelic voyage. When I, in my impatience, was ready to take my first psychedelic trip, no guide was available. In the absence of a guide I settled for the only available "manual." Leary had edited the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, an ancient eastern mystic explanation of death and spiritual rebirth. In its edited form the book was intended to provide a guidebook for the trip through "ego death" and rebirth of consciousness. Leary saw as a successful psychedelic experience.

I first took LSD on a frigid Wisconsin winter evening in 1966, in the third floor apartment I shared over a Madison bar. My roommate played intense Russian orchestral music on the stereo. I anxiously awaited hallucinations and unknown mind alterations.

Within an hour I felt myself sucked into a dark mental maelstrom. I lost my identity in a wrenching process. When I stopped struggling I was reborn with an epiphany, emerging into a lambent tide of clarity.

I spent the rest of that first psychedelic voyage exploring my new perceptions, in the apartment and in Madison's crystalline, icy night air. I didn't sleep for two days.

In the months following my first acid trip the psychedelic experience and the culture surrounding its practitioners provided a framework for my life. We, who had had the experience, thought we were onto something. Do you remember the Jimi Hendrix song which asked, "Are you experienced?" Jimi was asking, among other things, "Have you tripped?" Those of us in the psychedelic counterculture thought we knew the an-





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swer to that question.

As summer approached in Madison I wanted to share my experience with as many people as possible. The psychedelic community had created a vehicle for such sharing, the "be-in."

This term connoted a gathering of people who understood its intent, a sharing of the psychedelic experience. When a significant group of trippers congregated the potential for interesting interaction increased.

A friend and I arranged a be-in to occur on a pleasant park peninsula on Madison's Lake Mendota. We posted flyers announcing the event. The flyers used code words and symbols like the imprint of a marijuana leaf to tell those in the know what was expected. I persuaded local grocers and other vendors to donate food and supplies in return for publicity. A band volunteered to play for free.

Several hundred people partied and picnicked together on the day of the be-in. I relinquished any organizational duties I might otherwise have undertaken. I was too stunned by the powerful psychedelic I had ingested to assert myself anyway.

Giant soap bubbles and beautiful women entranced me for hours.

Allen Ginsberg, a beatnik poet who had attached himself to the psychedelic culture, appeared and recited a mantra he had composed. He left with a crippled fan, obviously in the throes of a lust attack.

Visitors not participating in the psychedelic aspect of the meeting tried to pick off sexual partners. I, too, chased after a woman who liked the elaborately carved bell I was wearing on a thong around my neck. She,

however, liked only the bell and not its wearer.

Our plan was to stay in the apartment for an hour while the acid took hold of our minds. We wanted to get the trip off to a good start in familiar surroundings.

In about forty-five minutes I was well into my trip. I was undergoing the "loss of ego" which ushered in a powerful mind alteration. Michael, however, had apparently ingested "speed," or methamphetamine, instead of the LSD he expected in his tablet. He was experiencing heightened energy instead of hallucinations.

While I was experiencing the anxiety which accompanies the initial rush of a psychedelic trip, there was a knock at my apartment door. When I answered the knock two men in conservative business suits appeared. Their attire was unusual in that part of Madison, populated by students. To me they looked even stranger because they were green and jaggedly fragmented.

The men showed me their FBI identification cards. At least, I assumed the cards were FBI identification cards because they said, "FBI," in pale red, white and blue.

The men aggravated the unreality by asking me if I knew someone named Moriarty. That name triggered a response in me. I did know a Moriarty. He was an evil genius in Sherlock Holmes stories. I assumed my strange visitors had the same frame of reference and were testing me. I averted my eyes. I was sure my pupils' enormous size would provide objective manifestation of my illegal state of mind.

however, liked only the bell and not its wearer.

Years later someone anonymously sent me a photograph taken of me on the day of the be-in. Although sunglasses and a hat obscured my face, it was plain that my smile had been attached for the duration of that trip.

A SPRING TRIP

A friend, Michael, came to my Madison apartment one spring morning in

The FBI men told me Moriarty was a draft dodger who used to live in my apartment. I told them I knew no Moriarty and they went away.

After the FBI men left Michael and I shared a residual disquiet. We began to see the apartment as a redoubt, a fortress against possibly malign outside forces. We closed the curtains, locked the doors, and considered our next moves.

While we were discussing our plan of action the telephone rang. Michael answered the phone and spoke to the caller, a telephone company operator.

The woman told Michael my phone bill remittance was overdue. The telephone company was going to halt my service. The arrears were so great, in fact, that the phone call she was making was the last we would be allowed.

In our state of mental isolation Michael saw this prospect as an uncomfortable threat. We had separated ourselves from the world and it seemed as if the telephone company wanted to sever our remaining ties to outside reference points of reality.

Michael focused his heightened energy and his powers of persuasion. He promised the operator that my check was in the mail. He explained how important telephone service was to us. He attempted to keep her engrossed in conversation, making small talk and keeping alive our telephone link to the world.

He established enough rapport to occupy the operator for forty-five minutes as I listened with trepidation. Eventually, however, the operator would listen no more. She may not have believed the check was in the mail. She was impervious to Michael's pleas. She hung up.

Michael and I, alone now, resolved to meet head-on our anxiety and the challenge of the world outside my apartment. We were only a few blocks from the state capitol building, the nearest seat of government power. We walked there, intending to confront whatever awaited us.

It was a bright, mild weekend day and the capitol was sparsely populated. There was little to confront. We, however, paraded our shabby hippie attire in a kind of perverse fashion show around the capitol grounds. It was as if we were saying to the government, "Here we are. What are you going to do about it?"

The government was indifferent. In fact, no one seemed to care or notice. So, Michael and I let our trip unwind to an uneventful conclusion.

THE MEANING OF PSYCHEDELIA

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The paradigmatic psychedelic experience is difficult to describe. How do you tell someone who has never tasted a strawberry what that fruit tastes like? You can use any words you like, but someone who hasn't had the strawberry experience cannot accurately imagine it. The psychedelic experience is a strawberry to the nth degree. You may have to bite the psychedelic strawberry if you want to know its taste.

LSD is a non-specific amplifier, or catalyst, of inherent psychic processes. As a result, everyone's trip is unique.

In a tripped frame of mind you might hear the wind blow, a clock tick, your heartbeat, the rush of blood through capillaries in your ears, and a fire engine siren up the street. In fact, you might be simultaneously aware of all the myriad sounds and other sensations in your environment and your body.

You might choose to reflect upon, or interact with, your heartbeat instead of responding to the fire siren, which might take center stage in your non-tripped consciousness. While you are tripping, the sound of your heartbeat might be as novel and significant as the sound of the siren.

A friend, John, demonstrated this process while tripping at the zoo in Madison, Wisconsin in the 1960's. We were at the elephant cage when a squirrel jumped from a

tree just in front of the cage. John found the squirrel more interesting than the elephant, and started to talk to it. To him the bars of the elephant cage, designed to distinguish the animals inside as objects to be admired or examined, were artificial constructs.

The squirrel, closer to him, was more interesting and had more to say to him.

As I watched

John talking to the squirrel I worried that the other zoo guests would find his behavior so extraordinary that they would guess he was tripping. I encouraged him to come away and "act normal."

My tendencies to introspection and analysis were amplified when I ingested LSD. But I believe I also recognized a paradoxical universal reality during those psychedelic sojourns.

During acid-inspired meditations thoughts seemed to be contradicted by antitheses of equal validity. Blue was not-blue. Or blue was a rhythm, or a process, or a person. And the opposites of those perceptions were also true.

I thought my logic was distorted by the drug in my system. But that could not be true, for if my logic was distorted, if it was "incorrect," then my perception that my logic was distorted must be flawed, because that perception had been created by the drug in my system. Yet, although there was a drug in my body, I was not certain that it actually changed the way I thought.

Communication tended to break down or expand during these reflective processes. It made no sense to continue to speak a thought I started to articulate to a non-tripping companion, as the thought became invalidated

It didn't matter if LSD had deranged me.

I had learned that everyone had his own version of insanity.

Mine was as good as any other.

by subsequent logic. At the same time, I seemed to communicate on a level beyond words with someone sharing my trip. When I did grunt a few strained words to a tripping companion I assumed he deciphered the paradoxes I intended to convey. And when he spoke I assumed he intended to convey the same layers of meanings I perceived the words connoted. Or I read a complicated message into his glance and body language.

When tripping I sometimes resolved to put aside endless psychoanalytic inquiries. I resolved instead to simply "experience." Similar resolutions must have led other trippers to coin phrases such as "be-in," "love-in," and "happening." A "be-in" in the 1960's was, on one level, a meeting of people who were simply "being" themselves and existing together. On another level, with their consciousnesses expanded, they were being not-themselves, being one with the world.

During the throes of one of my last trips I felt seriously deranged, but also adventurous. I was at a lake and I dove into it. As I dove I wondered if I would remember how to swim, or even remember which way was up. In the water I remembered both, and swam happily to the surface. The sensation was wonderful.

After the swim I rode a motorcycle on the roads snaking around the lake. I wondered again if this was a feat I could accomplish while my conscious mind was distracted by psychedelic mysteries. I didn't need to worry, as it turned out. My body was imprinted with years of balancing a motorcycle, just as it was imprinted with years of swimming.

After a year of psychedelic use my perceptions evolved so they were the same whether or not I was tripping. Accordingly, there seemed to be no need to ingest drugs to expand my understanding of reality. It didn't matter if LSD had deranged me. I had learned that everyone had his own version of insanity.

Mine was as good as any other. ■

The Gray Area Of Drug Addiction

By Neal Williams

This article is an opposing viewpoint to the Wharf Rats, Alcoholics Anonymous (AA), Narcotics Anonymous (NA), and all other twelve-step mutual-help support groups. These groups, unfortunately, are part of the problem, not the solution. They only serve to perpetuate myths that have clearly been proven false based upon the vast amount of research that has been done in the field of substance abuse. I am sure that these groups operate only out of the best motives but we have all heard that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions.

All twelve-step support groups teach the disease model of addiction, which was popularized by AA and adopted by professional organizations and government agencies. The disease model of addiction is intellectually sloppy and unscientific. This model does much more harm than good because it undermines peoples' feelings of self control. Here are its basic premises: Addicts inherit the disease of addiction. They are born with this disease and are therefore already addicts long before they ever use drugs. Their disease is characterized by loss of control and progression. In other words, addicts can never control their drug use and their disease inevitably gets worse and worse. Their only hope is to remain completely abstinent from all drugs and become a lifelong member of a twelve-step support group. I did not make up this definition of the disease concept; I took it from the book of *Narcotics Anonymous*.

Counselors, AA members, and other disease proponents often talk about inheriting "the gene for alcoholism." These genes have never been found (although a lot of time and money has been spent looking for them). Most researchers, in fact, agree that it is highly unlikely that any such genes exist. A study was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) on April 18, 1990, linking alcoholism to a specific gene. The study was accompanied by press releases, news conferences, and interviews with the researchers. Eight months later another study was published in JAMA that reported a lack of association between alcoholism and this gene (the dopamine D2 receptor gene). Of course this study was not publicized like the original study and most people never heard of it. They still believe that the alcoholism gene has been found.

All scientific attempts to define an addict have failed because the concept itself is fun-

damentally flawed. Addicts exist in our minds but not in the objective world around us. The *DSM-III-R*, which is the authority on psychiatric disorders, contains two categories of pathological patterns of substance use: abuse and dependence. It's important to note here that the criteria used to diagnose alcohol problems is exactly the same as those for all other substances. The American Psychiatric Association (APA), therefore, doesn't appear to believe that alcohol abuse is any different from that of other substances. Once the person stops using the substance, he no longer meets the criteria for abuse or dependence. In other words, he is no longer an addict or an alcoholic. This is what is known as all-or-nothing thinking; either you are or aren't an alcoholic or a drug addict. The truth is that people have widely varying patterns of substance use and can be addicted in greater or lesser degrees. Let's take overeating as an example. (Overeaters Anonymous [OA] is another group that doesn't understand, yet proclaims the disease model). Imagine a person who weighs five hundred pounds and is so obese he can't fit through the front door. It's obvious that he has a food addiction. But on the other hand there is a person who is not overweight but doesn't keep junk food in his house because if he did he would not be able to control himself. Does he also have a food addiction? Probably. But is it helpful for him to identify himself with the "hard-core" food addict? Probably not. This is the trouble with the drug and alcohol treatment industry and twelve-step support groups: they take those people with the worst success in controlling their own behavior and allow them to tell the rest of us what our attitudes should be! If you tell people enough times that they have no hope of controlling themselves, they will eventually start to believe you and prove you right. Whatever happened to choice, responsibility, and the ability to control your own actions?

Loss of control over drugs and alcohol is much more a cultural phenomenon than it is a symptom of a disease. Take for example the Italians. They respect their alcohol. They drink beer or wine at every meal but only drink one or two glasses. They think of alcoholism as a problem over which people can exert control and they object to those who become intoxicated. The Italians (along with the Chinese and the Jew), have the lowest alcoholism rates. Ethnic groups with

high alcoholism rates, however, (such as the Irish and Slavs) are the leaders in the acceptance of the disease concept. Which of the following two groups would you predict to have more problems with alcohol? The Irish, who believe that alcohol is an evil substance that undermines people's freedom of choice? Or the Italians, who view alcohol as something that can be enjoyed and controlled in social settings, with family, friends and good food?

If the disease concept is directly contradicted by the huge amount of research that has been done in the field, why is it becoming more and more popular? I have broken the explanation down into three separate yet interrelated reasons.

The first is because of all of the self-proclaimed "recovering addicts." These are the people with the highest visibility. They go on the news and say things like, "If you try crack, heroin, alcohol [insert the name of any drug here] you will get hooked and it will destroy you." How often do you hear about people who had a drug or alcohol problem and quit or cut back on their own, without treatment? Not often, even though it happens all the time. The trouble is that these people don't feel the need to join a crusade, run to the media, or become drug counselors.

The second reason that the disease concept is so popular is that it gives people an easy way out. They believe that they inherited their addiction, therefore they're not responsible for their own behavior. At first glance this practice may seem helpful. The argument is that it absolves substance abusers of blame and therefore makes them more likely to enter treatment to get help. But keep in mind two things about calling addiction a disease:

1. It's not true.
2. It doesn't help and keeps us from doing things that really would help.

We believe that alcoholism and drug addiction are diseases because we want to believe it. It makes us feel better to think that our problems are beyond our control. We desperately search for something outside of ourselves to blame things on. Real solutions to real problems, however, will never result from ignorance and misinformation. We are a society that applies short-term solutions to long-term problems. Our current social policies are based purely on fear. If we could start trying looking at the world a little bit more

objectively we could begin to develop social policies that actually make sense. And until we do our society will continue to deteriorate.

It's far easier for parents to accept substance abuse in their children if they believe it's because of a disease. It's easier for addicts to accept their behavior by blaming it on the drugs and denying their own participation in it. But the problems and the solutions are all within us. It may be comforting to learn that drugs are not as powerful as we've been led to believe, but it's also hard for us to admit that the causes and the solutions are within ourselves. We have met the enemy and he is us. The answers are actually quite simple: open up, don't judge. Communicate with others and try to understand their worlds. Do they like themselves? Are they hopeful about the future? Do they have the social skills they need to get what they want?

The third (and probably the most important) reason that the disease concept is so popular is because of greed and money. Alcohol and substance abuse treatment programs are predominantly private agencies that are run for profit. They invented the disease concept and the public bought it, hook, line and sinker. What makes matters worse is that there is so much competition among treatment centers that they will say practically anything to keep up their share of the market. They air commercials filled with misinformation designed to scare parents into thinking that drug and alcohol use is such a serious problem that their offspring will probably die unless they get treatment.

Drug and alcohol treatment is ineffective, and therefore a waste of money. Substance abuse is a problem that is never going to be completely prevented and it's never going to be solved through treatment. What goes on in treatment? Patients in treatment centers are coerced by the counselors and other patients to "discover" that they have the disease of addiction. They are shown a list of

symptoms (blackouts, loss of control, progression of the disease, etc...), and told to admit that they have them. If they claim that they never experienced one or more of these symptoms they are harassed and brutalized in an effort to combat their denial. In all likelihood their denial is completely justified. The concept of denial is a dangerous one because as soon as people claim they don't have a problem, it means they really do have it. Denial is viewed as a symptom of the disease. Parents usually send their children to these treatment centers for the best of reasons, but you have to wonder how this type of treatment could possibly help your children (and the research is pretty clear that it doesn't).

There is an excellent book called *The Truth About Addiction and Recovery*. The information contained in this book is so valuable that it is a must for any parents who are concerned with preventing substance abuse in their children. In fact, this book should be required reading for everyone working in the field of addiction and everyone who uses or abuses substances. Here the authors give this explanation of how people develop addictions: Most children who use drugs do so casually and ultimately reject drug experimentation, simply because they grow up and have better ways to spend time, and because they have more to lose than to gain from drug use. People who have the worst substance abuse problems, on the other hand, are those who cannot gain a foothold in life. They more often come from deprived environments or from seriously disrupted homes, or have severe personal or emotional problems. Drugs do not make people indolent, antisocial, or delinquent. Rather, people choose to use drugs because drugs allow them to feel and act in ways they need or want to.

They make a very powerful statement. They're saying that drugs themselves pose very little threat. They practically ignore

their addictive properties and instead emphasizes the individual's psychological makeup and the environment in which he or she lives. Keep in mind that the vast amount of research that has been done on addiction confirms this view. But again, we come back to my point that it makes us feel better to have something for us to point our fingers at. We've decided that drugs are the cause of most of the evil in the world, and have thus turned drugs into some sort of bogeyman. Unfortunately, the drug problem in this country is getting worse and worse and our current views certainly aren't helping the situation. ■

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Keen And Jean Run Into God In The Desert

By Keenan Reed

I first met Jean Rocco on the beach in Cardiff, California. I had seen some of his airbrush paintings in a local surf shop and was told I could find the artist at Cardiff Reef.

He walked out of the surf carrying a too-long surfboard. He was wearing bun huggers. He was tall, slim and had close-cropped, curly hair. His eyes looked as if he wore glasses.

His full name was Jean-Pierre Rocco, but he pronounced his first name Gene. In time we became friends, and in time I learned that Jean was a pathological liar. The longer I knew him, the taller his tales became. Among many other outrageous stories, he told me that as an infantryman in Viet Nam he had removed a fellow soldier's appendix while under fire on the battlefield. He followed directions radioed to him from a field hospital. I might have rolled my eyes a few times, but I never directly challenged one of Jean's stories.

The paintings were very good. There were a lot of young artists doing airbrush surf scenes, but Jean's were by far the best. There were exquisitely rendered pelicans in flight, surfers riding beautiful, blue, Pacific waves, and breathtaking sunsets. The paintings bore Jean's signature and, for all the world to know, he was the artist. But it was a lie. Jean's girlfriend, Althea, was the painter. Althea was painfully shy and barely spoke a word. They had made a marketing arrangement, Jean explained.

In spite of his need to lie, Jean was an interesting guy. He was intelligent, had a good sense of humor and could carry his end of a conversation. We smoked a lot of dope together. One fall night Jean and I were walking to dinner at a local cafe when he told me that he had scored some window-pane acid. During dinner he showed it to me. It was transparent amber, paper thin, and each hit was about an eighth inch square. He asked me if I wanted to drop that night. I said yes.

We decided that the desert would be a good place to trip. We drove out in my Volvo coupe. We wanted to time it so that we'd be coming on just as we reached the desert floor. We dropped on the far side of Escondido, about 45 minutes from Borrego Springs. By the time we reached Montezuma Grade, a steep, winding descent to the vast, flat desert, we were beginning to feel the first

hints of psychedelia.

The air was warm and dry. We had all the windows open and a country station tuned in at low volume on the radio. We coasted slowly in low gear as the twangy music drifted on the night air. A full moon hung in the eastern sky, eerily illuminating the boulder-strewn landscape. Ours was the only car on the road.

We glided down the steep grade, taking the sharp curves very slowly as we peered into the night. The mountain rose quickly to our left above the two-lane road and dropped off even more quickly to our right. An occasional viewpoint pull-out appeared on our side of the road, but there was no shoulder. Suddenly, on our right, a silhouetted figure rose from the mountainside below road level and walked past our open window as we rolled by. We didn't catch it in our headlights and saw no features of the figure. It was backlit by moonlight. It was barely more than an arm's length away. We swiveled in our seats and watched it disappear over the edge as quickly as it had appeared.

We turned and looked at each other in amazement. What was that? Where did it come from? We're out in the middle of nowhere, miles from anything. How did it get here? We decided that the silhouetted figure was Mescalito. It was a portent. An adventure into the unknown lay ahead.

The desert floor was quiet and still. We had been driving for an hour and a half, we hadn't really started to come on strong to the acid yet, and we wanted to get out of the car. We stopped at a bar on the edge of Christmas Circle in the little town of Borrego Springs. Inside, a half dozen patrons sat watching a football game on TV. Jean and I took stools at the bar and ordered draft beers. By the time my glass was half empty I began to become unusually fascinated by the head on the beer and by the way little bubbles appeared from nowhere and rose through the amber in a gaseous ballet. I knew they grew grapefruits in the desert near Borrego Springs, but when the bar patrons began to look like grapefruits, it was time to chug our beers and get out of there.

We drove east toward the Salton Sea. I was coming on to the acid now. I pulled off the road and stopped alongside a row of tall tamarisk trees. As I stood in the silent stillness staring into the clear, moonlit night, sounds arose, layered on one another like

audio tracks. There was an extremely high-pitched whine, like a finely tuned turbine running at top speed. There was a buzz that surrounded me like an aura. The sounds existed within a crisp electric crackle. I felt as if I could reach out, grab the air and break it like a dry stick. I heard the sounds, yet I felt that there was quiet all around me.

Waves of unseen energy coursed through my body like a slowly pulsating electric current. I was vibrantly alive, but I was on the edge of losing control. I looked at Jean. He seemed aloof and unaffected. I had to move. I ran down the road with my arms outstretched like wings, with tears streaming out the corners of my eyes and across my temples. I stopped and faced north. My arms were fully extended, reaching east and west. My palms were turned up to the night sky. I was enveloped by sound and furious, vibrating energy.

I stared straight overhead at the luminous full moon. I was part of the natural world. I was in the universe. The sound and energy of the life force was all around me. I looked down for an instant. When I turned my gaze up again, a huge, glowing ring had encircled the moon. I was close to being overwhelmed by wonder. I was on the brink of losing it completely.

It felt as if something flew close by my ears. I saw nothing, but I heard and felt something like wingbeats. They passed by, and a few seconds later they passed by again, then again, and again. It was as if two birds were flying in large parallel loops, swooping by my head and nearly touching my ears with their feathered wings. After a few minutes they stopped, and I turned and ran back to the car.

Jean stood leaning against the fender, impassive. He looked at me as if I was nuts. He looked like a guy observing a psycho ward.

"Jean, isn't it incredible? Are you feeling this? Are you feeling the life?"

He said nothing. He just stared at me through his little, round, wire-rimmed glasses, looking cool, looking detached.

We drove east again, then north. We had not seen another car. The asphalt road was straight, flat and wide. The desert landscape glowed soft violet in the moonlight. Suddenly I became aware that an invisible force had taken over the car. I took my foot off the gas and my hands off the wheel, and the Volvo drove on at 50 mph, straight as an

arrow. Then the hood and the dashboard started to glow with white, luminous light. A halo of intensely bright light rose in a layer about eight inches high and extended from the front of the car across the hood, through the windshield and over the dashboard.

I was utterly amazed, awed. I didn't know what to make of it. I looked at Jean, expecting to see him sitting with his eyes bugged out and his mouth agape. He was completely calm, unfazed.

I grabbed the wheel, applied the brake and brought the car to a stop. I turned the key in the ignition and the engine died. We sat without a word as the front of the car continued to glow. The glow expanded and enveloped me from head to toe. I was encased in a cocoon of light. I felt a slight tingling all over my body. Extremely bright, thick cords of light radiated from my navel, then curved in several directions and diffused to create a luminous sheath with me as its core.

I sat bewildered and afraid, looking at myself glow. I thought perhaps this isn't really happening; maybe the acid's got me, and I'm the only one who's seeing this. I turned to Jean and asked, "Jean, am I or am I not glowing in light?"

"Keen, you are glowing in light," he replied. He looked resentful, as if he was being left out of something magical that he couldn't deny and wanted desperately to be part of.

Suddenly an overwhelming force entered my body through my navel. It stretched out my legs and jammed my feet between the gas pedal and the transmission hump. It yanked my upper body so that my hips rose from the driver's seat, my shoulders were suspended above the seatback, and my head extended behind the headrest. I was held rigid, helpless to fight the force, with my weight resting on my heels and the headrest beneath my neck. As I moaned, awed and frightened, it held me for several minutes, then released me to slump into the seat.

"Jean, I don't know what's going on here, but I think you better drive."

We switched positions, and Jean drove west into the desert wilderness. The hood and the dashboard continued to glow with light, but I was no longer consumed by iridescence. I sat calmly until, without warning, the force entered my body, again through my navel. It jolted me up, quicker and stronger than before, and stretched me out and held me rigid. I had no control. I moaned. I cried. High voltage power coursed again and again through my body. Finally, it released me and I collapsed into the seat feeling relieved, exhausted and deeply afraid.

Jean drove on in silence as I was alternately seized and released by the mysterious force. Each time it released me I thought, this has

to stop sometime — maybe that's the last time it will grab me. Moments later it was back. I felt a vortex of energy gather strength at my belly and invade my body through my navel. I was helpless to resist as it coursed through me and thrust me into the same rigid, stretched-out position as before. Eventually, what I thought must happen did. The force released me and did not return.

Jean stopped the car and turned off the engine. My face was wet with tears. We sat in the desert silence. The invasive force was gone, and the hood and dashboard no longer glowed with light. Hours had passed and the moon now hung in the western sky over the mountains. It lit the narrow asphalt road and caused the creosote bushes to cast eerie skeleton shadows. Coyotes exchanged yips and howls in the distance. I felt an exhausted calm gradually come over me. I turned to Jean and said, "Something very strange and supernatural happened tonight. Sometime in the future, years from now, you're going to be asked about this experience. You'll be asked to verify that it occurred and to confirm the details, so please engrave it in your memory."

It didn't occur to me that I was asking a pathological liar to vouch for something that would be hard to believe even coming from an unimpeachable source.

We found our way back to Montezuma Grade and retraced our route home to the coast. We pulled into my driveway at dawn. I slept through most of the day. In the following weeks, each time I saw Jean he talked at length about our window-pane experience in the desert. With each successive telling of the story, he involved himself more deeply in it, eventually making it seem as if we were equally affected. I didn't call him on it.

One evening we sat on the polished oak floor in the living room of Jean and Althea's cottage in Cardiff. We were surrounded by Althea's paintings. Some hung on the walls, others rested on the floor leaning against the walls. With no furniture in the room, it looked like a gallery, which indeed it was. Jean and I sat alone in the room, talking and sharing a joint. Jean got up, walked into an adjoining room and returned with a painting. He sat down and turned the painting so that we could both see it. It was of Jean and me sitting in the bucket seats of my Volvo. It was painted from the point of view of someone sitting in the back seat. The viewer saw the backs of the front seats, two men — Jean and me — sitting in them facing front surrounded by halos of glowing light. Beyond the men the dashboard and the car hood glowed, and in the distance a silhouetted desert scene completed the composition.

For Althea, who of course wasn't there and never saw it, it was an amazingly accurate rendering of the scene — with one exception: Jean never glowed.

Despite my knowledge of Jean's lying, I was stunned that he had misrepresented our experience to Althea and had had her paint his version. He started to talk about that night, now giving himself the central role. That did it. With all his lies, the false painting and the altered story, I had had enough.

"Jean, it's bad enough that you tell these outrageous lies," I said. "But the thing that really galls me is that you think I believe you."

He stared at me through his wire-rimmed glasses, looking a little stunned.

"Keen, I think it's time for you to go," he said evenly.

I got up, walked out the front door and never saw Jean again.

Months later I was standing in a 7-11 flipping through a surfing magazine, and there was Jean. In several pages of color photos and text, he was celebrated as the cerebral surfer/artist who airbrushed the ocean scenes shown. There were the exquisitely rendered pelicans in flight and the surfers riding beautiful, blue, Pacific waves and the breathtaking sunsets. Jean and his scam lived on. ■

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The Miracle Paper Plant

By E. Horswill

Dropped into a hemp field today, an American farmer wouldn't recognize "The miracle paper plant," even though it will grow in every state in the Union.

He would be in a thicket, each plant growing to a height of 10 to 20 feet — like a young tree, except the stem is sappy, and he would be looking at the only known renewable that can meet the world's energy needs and cleanse the atmosphere.

The plant's ability to fertilize the soil and produce a crop after an earlier one, such as wheat or corn, is harvested was probably the characteristic for which my grandfather most cherished hemp on his Wisconsin farm. Until two hundred years ago, this fall hemp crop paid the taxes — with enough hemp seed left to keep the family in breakfast cereal.

But important as hemp's ability to rejuvenate the soil is, the fact that grandfather's crop matured in the fall, Wisconsin's shortest growing season, and that a field can produce three crops a year in temperate zones, more in the tropics, is of equal importance in today's needy world.

Until the Twentieth Century, hemp provided eighty percent of human needs. It made the toughest canvas, the finest linen, excellent rope, and protein rich food. Eighty-five percent of the world's marketable goods has been supplied by hemp — seventy-five

to ninety percent of its paper.

Today, especially to the college crowd, hemp is marijuana. Marijuana, one of the many hemp plants, can produce a mild high. I abhor the use of any addictive substance, but with the world teetering between survival and the inability to host life it seems unimportant. Yes, it is this trait that set

George
Washington
touted hemp
as "our
farmers'
future"

hemp up as our industrial scapegoat.

But long before that, hemp earned its royal reputation producing paper. According to USDA Bulletin No. 404 published in 1916, it takes 4.5 acres of forest to equal the paper produced by one acre of hemp.

Yet 40 percent of our forests are harvested

for paper! America grinds up over a million trees a week for paper pulp.

Forests are our siamese twins. A growing forest provides us four cubic feet of oxygen per minute per tree. The world ought to be demanding standing forests and hemp paper. Where is the United Nations?

Also paper made from wood disintegrates in fifty years costing libraries millions, while paper made from hemp is virtually indestructible. What entrepreneur would consider marketing an inferior product that takes sixty years instead of one-third of a year to grow and requires four times the land?

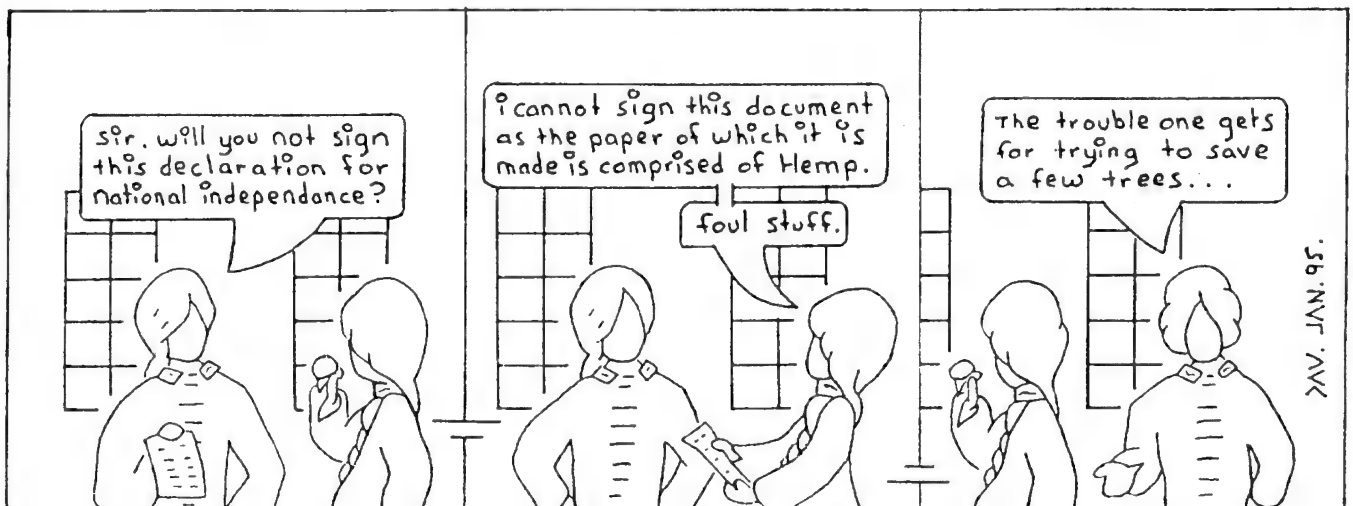
Ever since a handful of tribespeople exchanged wandering with their herds for tilling the fertile soils on the Nile and the Mesopotamian plateau, hemp has been the "pot of gold" in a variety of forms. In the Crown Colonies it was the old classic, "hemp, the export crop."

Connecticut, Massachusetts and the Chesapeake Colonies, among others, passed laws making it illegal NOT to grow hemp.

But hemp had to be hand stripped — "decorated" — a tedious job. Colonial women processed it in the duck pond, a system that produced a welcome by-product, fat, tasty duck, but did little to satisfy even the domestic appetite for hemp much

INTERNAL POSSESSION

by J. Hatch



less load ships for overseas. Worn out rope and rags made excellent paper: "rag paper." But the nation continued to import hemp.

George Washington touted hemp as "our farmers' future."

Jefferson, the good farmer, considered it unthinkable to depend on cotton: it had a "nasty habit of stripping the soil of fertility." He also predicted that "The ladies will not give up stronger, finer, wrinkle-free hemp goods:" and, indeed, in 1812, the United States went to war with England over access to Russian hemp. Otherwise, Jefferson's prediction proved inaccurate. The cotton gin rendered cotton cheap, and by 1900, cotton, the land gobbler, was "King."

In 1901 Henry Ford was absorbed in his horseless carriage when he heard an item of news: America's timber industries were gearing up to supply the world's ballooning paper needs from wood pulp. "We are already cutting our forests three times as fast as they can grow," Ford protested in alarm. "We must meet our needs with recyclable biomass, not fossil fuel."

Ford had been involved in the search for an alternative to petroleum to roll his contraption. Now he focused on energy for the nation. Shortly, his laboratories re-discovered hemp. "At least four times richer in renewal than any other source," Ford scientists reiterated. "Hemp planted on six percent of our land will provide all of America's energy year after year."

When fires raged through the West devastating billions of acres of timber, Ford reacted succinctly: "If we were using hemp, we'd harvest another crop in a couple of months."

The federal government assessed the charred forests and assigned a botanist and a paper chemist to study alternative sources for paper. In 1916 their report, USDA Bulletin #404, concluded that "hemp paper pulp is both more *economical* AND more *ecological* than wood pulp."

Ford, whose mind focused on solutions, urged immediate attention on building a hemp decorating machine.

No doubt, plans for it were instituted, but a war intervened: At last, in the 1930s excited farmers gathered on village street corners discussing their new hemp harvester.

But United States Goliath, Hearst Timber Industries would lose billions: nor had they been asleep. They, too, had a new invention. Or rather Hearst's friend and co-worker, Dupont did — a sulphate solution which would reduce wood to pulp with unheard of efficiency. It would also reduce bones, hide, and hair to pulp, pit marble, pock iron, and burn holes in stomachs, animal and human, while hemp, turns to pulp in water — for

bleach, threw in peroxide which quickly breaks down into hydrogen and oxygen with a double dose of the latter. Released into the atmosphere it becomes ozone. Sulfuric acid clings stubbornly to its compound form. With this "improvement" a Dupont attorney hastened to a friend in Congress: via a committee chaired by a nephew of the Chief of the USDA, who had close connections with the Dupont Family, he soon had their witch's potion cleared for use — now the Hearst conglomerate had only to dispose of the competition.

They discovered that marijuana was a product of one of the hemp plants, and "hemp" became "marijuana" and marijuana a great danger "to our children." Inevitably, their closed door machinations reached the Oval Office and the ears of the President.

One wonders whether FDR's first impulse was to laugh or scream. Here was a scheme to dispose of a plant the profits from which he surely had been hailing as a godsend, to help pay for his programs designed to yank the nation out of The Great Depression. The purpose must have been transparent — a zany scheme that would make the plant the criminal rather than its misuse — tantamount to declaring it a crime to grow corn, barley, wheat, rye, potatoes and rice, because they can be used to produce whiskey, vodka and wine!

FDR lost no time in lining up his support group of opponents, among them, Fiorelli LaGuardia the feisty little Mayor of New York with reputation as a mean fighter, Ralph Laziers, of the National Oil Seed Institute, Doctor James Woodward, of the A.M.A., and a prosecutor for the Bureau of Narcotics. Hearst pulled out their trump card, the power of press: and they set into motion the world's most shameful era of Yellow Journalism.

A key scene in Hearst tabloids and others was the image of HUGE, BLACK Negroes, insane with marijuana, raping white women: While it whipped citizens to a frenzy, the farmers exhibited little serious interest in this marijuana squabble.

Hemp has an enormous family with members that have little in common. For instance, in drug potential, they range from the psychologically addictive hashish, to the paper plant, with a THC drug factor too low to mention, and some benign weeds, such as nettles.

The farm attitude is best depicted by the following exchange between my grandfather and his neighbor:

"Heard you had the Feds crawling around your back forty during the night, Bob."

"Yup. Penned the dog in the barn. Figured they might get a pair of handcuffs on that

patch of nettles!"

The farmers were producing paper, not marijuana.

Rational people that they were, they were confident that whatever legalese the attorneys bleated, it would leave space to exempt the paper plant. What country would endanger a billion dollar export crop? Theirs was not a lone opinion.

Popular Mechanics published an article eulogizing the new crop four months after the passage of The Marijuana Act. But even the biomass cracking system producing electricity, heating oil, kerosene, a high protein stock food, and an auto powered by hemp fuel, Henry Ford now unveiled made little impact. With the passage of The Marijuana Act, the timber industry disposed of their competitor. However, The Roosevelt Administration made one more comment.

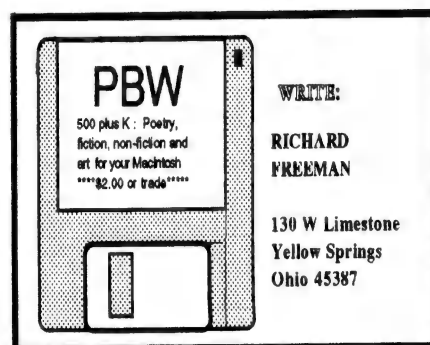
In 1942, FDR ignored the law and distributed 400,000 pounds of hemp seed to farmers for the war effort. Further seed for the plant "so dangerous to our children" would be grown by 4H Clubs! No one challenged him. The War would be temporary: the timber industry was already at work devastating our fish runs and poisoning the planet.

That has taken only 50 years — but, Henry Ford's statement in his later days, that when we run out of forests we'll still have the paper plant, is both comforting and true.

The grumblings of the timber companies, that their production suffers because they have run into a solid wall of environmentalists, is not true: what they have run into is the Pacific Ocean — which sooner or later they will be forced to concede. When they do, they too, will be interested in the paper plant and possibly of use in our drive toward sustainability. We will need strict guidelines and a new enforcement squad: the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management have proved incompetent.

But the paper plant can allow us to rebuild our forests.

And perhaps we have ALL learned that the best use for these trees is standing up, well-rooted, puffing out oxygen. ▣



The Art of Deception: Polygraph Lie Detection

By Michael Lawrence Langan, M.D.

"I'd swear to it on my very soul, If I lie, may I fall down cold."

- Rubin and Cherise
(Hunter/Garcia)

The accuracy of polygraphic lie detection is slightly above chance. Nevertheless, State and local police departments and law enforcement agencies across the United States are devoted proponents of this unscientific and specious device. In addition, the American public seems to lend an implicit credence to the "lie detector" as evinced by its ubiquitous use on television crime shows and in "whodunit" literature. It is given overt attributions of credibility on tabloid type talk shows and news shows. For example, in the highly publicized case of Tonya Harding a reporter stated, not with removed objectivity but with sardonic grin and mocking emphasis, that the accused had failed two polygraph tests. The implied assumption is that if the person has failed the polygraph test, then therefore he or she is guilty regardless of other evidence. Bottom line. *Culpa ex machina.* End of story.

Lie detection by the polygraph is based on the premise that the act of telling a lie causes specific, universal, and reproducible physiological responses as manifested by the autonomic nervous system. (Saxe, 1991) These physiological responses, which are largely outside the influence of voluntary control, are then measured by the polygraph instrument. The polygraph itself is simplistic in design. It consists of several devices which are attached to the subject to record blood pressure, pulse, respiration, and galvanic skin response (which is related to perspiration). The results are then recorded on a moving paper by a "kymograph." Hence any change of one of the autonomic nervous system variables will be recorded on the paper as a change from baseline. The polygraph examiner then interprets the tracing. A characteristic change from baseline on a relevant question is interpreted as a lie.

In fact, the polygraph test does measure autonomic nervous system activity. The role of the autonomic nervous system with its sympathetic and parasympathetic branches is well defined within the field of medicine, and was well described by the French physiologist Claude Bernard over a century ago. The primary role of the autonomic nervous system is to maintain bodily homeostasis to allow the individual to exist in a changing

environment.

Simplistically described, the autonomic nervous system is a part of the peripheral nervous system which consists of a variety of outgoing nerve pathways that regulate important physiological functions generally outside of voluntary and conscious control. Thus, respiration, body temperature, heart rate, digestion, sweating, and blood pressure are all, partly or entirely, regulated by the autonomic nervous system. It is divided into sympathetic and parasympathetic branches which have contrasting functions in terms of effect. The sympathetic branch increases heart rate, respiratory rate, blood pressure, and perspiration. It is active at all times but varies with the constantly changing environment, and is especially active during rage or fright and prepares

"In reality, the examination itself is inherently designed to elicit fear and anxiety. It is an interrogation."

the body for the so called "fight or flight" phenomenon. Many of these reactions are caused by the release of epinephrine. The parasympathetic nervous system, on the other hand, is primarily involved with conservation and restoration. It is the sympathetic branch of the autonomic nervous system that the polygraph measures in terms of its activity. Thus, from a medical perspective it is entirely valid that the polygraph will accurately measure sympathetic nervous system activity with its instrumentation.

The false assumption of the polygraph test is that dishonesty is the sole cause of sympathetic arousal during a polygraph examination. Deception is a cognitive phenomenon that cannot be measured. Indeed, throughout the entire history of medicine there has not

been a single scientific study that demonstrated evidence that a cognitive phenomenon (such as love, hatred, truth, altruism, jealousy) could be measured. Since, in the complex realm of truth and deception, there is no known physiological response that correlates with lying, then there is no validity to the test. Although the act of lying can elicit fear and anxiety via the sympathetic nervous system, so can multiple other confounding and complex emotional factors including stress, embarrassment, anger, and fear. "Deception itself cannot be measured directly." (Steinbrook, 1992) In addition, each individual differs in autonomic lability. Some people stay calm with a gun at their head. While others get autonomically excited, with heart thumping and palms sweating at simply shaking someone's hand.

In reality, the examination itself is inherently designed to elicit fear and anxiety. It is an interrogation. If this fear and anxiety are recorded on a relevant question, then you have failed that question according to the polygraph "experts."

The polygraph technique begins with a pre-test. After a sixth- grade level lecture on the nervous system and a proclamation of the tests infallibility, the examiner will go over all of the questions that have been formulated.

These questions consist of control questions, relevant questions, and irrelevant questions. The subject will then be attached to the polygraph equipment and the formal testing begins.

The most crucial questions on the polygraph examination, or "Control Question Test," are the control questions and relevant questions. The control questions are garnered from the suspect by asking him an innocuous question which could not be truthfully denied. For example, "Have you ever thought of hurting someone?" or "Have you ever lied to anyone?" The responses to the control questions will elicit some degree of autonomic activity which can then serve as a baseline for which to compare subsequent questions. The relevant questions pertain to the actual investigation at hand. The magnitude of responses to relevant questions and control questions as compared with the irrelevant questions is then interpreted, in a non-blinded manner, by the examiner. The assumption is, that if you are prevaricat-

ing, the relevant questions will cause a greater response than the control questions. So if the question "Have you ever been late for an appointment?" (control question) elicits less of an emotive response on the polygraph equipment than "Did you murder and rape your girlfriend?" (relevant question) you have failed the test. And, according to the American Polygraph Association (APA) you are lying. Assuming the subject is innocent, it is fairly obvious that he would respond with more emotional autonomic activity to a question regarding a recently deceased loved one than he would an inquiry about punctuality. Obvious to everyone, that is, but the APA.

The APA is a professional organization for polygraph examiners who have complete faith in the accuracy of the test. They have their own trade journal *Polygraph* in which they report scientifically worthless studies and brandish anecdotes of the wonders of their trade. The majority of these members can pride themselves on completing a 6 week to 6 month post-high school training course in the art of polygraphy. They have no formal training in medicine, psychology, physiology, or behavior; the very disciplines on which the testing is based. The majority of them cater to the legal system wherein their economic livelihood depends.

Since they are primarily paid to identify guilty suspects, motivational factors may play a part in their eagerness to find the guilty suspect. (Kleinmuntz, 1987)

The accuracy of any test is determined by that tests sensitivity (ability to find a positive) and specificity (ability to find a negative). A polygraph examiner will ardently tell you that the exam has somewhere in the neighborhood of a 95% sensitivity rate. This means that if 100 guilty suspects are given a polygraph exam, 95 of them will be detected through the test. Only five of the 100 will be a false negative and not be detected by this miraculous method. Likewise they will claim a similar specificity rate, and state that if you are telling the truth then you have almost a 100% chance of being cleared by the test. John Reid, the inventor of the Control Question Test claimed 99% accuracy. (Reid and Inbau, 1977)

This is clearly not accurate. The polygraph was not subjected to much critical and scientific investigation until the last two decades. (Saxe, et. al., 1983) Since this time there have been a number of studies of sound scientific design and methodology which clearly refute the high specificity and sensitivity that the polygraph advocates claim. These studies have appeared in reputable peer-reviewed journals and not trade publications. Horvath, for example, reported

a sensitivity of 76 percent and a specificity of 52 percent. (Horvath, 1977) This means that out of 100 liars 76 of them will be detected by the polygraph. What is astonishing though is the specificity of 52 percent. This means that out of 100 people who are not lying, 52 will be identified as telling the truth while 48 of the honest individuals will be branded as liars. The odds are similar to that of a coin toss which would have a specificity of 50 percent. Barland and Raskin's study actually demonstrated a specificity of 45%. Worse than a coin toss. (Barland and Raskin, 1976) Multiple other studies have shown similar results. (Brett, et. al., 1986, Kleinmuntz and Szucko, 1984, Lykken, 1984).

The polygraph examiner likens his "skill" to that of the radiologist reading a chest X-Ray or a cardiologist interpreting an EKG. (Barefoot, 1974) This analogy is not only ridiculous but, in fact, if a medical test had a similar sensitiv-

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that the criminal
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institutionalized
and perpetuated a
so-called "technology"
that lacks scientific
evidence and is in fact
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scientific community."***

ity and specificity to that of the polygraph examination it would simply not be used in the field of medicine. They will cite the fact that the polygraph has been used in the United States for greater than 70 years as if longevity is directly related to validity. They will state that they have personally administered hundreds or thousands of these tests, and have almost never been wrong, as if total number of tests given constitutes accuracy.

They are so convinced of the accuracy of the polygraph that they regard opponents of polygraphy as communists and do-nothing professors. (Arther, 1986) It doesn't occur to them that someone with a Ph.D. and years of research experience, in the very subjects they ignorantly dabble in, may know something more than they do.

It is astounding that the criminal justice system has institutionalized and perpetuated

a so called "technology" that lacks scientific evidence and is in fact rejected by the scientific community. It is as ludicrous as procuring the so called "love meter" machine from the amusement park which measures galvanic skin response and placing it in the courtroom. But in a backward legal system which has been known to use psychics to help with unsolved murders and has allowed the mentally retarded to serve as jurors, it is not entirely surprising. The tool is useful to them, however, in that 25 to 50 percent of examinees will, under the tense psychological pressure of the exam, confess to the misdeed at hand. (Lykken, 1981, Lykken, 1991) Persuaded that they have been proven dishonest by "scientific" means they give up hope. It is usual for the polygraph examiner to interrogate the subject who has failed the test. They will state that there is no way now to deny the objective guilt demonstrated by this impartial and unbiased scientific device, and that the only available option is to confess.

The assessment by the polygrapher is genuinely convincing because, sadly, he believes it himself. Thus the instrument is clearly useful as a confession inducing device. One wonders, over the past 70 years, how many false confessions have been obtained in this way from innocent persons.

In summary, the polygraph is a ludicrous implementation of pseudo-science at its worst. The members of the APA are non-scientists practicing science, and the consequences are often dire. Lykken reports the cases of three men who were convicted of murder largely due to the polygraph examiners testimony that in their "expert opinion" they had failed the test. All three were subsequently found to be innocent. (Lykken, 1991) Polygraph examiners ignore such cases or rationalize that they are due to the rare incompetence of some examiners.

The continued use of polygraphic lie detection has the potential to cause much harm to those who are judged dishonest by its results. The specificity and sensitivity are not dissimilar to that of a coin toss. Innocent suspects have about a 50/50 chance. One failure is all it takes to ruin your life. Since the 1923 Federal Court decision of *Frye vs United States* (293 F 1013 [DC Cir 1923]), polygraph evidence has not been admissible in federal court cases because there was deemed a lack of scientific validity to the test. This travesty however is still used widely by the state court system. Furedy characterizes the continued use of polygraphy as a serious

"social disease." (Furedy, 1987) State laws regarding abuse of the polygraph must change, and it is time for the medical and scientific communities to educate lawmakers and policy makers about the true validity of this perversion of science. It must be forever banished to the same realm of parapsychology as the Ouija Board, phrenology, and palmistry. The relatively conservative American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recommended that the polygraph not be used in pre-employment screening and security clearance. (Council on Scientific Affairs, 1986) It is time to extend this recommendation across the board, and put the greater than 3000 anachronistic polygraph examiners in the United States out of business.

Meanwhile, if you are asked to take a polygraph test—don't do it. Those involved in the criminal justice system, including lawyers, are largely uneducated in the realm of scientific scrutiny and experimental methodology.

They may not separate science and pseudoscience, and erroneously believe that the polygraph is an accurate scientific instrument. Their interactions are with polygraph examiners who proselytize its use, and they have little or no interaction with scientists, psychologists, and physicians who refute its use. Refuse to take the test and educate them. Cite the Frye doctrine, go to the medical library, copy the scientific articles which belie its validity, and present them to whom-ever requested you to take the test. State that the principles and assumptions underlying polygraphy are not supported by our understanding of psychology, neurology, and physiology. Then put the burden of proof on their heads. Tell them to present you with scientific evidence that corroborates the validity of the test. There is simply no rational basis for a machine to detect liars.

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Voices Of Adoptees: The Silent Society

By Emily Sarah Lineback

Adoption is much more than a legal arrangement transferring guardianship of raising a child born to someone else as one's own. To all parties involved, adoption is a lifelong fact that brings with it numerous emotions.

The closed adoption process, from the sealing of original birth certificates and adoption records to the withholding of information about the birth parents, is quite covert. For all the laws that protect the birth parents' anonymity, that guard the adoptive parents' interests, little justice is given to the adopted adult.

As a child, the youth was an unrepresented third party who had no input to any decision made. As adults, adoptees still basically have no rights in simply obtaining information about themselves. Law vary from state to state, but for many adoptees, finding out their complete biological and medical histories is unattainable.

Adopted children never have to question if they were wanted by the adoptive parents. No one is adopted by accident. "I feel like I'm special (because) I was chosen," Angela*, who has known since age 5 that she was adopted, said.

"I am proud of being adopted," Crystal said. "I wouldn't trade anything in my life."

Adoptees do sometimes question their "sense of self" or their heritages. Without access to their ancestral pasts, their biological histories are incomplete.

Every person explores his or her genetic background and family heritage to some degree, whether it be as detailed as constructing a family tree or as casual as the knowledge of having Grandpa's nose or Aunt Linda's laugh. If only as much opportunity for information would be provided for adoptees, many would find peace of mind and satisfaction there.

The mystery surrounding adoptees' backgrounds can often fuel feelings of frustration. "I've never really wanted to meet (my biological parents). I just wonder what they look like, who I take after," Darren said. "It just makes me mad that I can't find out about them," because laws prohibit disclosing any identifying information.

These feelings of frustration vary in intensity from person to person and the feelings of each person vary over time. "I never thought about my birth mother a lot until I became pregnant with my first child," Tammy

admits. "Some of my thoughts were health-related . . . but mainly I thought of her feelings during pregnancy, crazy things like what she craved, how she felt when I kicked . . ."

It's natural for adoptees to wonder about their heritages and normal to think about their birth parents. For some, curiosity becomes a deeper desire. "It was like this internal need to find my birth mother," Kelly said. "I was obsessed about it for so long."

At age 18, Kelly searched for and found her birth mother. "It isn't a fairy tale when you find your birth parents, but for me, it was what I needed to do."

Other adoptees are content simply to wonder about their biological histories. Some adoptees do not want to know. "I never want to hear from (my birth parents), see them, or know who they are," Crystal said.

Adoptees' emotions range from a feeling of wonder about their birth parents to a feeling of love to resentment to hate. And it's common for an adoptee to feel each of these emotions during his or her life.

Mixed in with curiosity and/or resentment toward the birth parents is a deep loyalty to the adoptive parents. Some adoptees don't search for their birth parents because they feel that doing so would be betraying their adoptive parents. "I feel like (meeting my birth parents) would hurt my adopted parents," Angela said. "I would like to see them from a distance though."

"I would never want to hurt my parents by looking for (my birth parents)," Crystal added.

Very often adoptees don't simply "feel" that they would hurt their adoptive parents: many times the adoptive parents do feel hurt, scared, betrayed.

"My mom has said in so many words that she'd feel like I was saying she wasn't enough or that somehow I wasn't satisfied with her if I looked for my birth parents," Darren said. "I wish she wouldn't look at it that way. It isn't an either/or situation. I think she's mostly afraid she would be 'replaced,' but that would never happen. She is my mom, period."

Kelly's parents were at first nervous about her meeting her birth mother. "Spending Thanksgiving with my (biological) family hurt my mom, but other than that, they've been fine with it." They supported Kelly

during her search and later spent time with Kelly's birth mother "which helped my parents a lot. They used to be afraid my birth mother was going to take me away, but now they know I'm not going anywhere. And there's enough love for everyone."

Adoptees often are frustrated not with the fact that they are adopted, but with people's misconceptions of adoption. "We don't really dwell on the fact that my mother didn't give birth to me - that isn't important to us. We are a family in every sense of the word," Crystal said.

"They are not my 'adoptive parents'; they are my parents . . . A parent is someone who is there when you need them, through the good and the bad times. Giving birth to someone doesn't make you a parent," Crystal added.

"The maddest I ever got was when I caught the end of some public service announcement with all these kids on a playground saying 'and remember, adopted kids are just like everyone else.' I thought, who ever said they weren't?" Darren said.

"At a big family reunion, one of my aunts introduced me saying, 'This is Tammy, Carl and Martha's adopted daughter.' I wonder if she introduces all my cousins as so-and-so's Cesarean daughter or vaginal son?" Tammy quipped. "I'm not ashamed of being adopted, but I am offended of being separated in that way just because I'm adopted. People make it into too big of an issue."

"I'm a bastard child," Kelly laughed. "I have to joke about it. People can be so cruel. They need to understand that it's just one factor in a person's life. I just happen to be adopted - that's one way I'm special."

"I'm not any more or less of a daughter because I'm adopted," Angela said. "And my parents are real parents. We're a family and I thank God for bringing us together."

Every family is different; each family's dynamics are special and unique. Each of us is set apart from everyone else for some reason, and being adopted is just one of many elements in an individual's life.

"Other than getting to celebrate two birthdays - the day I was born and the day I was adopted - I had a pretty normal childhood, whatever that is," Angela laughed. ■

*Last names have been omitted to protect individuals' privacy

Searching For Me

By Emily Sarah Lineback

Sometimes when I look into a mirror, I pause and wonder who I am, where I came from, who I came from. Questions race through my mind: Why did she give me away? Am I the result of love or purely lust? Do I have any brothers or sisters? What nationalities do I possess? How could she give me away?

Those rare moments out of my usually content and happy life, when I objectingly accept that I am a bastard in the authentic meaning of the word and a young girl's sinful mistake, I can't help but doubt myself. Those few instances momentarily destroy my sense of self.

I have known the fact that I am adopted almost as long as I have known my name. Saying "I'm adopted" has always been easy for me - I have always felt special, chosen. My adoption was never a secret to me. Yet everything surrounding it was and remains to be.

As worn and tired as the phrase may be, it is true that I feel some part of me is missing . . . or rather misplaced. It isn't that I have ever felt less than "whole" because I lack my biological history or knowledge of my birth parents. It is more the slight feeling of being hollow - of hearing a faint echo inside myself.

I decided that I wanted to find out more about my origin -not necessarily to locate my birth parents, but at least to discover something about my heritage. To better know the person I am, I must possess a fragment of my genetic history.

Wednesday, just two days after I had called the Children's Home Society, the organization from which I was adopted, it arrived: the letter from CHS containing all the non-identifying birth heritage information permitted by law.

I simply stared at the letter for the longest time as if it were a sacred treasure. I slowly opened it and read it over and over again, devouring every word.

"The birth mother was a 17-year-old senior in high school and an above average student . . . She was an attractive young woman being 5'6" tall with blue eyes, dark brown hair and a medium complexion . . . She very seriously and carefully considered the plan of adoption, especially wanting a very loving and stable family to be chosen."

The letter contained sketchy medical data, hobbies - when I was young my parents told

me they thought I should take piano lessons because my birth mother played, and here it was in writing! - and general facts about the birth mother's life as well as immediate relatives. What the letter barely mentioned was anything about the birth father. The letter even stated that he was never contacted directly. The few facts that were listed about him were provided by the birth mother.

Thoughts began to flood my mind: Did he even know she was pregnant? If not, why wouldn't she tell him? The facts she had supplied about him, were they true? Was he 22 years old? Had he been in the military?

Maybe she didn't know who the father was? Or maybe she did, but he was a perverted uncle. Or maybe he was married. Was it just a meaningless one night stand and she knew it was useless to contact him? Maybe she loved him and he loved her, but her parents objected to their relationship . . .

My thoughts were racing out of control. I was supposed to be satisfied now. I should have been content with what I had learned, but my curiosity was even greater. I decided to take my search one step further.

"Your original birth certificate along with all the adoption papers are sealed. A court order would have to be obtained in order for them to be seen, and this is granted only under very unusual or special circumstances," a lawyer informed me.

My original birth certificate? Another certificate with perhaps a different name on it that could have been mine? This newly-found information completely amazed me. Would I have been a Jennifer, a Tammy, a Paula?

There is little possibility that I could ever get a court order to open my adoption records. There are several circumstances that are considered in disclosure cases: Two common reasons include the psychological needs of the adoptee, and the adoptee's need for medical information.

But why do I need a court order when they are my records? It is simply knowledge of myself that I wish to obtain. Aren't I being denied my rights?

What started as an effort to find a piece of myself turned into much more: It no longer is just a matter of wanting to know more about myself, but the simple fact that the law prohibits and withholds from me what should be the most basic human right - to know my heritage.

I don't know what I will do now. There are several directions I could pursue. Yet, truly I don't even know what I'm looking for or what I expect to find.

I was adopted at the age of eight-weeks by a wonderful, loving couple who had ached for a child for 13 years. It is fascinating how one person's mistake and pain can bring such joy to another. My parents have given me an abundance of love and I have never wanted for anything.

Under "A Day to Remember" in my baby book, I find these words, "June 11, 1969, is a day Mother and Daddy will never forget. That's the day we adopted little Emily Sarah Lineback. We couldn't wait to see you. It was dreary-looking and raining when we left Pilot Mountain, but by the time we got back, the sun was out! The day was beautiful, you were beautiful."

I find myself wondering if I were able to obtain all the information about my birth parents, would I want to? If I knew their names, would I want to meet them? If so, how would my life be affected? And theirs? But the decision to know or not know should be mine to make.

In only a few days, it will have been twenty years since I was born. Where or to whom, I do not know. I do know that my birth mother must have possessed courage, and felt a sense of love for me. She chose unselfishly to share her life with me for nine months and then part with me without ever even once being able to hold me or see me.

Perhaps she didn't give me away, but rather gave me up. She altered her life for me - not just during pregnancy - but forever. She loved me enough to bear the burden and pain of having me . . . and not having me.

It is true that a part of me will always want to know just a little more. Yet for now, and indeed most moments, I am satisfied being Emily Sarah Lineback: me.

Since writing this article in 1988, though I have gained much more belief in myself and who I am, adoptees' rights have not gained much ground. Although there are many more open adoptions, thousands of adult adoptees still have no complete background information available to them.

Adoptees have the innate right to know their biological histories, and to be aware of complete medical histories which could one day prove critical to their own survival or in deciding whether or not to have a child. The

choice to know or not know should rest with the adoptee, not the courts.

Adoption must not continue to be shrouded in secrecy. Compromises must be made and legislation which satisfies the rights of all parties involved - the birth parents, the adoptive parents, and the adopted child - must be passed. ■

MISSING PIECES

By Gordon S. Livingston, M.D.

Adoption is a process burdened by unresolved conflicts, unrealistic expectations, and a peculiar mythology. It is my view that this mythology constitutes a unique problem for adoptees in that it impedes the already difficult effort to establish a stable and reassuring sense of self which is, after all, the pre-eminent task of childhood and adolescence.

Unlike religion which propagates myths to explain that which we cannot know for certain, the mythology of adoption is used to hide those things which we do not wish to confront.

One of the more durable pieces of adoption folklore is the story of the "chosen child." According to this tale, mercifully no longer in vogue, the parents selected the adopted baby from a cast of thousands rather than, as really happened, gladly took the first child offered them by the agency or other intermediary. The purpose of the myth, of course, is to convey a sense of specialness to the child. What it is meant to disguise in many cases is the unpalatable reality that adoption has traditionally been second-choice parenthood, the forced alternative for couples unable to conceive, who often, as the price of consideration, had to submit to the agency some certification of infertility. The child then takes on, to some extent, the burden of that infertility and is expected to assuage whatever sense of incompleteness or inadequacy the parents feel.

A corollary myth is that being adopted is "just like" being born into the family. Here, as elsewhere, our vocabulary betrays us. For, if our biological offspring are our "natural" children, then what must we call our adopted child? "Unnatural" perhaps? At any rate, the "just like" myth, again meant to comfort and reassure all parties, in fact denies the real differences that exist and influence the development of the adopted child. More than that, as these differences are experienced by the child, the natural questions that arise are often repressed and denied in the interest of preserving the illusion that adoptive ties are the same as biological ones.

A primary difference, of course, and the

one that is most often ignored in the transactions between adoptive parents and their children, is the unsavory fact that the child was given up by the person to whom he or she might have expected to have life's closest bond: the birthmother. Again a myth is invoked to rescue the parents from the truth. In this case the story often takes the form of "Your mother was not able to take care of you, but she loved you so much that she made sure you would have a good home." Like most myths this one may be true in whole or in part, but it also may not be. The truth is that in most cases the biological mother's feelings and state of mind at the moment she surrendered the child are simply not known. It also requires some definitional gymnastics to equate an act of relinquishment with love - at least in a way that a child can comprehend.

The true difficulty faced by most birthmothers is seldom openly acknowledged; that is, to put the matter delicately, that the child was born out of wedlock, or, as the law would have it, is "illegitimate." This unenviable status is shared by more than 80% of adoptees and can be a difficult topic of conversation between parents and children.

It is the continued existence of the biological parents that constitutes one of the most troublesome, if unspoken, realities for adoptive families. The myth of the birthparents' simultaneous death in an auto accident is a convenient, though somewhat passe, means of disposing of them. Mostly though, little is known about them and they are simply ignored, leading, naturally, to any number of elaborate fantasies on the part of the adopted child. These include imagining that the birthparents are wealthy or of royal blood, or, alternatively, moral degenerates or inmates of mental institutions.

Certainly it is true that even children born into a family are subject to the so-called "family romance" fantasy in which they imagine themselves to be adopted. The point is that such imaginings are subject to correction through reassurance and information supplied by their parents. And what of the real facts about themselves which would dispel these myths and fantasies for adopted children? Well, that information, you see, is secret. It is a secret kept, not just by adoptive parents trying to protect their own interests and insecurities; it is a secret protected by the institutions which govern us: courts, legislatures, social agencies. And what is the consequence of this secrecy? In our dealings with each other we generally keep secret those things of which we are in some way ashamed. The secrecy with which adoption has been surrounded implies shame

and is a further burden with which an adoptee must struggle in the human effort to achieve a stable identity - to answer the question, "Who am I?" It is in this task that the adopted person faces special difficulties. Our identities are comprised of all the variables which render us unique: race, sex, intelligence, physical characteristics, to name a few. Those who are not adopted take for granted a knowledge of their biological heritages and integrate it unconsciously into their self-concept. Adopted people, lacking this knowledge, live with something missing. How important this is varies with the individual, but, just as an exercise, I would like those of you who are not adopted to try to imagine not knowing your nationality, your family's medical history, and never in your life having encountered a single person to whom you had a blood relationship.

The reason behind this elaborate mythology and its attendant need for secrecy is, it seems to me, a search for an unattainable perfection. The whole process of adoption and the new relationships it creates represents an implied intent to give perfect children to certifiably perfect parents, all of whom will live happily ever after. A new birth certificate is created; the old one is "sealed;" the child's name is changed; and the birthparents become non-persons, nameless and forever invisible. This is an elaborate, prolonged, and expensive deception which is undertaken with all good intent in the name of family stability. Whatever the rationalizations invoked, however, the charade is designed to protect the interests of the adults involved at the expense, not only of the truth, but of the adopted person's right to self-knowledge.

What are we afraid of? It would appear that what we fear is life itself in all its uncertainty, complexity, and imperfection. One opponent of open records fears that if birthparents were accessible to adult adoptees then adoptive parents would feel like "long-term foster parents." Well, aren't we in a sense long-term foster parents of *all* our children, whether born to us or not? Surely we do not own or seek to control their destinies as adults. What a sad commentary on adoption it is to note that the majority of adult adoptees who inquire into their biological origins cannot even share the fact of their searching with their adoptive parents for fear of hurting them or appearing disloyal.

It need not be so. The questions adopted people ask about themselves are universal; Who are we and to whom are we connected in time? The searches we embark upon are not for our mothers. We already know them; they raised us. The search is for ourselves. And there is nothing to fear. ■

La Santeria

By Katherine K. Alamo

"And fools who came to scoff remained to pray"

- Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*

Animal sacrifice. Hidden rituals. These are terms that conjure feelings of fear. Of the acts — or is it a dark interest that frightens us? America's pop culture has satanic and pagan possibilities shoved at every turn, from 'B'-grade movies to best sellers, promoting fear of ritual sacrifice.

A fundamental crux in formulating our U.S. was establishing freedom of religion. In blatant disregard, there has been an increase over the past few decades in the demand for uniformity when it comes to unique religions.

The media has repeatedly characterized la Santeria by focusing upon its inappropriateness in today's society. The most controversial aspect of Santeria is the practice of animal sacrifice during religious ceremonies. In order to uphold the fabric on which our country was founded it must be tolerated — no matter how appalling.

In our lives, knowledge develops understanding. With la Santeria, however, this is impossible to achieve; a requirement of the religion is the adherence to total secrecy. Many people assume that secrecy means having something to hide. In reality, secrecy is simply a matter of history and tradition — two critical aspects of la Santeria. Due to society's ignorance about this religion, they are afraid of it.

To quell some of this ignorance, we're going to follow Dr. Maria Rodriguez through her indoctrination to the religion. Obviously, in keeping with the tradition of secrecy, Dr. Rodriguez is not her real name; however, her story is.

Maria is American, having been born in New York and raised in Florida. But her parents, and all other family, are Cuban. The majority, including Maria, are Catholic. However, a few practice la Santeria. This alternate religion was regarded and tolerated as an eccentric trait of "those queer aunts" until, at the age of 25, Maria was diagnosed with a fatal blood disease. Being a student of medicine, Maria's scientific mind sought scientific help — no use — she was given six weeks to live. Time to visit the aunt.

Being in a state of depression and fear, Maria was desperate. She readily agreed to anything and everything her aunt, the high

priestess, decreed. "The first step," the priestess explained, "is to understand our origins."

The priestess unveiled the religion's history on a hot and humid September night. They sat in a small room in her aunt's home dedicated to the saints of la Santeria.

"Many hundreds of years ago, in Nigeria, the Yoruba tribe practiced their religion — proud and free and in honor. Unfortunately, many Yorubas were brought to the New World to be sold as slaves. They brought their colorful religious mythology with them. It was known in Cuba as Lucumi."

Maria was enthralled, and she listened with intent.

"Due to the slaves' extreme despair and agony, religion became the dominant factor in their lives. It was their unifier. They needed their priests who reacted from their religious-mythological background and brought their people together. They practiced their religion at night, hidden in the forests; the slave owners were frightened by the power they felt generated by la Santeria. Not understanding this power, they believed it to be barbaric and pagan. Whenever a slave was caught practicing his beliefs, he was severely punished. This was the beginning of Santeria's secrecy."

The priestess paused and Maria looked around the room. Her aunt leaned forward as she sat in her high-backed wicker chair. At her feet lay the wooden ceremony bowls filled with offered fruit.

She continued, "Our religion had a critical turning point here in the Americas: The introduction of Catholic saints. As more slaves were introduced to Catholicism they noticed similarities. The Christian dogmas and their mythological tradition were closely related, as were the lives of Catholic saints and their own gods. Olofin, for example, was compared to Jesus or the Blessed Sacrament, for this was the son of God. Besides, it helped the slaves practice our forbidden religion by identifying their deities with the saints of the Catholic Church. It is why we changed the name from Lucumi to Santeria."

Maria's Spanish was sufficient to know that the word Santo (saint) literally means the worship of saints.

"Today, Maria, we practice Santeria as a combination of both the original Yoruba religion and the Catholic. We use stories from the Bible to delineate the character of the saints, making it more transferable to the Yoruba deities."

The African woman in a wrapped turban who hung on a mural beside the wicker chair had eyes that seemed to penetrate through Maria's soul. Maria shivered.

"In spite of this influence from the Catho-

lic Church, Santeria reigns as a primitive magic, and deep in the heart of Africa lie its roots."

Through the evening, Maria learned that la Santeria has been defined as a cult. This is not true. A cult has a single leader as an object of worship and Santeria members worship a central creative force. This moves it from cult to religion. This creative force — which correlates to the Christian version of God — is called Oloddumare. Oloddumare created orishas to reveal and express both his will and essence in nature. The orishas are also the guides and protectors of people. Once again correlating to Christianity in that there is only one God, versus many. The orishas are worshiped as "guardian angels," not gods.

The orishas, or santos, are an integral part of la Santeria. In brief, they are the actual spirits of dead men who were, for the most part, kings and founders of tribes. When a person decides to become a member of the Santeria religion, the first step is to discover their personal orisha. It is believed that everyone, in or out of the religion, has an orisha that oversees their life. To the santero, the orishas are vibrant living entities who take an active part in everyday life. It is not necessary to pray on bent knee before an orisha; they are seen face to face — in the wind, in the fire, in the sea. It is soothing and comforting to speak with them this way, it is a reminder that God is near and that He cares. It's common knowledge this strong interaction with the orishas helps make Santeria such a powerful and dynamic religion. It also helps explain its double digit increase in the United States.

Maria was ready to leave. Stepping outside she walked to her car and thought of the circle of sand surrounded by rocks her aunt kept in the back yard. As a child, she and her sisters would make up ghost stories about animals they'd rumored were sacrificed there. Now her knees trembled. She still wasn't convinced she could go through it. She was tired. She was sick. And, she was more than a little afraid.

The next day Maria spent with her doctors. She received blood transfusion number eight. Family members from around the globe began calling with their condolences. Damm it, she wasn't dead yet!

Returning to her aunt's home, she felt welcome. There were other priests and priestesses waiting to meet her. Each of them expressed their love and offered her hope. They were all sure she would be fine.

The religion of la Santeria is based on a progressive system of initiations. A new member achieves both the protection of the orishas and increasing knowledge of the

intricate practices and beliefs of Santeria. Maria was ready for the major initiation, known as *asiento*.

Half the *asiento* is completed when the first two are finished; they are called the Necklaces (*collares*) and the Warriors. Necklaces are five (or seven) strands of beads in the representative colors of the *orishas*. Warriors fight all the human battles the initiate will face, and give guidance in all of her endeavors. Completing the first half of the *asiento*, members are expected to "make the saint." Maria was ready.

Her next step was complete induction into the religion. She was separated from family and community for one week. She is "born again," during this week of isolation. The oracles of life of all the divinities are consulted; preparation is done to the head (sometimes this includes being shaved and decorated, but not for Maria); animals are sacrificed; and throughout the week, she's progressed from death to life through the rituals.

At the end of the week, Maria's family and friends celebrated together her enthronement ceremony. She is worshiped as having reached unity with the deity to whom she has been inducted.

Now that she had made the saint, the priestess wanted to focus on her illness. She called together members of the religion, including the other priests, and Maria. While everyone waited and watched, Maria's aunt went into a trance while seated in her wicker chair. She began to speak in an African tongue, her eyes rolled back, and she opened a bottle of rum drinking deeply without a glass. Maria never saw her aunt drink any liquor of any kind at any time; she was awed. The strange dialect continued, and songs were interspersed giving a chant quality to the message. After finishing the bottle of rum, the priestess lit a cigar. Inhaling heavily, she was now peaceful.

A short time elapsed, quietly and quickly, and her aunt was back in the room. Maria's logical mind knew she had never left it, but her body and soul knew that she had.

A strikingly sober priestess explained what would happen that evening. She kissed the beads around Maria's neck and called everyone to the circle in the yard. There, chained by the foot, was a chicken. Maria was to stand in the center of the circle, the only one inside the rocks. Everyone else remained seated on the perimeter. It was dark, and for Miami, quiet. The seated members began a soft chant. Maria closed her eyes. Her aunt gently grasped the neck of the chicken, ensuring it was silent, and began to move around Maria. The chicken in her hands was raised and lowered, inches from Maria's body. The pur-

pose, Maria discovered later, was for the chicken to pull all the sickness out. Circling, the priestess went around and around, while the chicken continued being moved up and down. Maria hadn't budged.

When it was over, her aunt smiled. The chicken had died. "This is good," she explained to Maria, "it was successful in getting the illness!"

This sacrifice is called a ritual cleansing. The animals are believed to take on the negative vibrations emanating from a person; therefore, they cannot be eaten. Afterwards, the blood is offered to God through the *orishas*. The remains are disposed of via the *orishas'* wishes.

Maria felt better. She went to the doctors, who were still looking for a bone marrow transplant donor, and they were amazed. The tests they ran that day said her blood platelet count was closer to normal. They didn't understand it, and they couldn't explain it. A bit frightened, Maria was leery. She knew she felt better, but was afraid to get her hopes too high. That evening she returned to her aunt's home and was presented with her guidelines for the upcoming year. Her heart leapt at the prospect of another year, but she remained calm. She was to wear only white for the next twelve months, must not have sexual intercourse during most of this time, could not eat at a table with others for the first three months, could not be photographed, must regulate food, and must protect her head from the environment, including the rain and wind.

Her *padrino* (godfather) was to keep a *libreta* (notebook). This custom ensures a written record of all spells and rites — critical components of the religion. He also writes down predictions of events, along with elaborate instructions on avoiding misfortune and preventing self-harm. Exactly one year and seven days from the day Maria "made the saint," this *libreta* would be presented to her.

The doctors telephoned Maria's family. They were sorry, but the only possible donor for bone marrow transplant was her youngest sister. Maria had already decided she would not allow her young sibling to endure this operation. The doctors recommended Maria continue with her outpatient blood transfusions for the next few weeks. After that, they knew she would require hospitalization.

The Rodriguez family was scared. How should they spend the last days of their loved Maria?

Maria was undaunted. She continued to see her aunt, and she followed all instructions. Every day she was stronger.

A month later the doctors waived their initial decision for to be hospitalized. Her

platelets continued to improve, and they diminished the number of transfusions. Specialists were flown in from Washington and New York to comment on her condition. It was unexplainable.

Three months after Maria "made the saint" another ritual offering was made (called *ebo*). An *ebo* is an offering to the *orishas*. Sometimes the remains are eaten, sometimes simply discarded.

It was Christmas season, and Maria, joyous to be alive, celebrated with her family.

During that first year, Maria participated in the *bata*. The *bata* is a colorful ceremony where an initiate wears her necklaces and the clothes from the day of initiation; she will never wear them again.

At the end of the initiation year, another animal sacrifice is offered. This time the blood is given to the saints and the meat is always eaten. The animals sacrificed during an initiation are believed to be full of the *ashe* (being) of the *orishas*.

Maria had made it. It was a complete year. She hadn't required a blood transfusion in six months. The doctors were baffled, claiming she's the only person to survive her illness. That was fifteen years ago.

This overview of la Santeria's initiation process only alludes to the complexities involved with it. Other critical components to the religion are the four parts that make it up — stones, seashells (cowries), water and herbs. Without these, Santeria does not exist.

Stones are important because the spiritual essence of the *orishas* are presented in the groups of ritual stones. Seashells play the role of mouthpiece for the *orishas*. Each *orisha* has his/her own set of 21 cowrie shells. The *santero* uses water during all rituals to refresh the saints. Herbs are the last important element of Santeria: Plants, roots, leaves, and flowers. Every *santero* is an accomplished herbalist who can cure many diseases with an 'herbal brew' or cast a spell with leaves.

There are many critical parts that herbs play, but the most important is the preparation of the *omiero*, the sacred liquid the *santero* uses during initiations. The total ingredients are unavailable to those outside the religion. However, in part, it contains crushed leaves, rainwater, holy water, and some blood from the sacrificed animals.

It is the sacrificed animals that have been the brunt of much adverse and sensationalized publicity. Uneducated journalists have labeled the acts as those of "satanic cults" (*New York Times*, 5/24/80). At first it's tempting to empathize with these comments because we're used to ritualistic killings and blood sacrifices being reserved for horror

stories and "B"-grade films.

Throughout history man's obsession with sacrifice is clear. It is considered a "quick-fix" to cure the ills of humankind and redeem its sins. All human societies have practiced it at some point. It can be as simple as a lit candle in church, or as complex as the ultimate Christian sacrifice of Christ on the cross. Whether trivial or magnanimous, the sacrifice is always there.

The root of life is blood; therefore, blood is the ultimate sacrifice. All primary religions recognize the importance of blood sacrifices to their God. The Jewish people still celebrate the Mosaic laws during their koshering ceremonies. The blood of slaughtered animals is given to God and the meat is eaten by the congregation. During Yom Kippur, Hassidic Jews perform cleansing rituals that resemble those the santeros conduct.

The Catholic Church sacrifices a lamb during the opening of each Holy Year. Also, the Catholic mass is seen as a sacrifice during which the Host and the wine are transformed into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. They are consumed by both the priest and congregation.

India and Nepal slaughter thousands of animals each year during ritual sacrifices. History relates blood sacrifices conducted by the Babylonians, the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Aztecs, and the Native American Indian. All ancient cultures of the Middle East, Far East, Europe, and Africa have had religions containing sacrificial rituals.

With this bulk of historical strength behind it, why does sacrifice cause such fear? In reality, much of the fear is a dark knowledge. A knowledge we've all carried with us through the ages. This darkness is fueled by America's pop culture.

Scientists sacrifice animals every day in search of the mysteries of life, hoping the animals will be the key to the answers. This is exactly what the santeros are doing; they are simply going at it from a mystical versus scientific principle.

In America's confused and troubled culture, if a person can find peace in a religion, they need to be able to follow a path that will allow them to attain that peace. ■

"All religions must be tolerated. . . for . . . every man must get to heaven his own way."

-Frederick the Great,

In re Catholic Schools, 1740



Take The Gun Away?

By Roxanna Johnson

As a mother of four children, gun control, or the lack of gun control, is a very pressing issue. The laws and decisions made by my generation, and my parents generation, will determine the society that my children raise their families in. That is why I am opposed to gun control.

I grew up on a farm, and my father hunted deer every year. I was around guns often, but target practice was my only enjoyment of them. My father often traveled out of town. Before he would go, my mother, my sister, and myself, would each receive a refresher course for safely shooting a shot gun. My dad stored it in my mother's room unloaded.

We all knew where it was, and where the bullets were. The gun was never misused, because we all knew it's power. One night it provided some reassurance from a crazy fellow stalking our home. My mother never fired, but if the situation had become critical, she could have defended her four children.

Recent studies suggest that the same gun in my home is now more likely to cause serious injury or death to my family members, than to be used as a crime deterrent as my Mother's did. I suggest that statistic will be greatly affected by the instruction my children will receive about how to safely operate a gun. The greatest gun control we can offer our nation and our families is education. Education for safe use of firearms, and education about the mayhem and sorrow misuse can cause. Furthermore I suggest that gun control is an issue of principals that involves morals. Politics is only a vehicle on which the argument of this issue runs.

The definition of gun control in the United States is as follows: Government regulation of the possession and use of firearms by private citizens. Government is the word I most oppose in that sentence. If we outlaw or continue to regulate firearms, a balance of power between the government and the people it is suppose to serve, will be tipped oppressively to the side of the government.

History has shown us the danger that can occur when a government feels they have more power and more rights than the people they govern. The United States government is not immune to this power plague. My children's family life will be not be the same if the U.S. government assumes the power to dictate weapon ownership.

The Colonist were very aware of the impending danger of too much government power when King George, in an effort to subdue them, ordered his army to disarm the colonist. In this frame of mind some years later, the second amendment was added to the constitution. It states that a well

regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free state, and then goes on to say, that it is the right of the people to keep and bear arms.

Many view the word militia in this amendment and shout that our forefathers intended to only protect the right to

bear arms in a military like setting, such as the national guard. Yet, in the seventeen hundreds, the state governments, nor the United States government, had the financing to provide their militia with firearms. One of our forefather's concerns was protecting the states from the main United States government. They knew that in the past, standing or regular armies had often been used against a country's own people. In the seventeen hundreds, patriotic citizens defending their rights, their country, or their state, had to provide their own firearms. I believe the wording in the constitution is vague, because our forefathers could not foresee a time when even the states would be wealthy enough to provide weapons for their militia. I believe that our founding fathers intended the 2nd amendment to protect my rights as a private citizen to own and bear arms.

But you might say, "This is the nineties. Our world is different. We have more violence, more criminals. Our laws need to be different." Others will argue that accidents

"History has shown us the danger that can occur when a government feels they have more power and more rights than the people they govern."

and spontaneous violence would cease if there were more gun control laws. Still others cite low violence rates in European nations and say, "Look what gun control is doing for them." All these points of view are correct, but they leave out one half of the story. In the words of Dr. James Fox, a criminologist at Northeastern University, "People get their perceptions based on news, not on crime statistics." Let's look at the crime statistics and facts that lobbyists don't always include.

74.7% of persons arrested for murder have had a prior arrest for a violent felony, or burglary. Consequently, the number one concern of all Americans, pro-gun control, and anti-gun control, is keeping guns away from the criminally minded individual. Many people are aware that this is the intent of the recently passed Brady Bill. Yet in 1968 a Gun Control law was passed that had the same purpose. This law banned the sale of very powerful weapons, along with the importing of Saturday night specials. This term defines any gun with a barrel less than 3 inches long. The 1968 law prohibited weapons from crossing state lines with out proper procedure, and required gun dealers to be licensed and keep detailed records of all sales.

Not only did this law fail at keeping guns out of the criminal's hands, but gun manufacturers, wanting to continue selling "Saturday night specials," simply started importing the parts, and then assembling the gun here in the U.S.. Don B. Kates Jr. sized up the situation when he said, "Reducing availability of any kind of weapon, including guns, cannot radically decrease crime, because the number of guns that are illegally available will always suffice for those who are determined to obtain and misuse them."

Statistics also support the fact that the common ownership of guns does not adversely affect the crime rate. About one half of the households in the United States own at least one firearm. Of the eighteen nations for which figures are available, the United States ranks eleventh in intentional homicides. (This figure also includes suicides.) Compare this to the almost universal ownership of guns in Israel, who ranks the lowest in homicides and suicides of all rated nations. Then compare the ranking again to the gun banning nation of Rumania, where the suicide rate alone is double the U.S.'s homicide and suicide rate. Furthermore, low homicide rates in the gun controlled European countries cited for support of gun control, were low before gun control laws were enacted. In these nations, gun control was adopted after World War I in an effort to stop terrorism and political violence.

"Freedom is too important an issue to pass laws that will fail at the very thing they attempt to do, yet dissolve a cornerstone of our country's rights."

One other factor that gun control advocates leave out is the U.S.'s higher crime rates WITHOUT the use of guns. Violence without a gun in the U.S. surpasses combined weapon and non-weapon crime in comparable nations.

The reason for this is implied by Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipist. He says that cultural factors cause disturbed Americans to injure and harm others. We as a nation tend to blame others for our problems, thus we strike outward when in rage. So again, I argue that the problem of violence, and its solutions, lie within the family and education, not the availability or unavailability of guns.

As a mother, the accidents with firearms are gut wrenching. When someone is needlessly injured or killed by a gun, especially a child, a part of my soul cries out that something must be done. Yet I still do not side with taking the guns away. My two year old is fascinated with toy guns. Recently he found an unloaded, but real gun in his Grandfather's garage. The realization that he could have become a sorrow filled statistic hit hard. BUT...additional laws would not have saved my boy. The responsible action of an adult making sure the gun was completely away from my child's reach and sight would have been his protector.

An additional threat of my boy's fascinations with toy guns is his annoying tendency to aim these at people. This tendency scares me as I wonder, "Will he accidentally hurt someone someday?" Some people advise me to "Take the toy gun away." I lean toward an urgency to teach him proper use of a gun. Even toy guns shouldn't be pointed at people, and it is never too early to teach children this. Furthermore, all children should be taught how to safely handle a gun. We cannot predict when our children will come in

contact with one.

It is also never too early to teach responsibility to adults. Why are guns where children can get to them? More importantly, why are they loaded? Shouldn't adults be taught to put away all firearms when children are around? Then there is the issue of ownership. My family does not own a hand gun. In fact, with small children, I do not want to own a hand gun. But that is my choice. Preventable tragedies are the responsibility of adults, not the government.

I realize that the statistics for the other side are also very persuasive. In fact, the statistics for gun control advocates have the added emotion of heartbreak behind them. Every year there are more than 638,000 violent crimes committed with handguns alone. That means at least that many lives were affected tragically. Every victim has a mother. I empathize with their heartache. I also know and fear that one of my children could be the next victim.

However, only about 1% of the guns in America were involved in those crimes. So another view is: we have at least 638,000 Americans that were never taught to properly use a gun, or that harming other individuals is wrong. The majority of Americans should not have an important freedom taken away because of another's choice. And that's what it comes down to; choice. Freedom is too important of an issue to pass laws that will fail at the very thing they attempt to do, yet dissolve a cornerstone of our country's rights.

Politicians and lobbyist can bat statistics back and forth for days. You might have read something that seems to disagree with the statistics I have quoted in this article. But statistics isn't the real issue. The constitutional question needs to be the focus, not the guns. Our freedoms are being inhibited each time more gun control laws are passed.

I want my children to grow up with the freedoms I know and love. That is why I am against gun control. Yes, this will mean that some will abuse the ability to choose, and in the process hurt others. But, these freedoms also ensure that good people like you, and I, and my children, will have opportunities that no other nation in the world can match.

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THE GRAY ART OF JOHN WAYNE GACY

BY SCOTT HUGHES

John Wayne Gacy was convicted of serial killings of 33 boys which were then buried in his house. He claimed innocence and said a dozen people had keys to the house. He was executed in late 1994.

Scene Five of Elmer Rice's play, *The Adding Machine* shows Mr. Zero in a condemned unit of a prison being visited by a steady stream of exploiters, all, except one, trying to get what they can from Zero's notoriety. The exception is a "little guy" named Justin. John Gacy turned down many interview requests from the larger media because, like Zero, he saw the media as only out to exploit him. When asked why he agreed to visit with me knowing a story would be written, John's reply was that I was "a little guy just getting started, I believe in giving such a guy a break." Like "little guy" Justin in *The Adding Machine*, I too knew the subject of my visit before his incarceration. Many years ago John was a young restaurant manager and I was a college student, financing my education by delivering meat. John's stores were my largest volume customers and I saw John everyday. Bookkeeper Zero would have loved making out John's invoices, totaling up all the weights and calculating prices! Now, my visit with John would be like Justin's with Zero, unprejudiced and hence open-minded.

Visiting John Gacy at Illinois Menard Correctional Center was similar to my visit three years earlier with Lee Phillip Bell at the CBS

Studios in Los Angeles. When visiting Lee I was issued a visitor's badge, and with John, a key to retrieve my pocket items afterwards. With Lee I had the usual preliminaries such as parking validations, and for John, the signing in, pat down search, and clothing x-ray. My

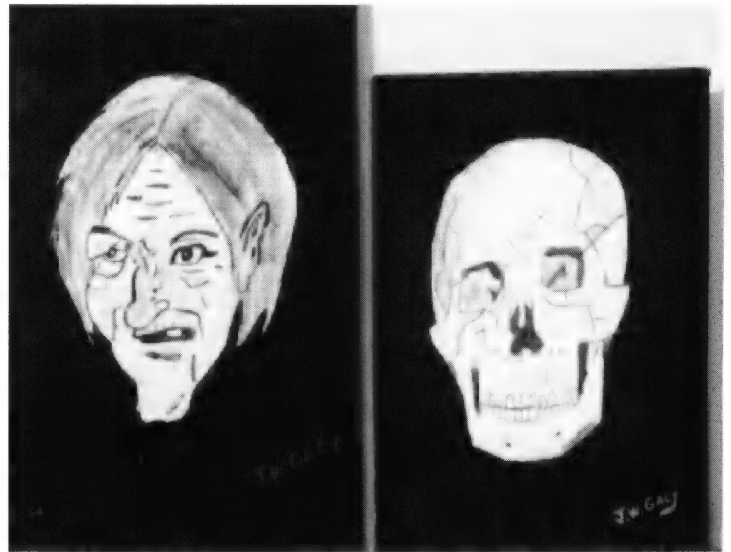
Gacy visit was delayed briefly while the guards debated whether I could wear my arch supports, hard, detachable, potential weapons. As Lee Bell personally escorted me through her studios, *Young and The Restless* stars such as Jeanne Cooper and Quinn Redeker came up to meet me as if I was a celebrity. John displayed equally gracious hospitality. He looked good and even had treats from the prison commissary which we shared. I would soon find John's story as interesting as Lee Bell's personal tour and visit. In fact it was this same Lee Phillip Bell, pioneer TV news reporter and interviewer,

who was an inspiration for me to make this visit with John Gacy.

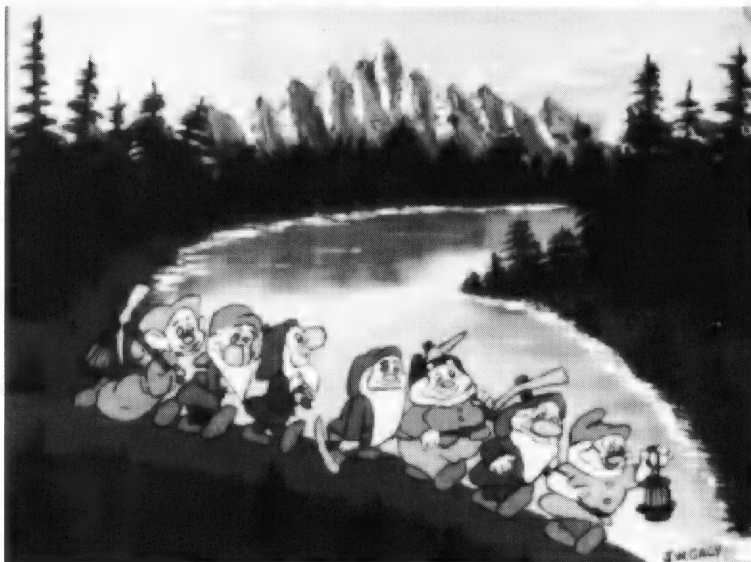
Unlike narrow-minded Zero who lives his lives in reverse, John Gacy lived many successful ones. As Jaycee of the Year in

three cities, master chef, successful businessman, and world renown artist, John was virtually a workaholic renaissance man. Before his art fame as a painter, John was a culinary artist. After managing restaurants, John became chef at the famous Bruno's restaurant in Chicago where his clientele included the Chicago Blackhawks hockey team. While at Bruno's, John started a wall-papering and decorating business that rapidly became a thriving full-time venture. Yet John still had time to do clown acts for parades, picnics, grand openings and hospitals. John is quick to point out that his Pogo the Clown act was done through the Moose Lodge and always done as a part of a two-man clown team. John related how once a sick child's mother cried after a clown performance. Thinking he had somehow scared the child, John was heartwarmed to be told that his act caused this same child to smile and laugh for the first time in many days. The mother's tears were for joy. John's fondness for clowns would continue when he started painting.

John painted only for his last dozen years. While learning by reading books and watching PBS on TV, John honestly stated that his art talent was a gift from God and his art work was a gift back to God. His art works are projection drawings in the impasto style; raised oil paint that you can feel. For instance, the mountains and trees in the "Seven Little Friends" from the Hi-Ho series can be felt to the touch like protruding little ridges. John's paintings feature bright, bold colors



"Witches Head" (left) and "Skull Head" (right) paintings by John Wayne Gacy



"Hi Ho" painting by John Wayne Gacy

and are done on Frederick's canvas panels which John considers the best. It's remarkable that such beauty is created in somewhat adverse conditions. John was not allowed to have a pallet knife. Such a tool is one John made from a tongue depressor. Baby oil was used instead of turpentine. John's small cell was unable to accommodate a slanting easel, so John painted sitting on the bed over a flat surface. Wearing clothes while painting this way was difficult since apparel tended to get into the paint.

The most famous of John's paintings are "Pogo the Clown," "Patches the Clown," and the "Seven Little Friends" which was actually a series with a new painting on this theme done every two years. John only did fifty productions of the same painting with each painting numbered, registered, and signed. Other popular Gacy works include "Skull Clown," "Witches Head" and the "Monolithic Christ Head" which shows a Christ suffering and done in brown tones. John also did individual portraits commissioned upon request from clear color, single person photos. John stated that about half of his buyers are the curious, but the other half are actual collectors of good art. The names of two very famous Hollywood actors were given me as collectors of John's art. At least ten others own his work as well, but John asked that I not reveal identities in order to protect these actors' privacy. However, it is no secret that the late shock rocker, GG Allin was a client, having commissioned John to paint the covers for his albums.

Some speculate that John must have been worth millions of dollars or had a large pot of money stashed away because of his art sales. This is not so. The high value of John's art comes on the secondary and tertiary sales markets, but few realize that initial purchases can be made very cheaply from Jackas Productions, P.O. Box 1131, Hannibal, MO 63410, the only initial sales outlet for John's work. John received very little of the proceeds from these initial sales and the money was used to buy art supplies and pay postage from his prolific letter correspondence with any and all who wrote him. Like Zero with a pen in one hand and a calculator in the other, so was John with a paint brush and typewriter!

Michelangelo and Leonardo Da Vinci were the two artists most admired by John because as John said, they were workaholics like himself. John painted three days a week with such days lasting 12 to 14 hours where he became totally immersed. When painting or doing anything else, John said that his method for success was to take care of little details because then the big things fall into place.



"Patches The Clown" (left) "Pogo The Clown" (right) paintings by John Wayne Gacy

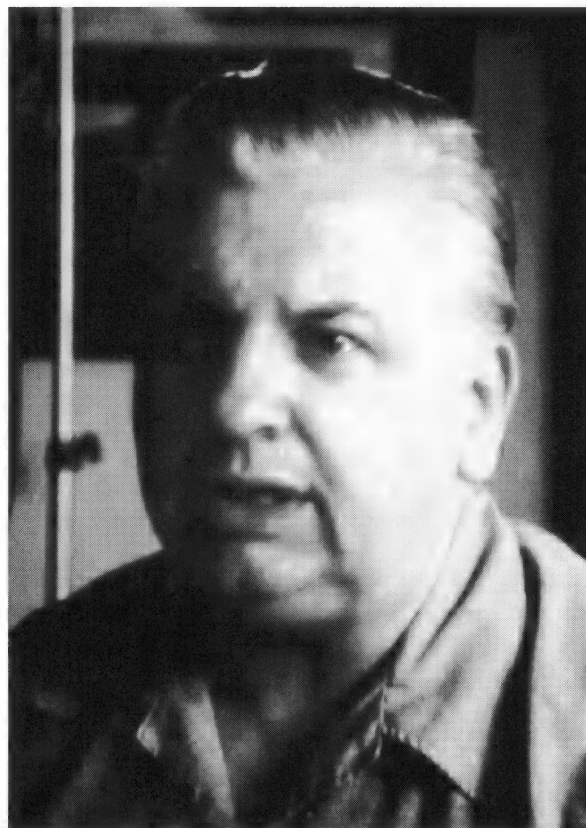
When asked about what he thought of Norman Rockwell's art, John replied such work is an imitation of life, like some of his own done to satisfy customers such as the skull and witch heads painted for punk rock fans. John had never seen Serrano's art (cross in urine) but said that there should be no censorship since art is in the eye of the beholder. When asked what his thoughts were on his own likeness done in comic books and on trading cards, John, while not calling for censorship, admitted such art was garbage, because glorifying crime is wrong.

Just as Zero has his pursuing Daisy, five women wrote John asking to marry him. They were all treated like Daisy since John felt marriage was out of the question until he was able to be released.

Eleven hard copy books, 39 full book chapters, one movie, two screenplays, one off-Broadway play, five songs, and over 400 magazine articles have been written about John Gacy. All of these products were done by those who neither met with nor talked with John. John said that 80% that has been written about himself is fantasy, much of it done to exploit him as some sort of monster. An example is the TV movie, *To Catch A Killer* starring Brian Dennehy (6 ft. 4 in.) as John

Gacy (5 ft. 9 in.) trying to show Gacy as some big monstrous bully type.

My scene five was soon coming to a close and, like Justin, I too eventually had to be led away. While walking back to the guard house to retrieve my things and sign out, I couldn't help but realize what I found. From John Gacy's small living space come many beautiful paintings, viewed and admired by a vast world. ■



John Wayne Gacy behind bars

Craig Bowley, Inc.

FOOL CATALOGS

Reviews by Alan Sheckler

CUMBERLAND GENERAL STORE

(Route 3, Crossville, TN 38555. 800-334-4640, \$3.00, 290 pages) Loosely described as old-time general merchandise, just paging through this catalog will thrill you. There are a lot of items you'd find in TV's *Petticoat Junction* at Sam Drucker's store, from small kitchen utensils to large farm equipment. A small tip of the iceberg includes pine tar toilet soap, oil lamps, sarsaparilla and real ginger ale extracts, to poultry feeders, grist mills, beer making supplies, orchard supplies, old fashioned home remedies and even porch swings. You'll find lots of special interest, music and how-to books as well. High quality and unbelievably broad selection.

DRS. FOSTER & SMITH, INC. (2253 Air Park Road, P.O. Box 100, Rhinelander, WI 54501-0100. 800-826-7206, free, 64 pages) A company owned and operated by practicing veterinarians, Foster & Smith have a myriad of the best and most imaginative stuff for your cats and dogs. There are the basic cages, dog beds, cat furniture and collars as well as stain removers, flea and tick controls and nutrition supplements. They have the latest in the always evolving world of kitty litter box ideas, refrigerated, multi-day cat and dog feeders and all sorts of electronic devices, mats and bells to help train your pet. Great selection for owners who want to pamper their pets.

GALL'S, INC. (2680 Palumbo Drive, P.O. Box 54308, Lexington, KY 40555-4308. 800-477-7766, free, 316 pages) This monster of a catalog is from "America's largest supplier of public safety equipment." It's filled with communications, rescue, security and medical safety supplies. Though certainly a justifiable catalog for legitimate public safety folks, Gall's is a goldmine for possible crooks. One can find The Bionic Ear (where you can hear conversations up to 110 yards away), all sorts of sirens and police lights, books - like *Secrets of Lock Picking*, custom badges, etc. Cool for gray and un-gray folks alike.

KITCHEN SINK CATALOG (320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060, free, 70 pages) Kitchen Sink Press distributes the best and widest variety of bizarre adult and all-ages comics, graphic novels, novelties, collectibles and other unusual artistic offerings from the fringe. There are T-shirts, posters, beach towels, etc., of

your favorite underground comic heroes. And from where else could you order a 5"-high Robert Crumb-designed Mr. Natural porcelain statue?

LEFT BANK DISTRIBUTION BOOK CATALOG

(4142 Brooklyn Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105, free, 72 pages) A 22 year-old, not-for-profit co-op company, these fine folks are a large archive center for intellectually hungry folks that gravitate left-of-center. Humongous small press selection in which to order includes anarchy, art, history, politics and philosophy. Super center of provocative reading.

LIGHT IMPRESSIONS

(439 Monroe Avenue, P.O. Box 940, Rochester, NY 14603-0940. 800-828-6216, free, 88 pages) These folks help museums and institutions fulfill their missions of preserving the past. Who uses them? Oh, fly-by-night places like The Smithsonian, National Archives, JFK Presidential Library, Metropolitan Museum of Art, etc. Excellent for those who collect historical and present day documents and/or photographs, you can order the highest quality protective archival albums, mounting supplies and multi-drawer storage units for such items as CD-ROMS and model trains. Pricey, but when you want to preserve your most cherished art and collectibles, use what the museums use, Light Impressions.

MANDALA PERCUSSION

(1390 South Potomac Street, Suite 136, Aurora, CO 80012. 800-858-2822, \$2.00, 16 pages) Drummers and world music players and fans, Mandala did all the work for you. They searched the globe to bring you the best sounding and most exquisite instruments available. These are some of the wildest yet beautifully intriguing instruments I've ever seen. To add something really different to your band's sound, or to be used as a coffee table conversation piece, you can't go wrong. There are Indian talking drums, frame drums, UDU drums, Earth gourd bongos, temple blocks, chime trees, clave and cowbells, and even hand and arm fitness supplies for drummers. You know all of the exotic things that world famous drummer Mickey Hart uses during the extended percussion segment of a Grateful Dead show? I swear - they're all here.

MANNY'S BASEBALL LAND

(3000 S.W. 42nd Ave., Palm City, FL 34990. 800-PRO-TEAM, \$2.00, 72 pages) Baseball, football, hockey and basketball jerseys, caps and jackets are worn by

millions. Sure you can get some stuff at the mall, but with Manny's (toll-free number, satisfaction guarantee, reasonable next-day rates), you have access to the biggest selection. These are professional quality products that the pros wear on the field. I found the most interesting items to be "NFL Throwback Caps" ('61 Packers, '54 Browns, '68 Jets) as well as dazzling Hawaiian (Honolulu Sharks) and Arizona (Sun City Solar Sox) caps. Only the best.

MARKERTEK VIDEO AND AUDIO SUPPLY

(4 High Street, Box 397, Saughterties, NY 12477. 800-522-2025, free, 168 pages) This is "America's largest professional audio and video supply catalog." There are zillions of cables, plugs, power supplies, midi equipment, headphones, DAT decks, video enhancers, lights, tripods, and storage units. You can also find items like production slates with hinged clappers to use as you yell, "Action!" and microphone ID flags like the networks use to enhance your image when you attempt an important filmed interview. This is the place for unique and hard-to-find accessories.


SHOMER-TEC

(Box 28070, Bellingham, WA 98228. 206-733-6214, free, 92 pages) A law enforcement and military catalog, this one is *definitely* of interest for subversives and the place to go for tactical survivor/warfare gear. Kind of frightening, really. First, I saw ads for Punch, a "less-than-lethal" oleoresin capicum formula that when used in spray, grenade or hose form, dilates the eyes (causing temporary blindness), induces choking, nausea, and briefly, only a slight ability to breathe. Lovely, huh? Want handcuffs, a surveillance telephone, ammunition, survival knives? This is the place. And the books - *Sniper Training and Employment*, *Explosive Entry Techniques*, *Counterfeit I.D. Made Easy* and *Secret Hiding Places* are likely of interest to many *Gray Areas* readers.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO STORE

(P.O. Box 60048, Tampa, FL 33660-0048. 800-223-6524, free, 56 pages) With a collection of cartoon characters as big as Disney, it's not surprising that Warner Brothers merchandising demand has grown to the point where retail stores are popping up. This catalog illustrates their wares. Like their competitors at Disney, Warner Brothers offers top quality collectibles and clothing including shirts, sweats, mugs, umbrellas, figurines and cels. Great stuff!

COMICS



THE BEST OF BIZARRO - VOL. II By Dan Piraro (Chronicle Books, Paperback, \$9.95, 144 pages) Piraro's *Bizarro* comic strip appears worldwide in daily and Sunday newspapers. This is his eighth book of *Bizarro* cartoons. The mostly single frame drawings are funny, irreverent and are just great for today. In one, a man sits in an easy chair, staring at a television, and the announcement coming from the TV says, "You've been watching the Phone Book Channel. Coming up next - the Rs." Another takes place in a classroom setting. A professor tells a class, "Last time we met we were discussing the heroic code in Homer's *The Iliad*." Trouble is, there are no students - just an audio or videorecorder on each desk. There's another little feature. At bottom-right of every page, in the margin, is a small cartoon slightly different from the page before. By flipping all the pages all at once, a moving cartoon is created. Great fun! (Alan Sheckter) 📖

BOOM BOOM #1 By David Lasky (AEON, \$2.50, 23 pages) After reading the introduction to the premier issue of this mini-comic, one can assume that this is somewhat auto-biographical. It is the story of a college student who falls for the model in his art class.

The plot is partially how the main character, David, who is at least physically a nerd dates pursues the model. Besides the line-by-line plot itself, the magazine introduces David's ideas on life and love.

Everyone at some point in their life goes through an experience in which they can empathize with David's dilemma. What that dilemma is should be saved for when you go to read it.

If you don't take offense at nudity in comic books, this is a good mini comic to purchase. (Dan Kauffman) 📖

THE BOUNDERS By Lee (Bill & Debbie Majors Ent., P.O. Box 92889, Long Beach, CA 90809-2889. \$7.95, 46 pages) A self-described bondage and discipline B&W magazine-sized comic features the

"adventures" of the Bounders, your average, S&M, fetish family, complete with parents, a pair of kids, and a German maid. The Bounders are—as their name implies—into bondage, and the book is full of them tying each other up in a variety of...how shall we say...interesting ways (nipple clamps, ball gags, rubber suits, testes grapples, etc.), and in interesting positions (under water, suspended from the ceiling, etc.), then they torture each other with over-sized dildoes, feathers, and whips. Not necessarily the people you want to live next door (or date your kids). There is no story here, everything is done to get everyone naked and f---ed (either by someone else, or by a mechanical object) in the most uncomfortable position imaginable. The "story" leaves you seriously wondering if people actually like to have this kind of abuse heaped on them, or simply like to see it inflicted upon others. (Robert J. Sodaro) 📖

THE COMICS JOURNAL (7563 Lake City Way N.E., Seattle, WA 98115. \$4.95/sample issue, \$18.50/6 issues, \$21.50/6 issues (foreign), 114 pages) "The Magazine of Comics News & Criticism" is *not* about *Spiderman* and *Batman*, but covers the more adult comic art of people like Robert Crumb, Robert Williams, and folks like people at Kitchen Sink Press and Tragedy Strikes Press. Chock full of entertaining, in-depth articles, *The Journal* is not X-rated, but also not for little kids, due to both the titillating subject matter as well as the volume of long articles. *The Comics Journal* has to be the source for news and views, new releases, interviews and ads for today's most talent-filled and cutting edge comics. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

FLESH WOUNDS By Frank Henkel & Myke Maldonado (Diva Graphics, P.O. Box 432, East Rockaway, NY 11518. \$16.95, 68 pages) Here, at last, is a book that puts the graphic in graphic novel. This hard-bound, adults-only book is a gripping story of the shadowy underground world of tattooing and body-piercing that exist at the fringes of our

culture. *Flesh Wounds* is the story of Amanda who is stuck in an abusive relationship with her lover, Karl who—though he professes to love her—slaps her around and treats her as a sex object. Without pandering to prurient interests, Henkel's script and Maldonado's art deliver the power and passion of these people's lives. A story of love and redemption, *Flesh Wounds* is a very powerful treatise on interpersonal behavior and sexual relations. Especially appealing is Maldonado's near-photographic renderings of the tattooing and piercing scenes. A tattoo artist himself, Maldonado depicts these scenes in such a way that even some of the more painful-looking piercing (labia, clitoral), look sensual and erotic. Backed by solid storytelling from Henkel, *Flesh Wounds* is a tale that is not for the squeamish, but will appeal to serious fans of the *adult* aspects of the medium. (Robert J. Sodaro) 📖

FUN WITH MILK & CHEESE (Slave Labor Graphics, 979 S. Bascom Avenue, San Jose, CA 95128. \$9.95, 100 pages) Funny, irreverent collection of those "dairy products gone bad," Milk and Cheese. Created by Evan Dorkin, *Milk & Cheese* comics have been printed in many zines since their creation in 1988. Watch our heroes (a milk carton and a large cheese wedge, each with faces, arms and legs, as they tackle bowlers, crack salesmen and street performers. They create "M&C Breakfast Cereal," have a "Hippy Hate Fest," and overpower a school bus driver to save the kids. And don't miss "Milk & Cheese on Dope." Harmless fun. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

JIM SILKE'S RASCALS IN PARADISE By Jim Silke (Dark Horse Comics Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222. \$3.95, 32 pages) A throwback to the scantily-clad buxom babes in danger motif, this classy Sci-Fi story set on a tropical paradise resort-planet that was terraformed to resemble Earth circa 1932, only the computer fouled up, and covered the planet with a tropical rainforests, desserts and the remnants of

ancient and prehistoric peoples. The story is a rousing adventure in the tradition of all those great "B" jungle movies from the '50s, only with a fair amount of nudity thrown in. Were this comic a movie it would be rated "R" rather than "NC-17" as it shows female nudity, but no graphic sex and no genitalia. What Silke delivers is a high-grade, epic tale of righteous men, strong-willed (and good-looking) women, pulse-pounding heroics, and grand adventure in a four-color package. (Robert J. Sodaro) 📖

LOU KAGAN'S PERILS OF PENELOPE
By Lou Kagan (Bill & Debbie Majors Ent., P.O. Box 92889, Long Beach, CA 90809-2889. \$8.95, 40 pages) Essentially an adult (albeit sideways), swipe at the classic *Perils of Pauline*, only Penelope gets naked lots more often. The current storyline—*Jaws of the Succubus*—has Penelope traveling to an obscure island in the heart of the Devil's Triangle, getting captured by the high priestess of some elder sect, and being sexually tortured. Here again there is a certain amount of bondage utilized (not as much as in *The Bounders*), though in this story (yes, this one does have a story), the sex scenes are more interlude than the point of the comic itself. As with most of this genre, even though the women protest their bondage and ravaging, it is obvious that they really enjoy being treated in such a degrading fashion, not very '90s, but B&D stories have never been known for their political correctness. B&W with 8 pages of color, *Perils of Pauline* offers a small amount of entertainment value (if your into this sort of stuff), but it is definitely designed as a comic that is to be read by males with only one hand. (Robert J. Sodaro) 📖

MADMAN COMICS #2 (By John Byrne, Inc. and Frank Inc. (Dark House Comics \$2.95, 30 pages) A little choppy at first, however once all the characters have been introduced, it becomes a very good comic. Beginning with the comical plot of a creature running from another creature, solely because she wants to marry him. The heroes take the bachelor to safety while redirecting the female creatures affections elsewhere. The final setting is in the "teams" lab, where there is a catastrophe due to the jealous overly kind robots. An amusing way to portray super heroes in comics.

Well done and consuming to its readers. (Dan Kauffman) 📖

OMAHA THE CAT DANCER By Reed Waller & Kate Worley (Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way, NE, Seattle, WA 98115. \$2.50, 32 pages) One of the

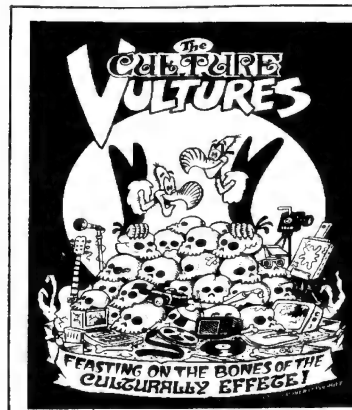
longest-running, adult comics is *Omaha* is now published by Fantagraphics. Featuring an anthropomorphic cast of characters Waller and Worley have brought to life a memorable group of characters who could be your next-door neighbors (save that they're cats dogs, and birds). Omaha is a stripper of some renown, Chuck is her boyfriend and their story takes place in and around Mipple City where the repressive right-wing local government is attempting to shut down all sorts of "unacceptable" businesses (read: stripper bars). Meanwhile most of the moralizing, upright politicians are just another group of lying, thieving hypocrites, who are looking to line their own pockets. Omaha's world is full of engrossing, sympathetic characters; even-handed treatment of gays, hetros, women, and men It features stories about three-dimensional, entertaining characters with real-life motivations, subterfuge, intrigue, solid storytelling, appealing art, and—lest I forget—graphic, interspecies, hard-core, straight, kinky, lesbian, and gay sex. You can't beat this stuff with a stick. (Robert J. Sodaro) 📖

PEEPSHOW No. 6 By Joe Matt. (\$2.95, 26 pages) This apparently auto-biographical look at the life of Joe, takes him this time to his home town of Philadelphia. Before leaving he manages to alienate two of his friends because of a reference to them in a previous issue of this comic. While in Philadelphia he visits his family and his ex-girlfriend where he finally finds someone that does not dislike him. After spending the night with her and unexpectedly her roommate Joe heads home.

The plot of the comic is for Joe to find sex, while leading us through his life. Suggested for comic book collectors who do not take offense at sexual content and can empathize with a guy who is under-sexed. (Dan Kauffman) 📖

PENTHOUSE COMIX (Penthouse International, LTD., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023. \$4.95, 96 pages) Featuring the talents of Adam Hughes, Dan De Carlo, Kevin Knowlan, Authur Suydam, and others,

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Penthouse Comix has spun out of the pages of *Penthouse* magazine into its own stand-alone format. In so doing, it has achieved not only the level of adult sophistication that marks it as the first truly adult comic, but successfully combines the precise mix of what a successful action/adventure-cum-superhero anthology comicbook. Each issue features six to eight stories in various genre from superheroes (guys with big muscles and women with bigger hooters who beat the tar out of each other and then screw with wild abandon); WW II action/adventure (well-endowed heroes and heroines who beat up on Nazis and then screw with wild abandon); Sci-Fi (space flight, rayguns, and screwing with wild abandon); and even slice-of-life stuff (everyday people who screw with wild abandon). Yes, there's a whole lot of screwing going on, but it is all in good fun, and the stories are well worth reading. Given the top-name talent, the degree of quality production, and the sly, tongue-in-cheek fashion in which many of the stories are written *Penthouse Comix* certainly lives up to its motto of "Erotic comics so good...You'll read them with both hands." (Robert J. Sodaro) 📖

ULTRAVERSE - THE SOLUTION (Malibu Comics) An **EXPLOSIVE** premier issue of *The Solution*. A Team Of "Covert Ultras" is training for their missions to come, when their safe-house (hideout in 3133+ terms) is invaded by Darkurians, creatures of immense power, with the ability to regenerate. Thankfully, however, the "Solution" overpowers the Darkurians, thus allowing for future issues.

An enjoyable issue, this could definitely lead to a good comic series. (Dan Kauffman) 📖



☒ Zines (rhymes with "beans") are publications which have a much smaller circulation (under 100,000) than mainstream magazines. Many zines purposely try to stay underground and are designed to be as anti-corporate looking as possible. Other zines are small because they appeal to a very narrow market. We believe there is a zine covering every subject. We intend to bring them all to your attention.

☒ However, some mainstream magazines with much larger circulations capture our interest too and we include them if we think they are great or are of particular interest to you. Therefore, please do not make hasty judgments about a publication's actual circulation just because we chose to place their review in this section.

☒ Please mention that you saw these publications reviewed in *Gray Areas* when you send for them.

☒ If an individual's name is used, please make checks out to them and not to the magazine's name.

☒ Finally, if you wish to send us zines for review, please subscribe or at least enclose \$8.00 to receive the issue your review appears in. If your zine does not deal with gray subjects, or is not a personal favorite of one of our staff members, we are likely to put it at the bottom of the piles while we support those zines which financially support this column.

AMERICAN HACKER (3494 Delaware Ave., Suite #111, Buffalo, NY 14217-0123. \$29.95/year (12 issues), add \$5 for Canada/Mexico, add \$20 for all other countries, 10 pages) Carrying the baton passed on to them from their predecessor, *Scrambling News*, David and his friends produce a fine info-packed zine. *American Hacker* is dedicated to "Cable & Satellite Television - Computers - Technology." It's ten pages packed with small type, overflowing with news on computer programs of interest to computer, cable and phone hackers. There are some really technically detailed articles along with several schematic diagrams of electronic equipment. And some simple straightforward news and views can also be found. Nice job. (Alan Shekter) ✍

ANSWER ME! (Goad To Hell Enterprises, P.O. Box 31009, Portland, OR 97231. \$5.00 with age statement, 132 pages) Jim and Debbie Goad are two of the most astonishing writers (read: thinkers) on the planet. That's why most folks can't stand them. Their words and pictures fly off the page in a grisly explosion of honesty and hatred. Issue #4 is the already-notorious Rape issue, and I was

disturbed for weeks after reading it. Typically, stores and distributors nationwide have since leapt lemming-like off the *Answer Me!* bandwagon. What's preposterous here is the notion that the Goads invented all this tragedy; they're simply unflinching reporters. Strong stuff indeed, but it's all happening in your home town right now. Many guest authors this time out, including Adam Parfrey's virulent piece on Andrea Dworkin, Boyd Rice's "Revolt Against Penis Envy," an article by mysterious F*CK publisher Randall Phillip, an anal date-rape comic strip, even an actual rape board game! Most importantly, no viewpoint is left unexplored (including a few you didn't know you had). Rounding it out is an hilarious piece on a zine-world scam perpetrated by the Goads which surely left several scenesters watching their own behinds. If you want wholesome and fuzzy, trendy or trashy, keep looking. Likewise, if you think *Time*, *Newsweek* or *MAXIMUMROCKNROLL* are peddling the truth, keep thinking. *Answer Me!* gives you the world in all its disgrace and despair. This is brave and crucial work—just ask the legions of PC clones who insist it's pro-rape *per se* or merely shock-art. But the Goads enjoy a higher intelligence, and use language as it was intended: to confront, resist and devastate. Those who dismiss their magazine are coddling themselves. Get it while it's still legal, hepcats. You might

learn something.

NOTE: The Goads are now selling their first three amazing (and long-out-of-print) issues in a softbound book, with new intros by both Jim and Debbie and killer cover art. \$13 ppd. plus age statement to address above. You need it more than you need most things. (Joe Coughlin) ✍

THE BEAR ESSENTIAL (P.O. Box 10342, Portland, OR 97210. \$10.00/year (2 issues), \$15.00/year (Canada), \$20.00/year (other foreign), 72 pages) This fine environmentally focused publication comes from the folks at Orlo, a non-profit organization from the great northwest. The writing is intelligent and thorough. "Combining straight-ahead news, subtle advocacy and irreverent foolery, *The Bear Essential* is a street-level and hands-on approach to the world around us." There's a lot of satire in the stories, features, departments and cartoons that appear. Their "Big Tree Service: We Keep 'Em Standing" T-shirt has garnished some attention. There are a lot of folks who talk the talk about conservation in nature. The folks at Orlo walk the walk. (Alan Shekter) ✍

THE BEER CLUB BREWSLETTER (The Beer Club, P.O. Box 3898, Napa, CA 94558. (707) 226-2025, Beer costs - approx. \$14.00/half case,



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with that one, man..."
NEIL YOUNG

SELECT, November 1990

\$27.00/case + shipping, I can't tell whether there is a membership fee, 4 pages) This "monthly connection to the best US microbreweries" offers news, recipes, trivia, and of course, the product itself, fine American brews shipped right to your door. A recent edition offered Humboldt Brewing Company's Red Nectar Ale, Full Sail Brewing Company's Amber Ale and Golden Pacific Brewery's Golden Bear Lager. For the discriminating beer drinker. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

BIZARRE (Bizarre Publishing, P.O. Box 429, Orange, CA 92666. \$50.00/year (4 issues), 84 pages, send age statement of 18+) This quarterly, super high quality glossy magazine has the photographic and print quality of a supermarket periodical, but not the subject matter. The focus here is sexual "fetish and fantasy." Articles/features include items like the bondage scene in Japan, scandalous shoes and boots, corsetry, fetish-rock with The Genitorturers and Duchess DeSade, etc. All articles are accompanied by provocative photos, though few rely on total nudity for arousal. If you like high-class intimate leather, bondage outfits of all types, all shown with top-notch illustrations, *Bizarre* is for you. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

CELEBRATOR BEER NEWS (P.O. Box 375, Hayward, CA 94543. \$3.00/sample issue, \$14.95/6 issues, \$18.00/Canada, \$26.00/other foreign, 48 pages) This newspaper format "BrewsPaper" has lots of world-wide news and views of interest to any serious beer lover. Aside from the scads of cool ads from microbreweries (most from California, but others nationwide) are serious hops-related news. A very substantial publication. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

FARM PULP (217 NW 70th Street, Seattle, WA 98117-4845. \$2.00/sample issue, \$10.00/6 issues, 24 pages, but most pages are folded to open out. A "juxtaposing little zine for the tired of standing," this one is a haphazard collection of assorted tidbits. Most are a bit twisted, using bits of old articles in satirical fashion along with odd drawings and graphics. There are several zine reviews and a few music reviews. But to show how strange the folks at *Farm Pulp* are, the three record reviews are Aaron Copeland's *Billy The Kid* symphony, *Connie Francis Sings Italian Favorites* and Zamfir's pan flute music. If you can make sense of how they fit together, you are more nuts than they are. *Bizarre*. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

I'M SO F---ING BEAUTIFUL (Nomy Lamm, 4221 Indian Pipe Lp. NW, tesc p107, Olympia, WA 98505. \$1.00) Be warned: 1) The full name appears prominently on the mailing; your local P.O. might not dig that. 2) The address changes frequently. My copy took several months to arrive. Now, the first issue of this was so universally praised, I had to check it out. This is a fat punk girl writing about being a fat punk girl, emphasis on fat, and nothing else. You'd think a single issue would suffice, but the new one's four times bigger and covers the exact same ground. While the tone suggests freedom from societal pressures and stereotypes laid on fat punk girls, this ultimately bummed me out. Rant after rant about how it's OK to be a fat punk girl, *really it is!* But the people who need to hear it most don't read zines, so the line

between defiance and self-pity gets blurred. I felt like Nomy's therapist reading this, unable to believe she's as proud and happy as she claims; the whole thing seems painfully stuck in her craw. Zines in general don't merit such analysis, but this one just howls for attention. Nomy: you sound like a swell enough person, but it still comes off like an apology. *True* liberation means not having to justify it to a bunch of strangers. There's more important stuff to worry about. Either fix it, or relax and really, truly enjoy yourself. (Joe Coughlin) ✍

HEAT GENERATION (P.O. Box 1026, Coraopolis, PA 15108. Free, but send something for postage. It's the right thing to do, 4 pages) Fans of the Louisiana cajun/bayou sounds of The Radiators will be smitten with this one. It has insider's info, including tape and concert reviews and news about The Heat Generation BBS (401 539-8691). My favorite part of the newsletter is the "Rad's Roots" music column with Kickin' Dave Heller. "The Un-O'Fish-al "Fish Head" Taper's Newsletter" is a good one." (Alan Sheckter) ✍

INTELLIGENCE SPOTLIGHT (7035 Highway 6 So., Ste. 120, Houston, TX 77083. \$60.00/12 issues, 8 pages) This new propaganda zine for the extremely conservative begins with a piece about the 1993 "government murder" outside of Waco, Texas. We're talking quasi-military groups, we're talking citizen-built militias. This newsletter is the voice of those folks. There is news from things like the Citizen Militia appearance on *Donahue*, to national militia sightings, busts and legislation. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

INTERESTING! (P.O. Box 1069, Bangor, ME 04402-1069. \$3.00/sample issue, \$12.00/4 issues, 28 pages) A creation of Rich Sagall, *Interesting!* is a collection of facts, things he's read and op-ed essays. There are witty quotes (like Frank Zappa's "The U.S. is a nation of laws: badly written and randomly enforced"), as well as articles on topics that have nothing in common except that they are intriguing. A short piece on collegiate sports and how *un-collegiate* they are, scams encountered when buying CD players, and Social Security facts all share the same two pages. "The Soap Box" section for writer's opinions is a good idea. My favorite "interesting" bits were how to fix the soggy potato chip (wrap them in paper towels and microwave them for 30 seconds), and the caffeine content chart (80-175 mg in a six oz. cup of coffee, 30-45 mg in a Coke, 130 mg in two Excedrin and 200 mg in two NoDoz). Cool zine!

MANzine

Vol. II, # 1



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Feature Articles:

Sex and Death in Hollywood • Where is the Orgasm? • SM & BD • Glamour Sex • Bisexuality (part 2)

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(Alan Sheckter) ✍

IRON FEATHER JOURNAL (P.O. Box 1905, Boulder, CO 80306. \$4.00/sample issue, 92 pages) What used to be a 5" x 8" zine is now full-size, and by golly they say of *Gray Areas*, "this phresh mag inspired the phun crew to go try the *IFJ* at full size." Laid out in the wonderful, slightly chaotic zine tradition, this is as good as the small press gets. Everything is legible and pleasing to the eye. Articles abound on underground hobbies: (blue boxing, password cracking techniques, where to get X-rated GIFs (with BBS phone numbers), electronic and print zine reviews and even a schematic for an electrolysis chamber. In between articles and in the margins are kewl quotes, cartoons, ads and other weird delights. Send today! (Alan Sheckter) ✍

THE MACHIAVELLIAN (P.O. Box 85, Salvisa, KY 40372. \$6.00/sample issue, \$25.00/year (4 issues), 22 pages) This "Beat The System Quarterly" is a potpourri for the chronically paranoid, filled with clever info on currency, Ids and counterfeits retail items. There are features like "How To Start Your Own College" (to bestow advanced degrees upon yourself and friends, of course) and "Getting Rid Of Those Pesky Bar-Coded Magnetic Strips Inside The New Money." Very fascinating. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

MANPOWER (Men's Action Council, Box 27365, Golden Valley, MN 55427. \$15.00/year, \$25.00/year (includes membership, but I don't know what that entitles you to), 12 pages) In this small premiere issue, *ManPower* states their purpose, "to establish equal rights for men in the United States." The council has no president and no directors. All members are of equal value and importance. Articles contain topics like "Excluding Our Sons From Work" which protests 1994's "Take Our Daughters To Work Day," and reverse discrimination against men. Is this an important topic worthy of an organization and zine? You decide. (Alan Sheckter) ✍

MANZINE (Source Publications, P.O. Box 654, Monroe, CT 06468-0654, \$6.00/sample issue, \$21.00/year, 34 pages) This zine is aimed at men and women who enjoy anal sex as well as other

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alternative forms of sexual pleasure. The wide variety of topics include anything from Greek sex to "The Taste Of Come" to "Women's Rape Fantasies: Dangerous?" Related films, books and CD-ROMS are also reviewed. A no-holds barred zine with honest discussions about the more graphic world of recreational sex. (Alan Sheckter)✍

NAGUALIST (1057 E. Imperial Highway, Suite 117, Placentia, CA 92670. Write for subscription info, 28 pages) Nagualism was defined in 1894 in text received by the American Philosophical Society as "a study in Native American folklore and history." There are very spiritual letters and articles about dreams and sorcery and about folks like Castaneda's Don Juan. Neatly printed and full of text, this one is likable alternative reading. (Alan Sheckter)✍

NUTS & VOLTS MAGAZINE (430 Princeland Court, Corona, CA 91719-1343. \$17.00/year (12 issues-3rd class), \$34.00/year (1st class), \$39.00 (foreign-surface), 144 pages) Okay you underground cable de-scramblers, radio hobbyists, cellular hackers, etc., here's a giant newsprint magazine with scads of articles to whet your subversive appetite. Learn how to build a binary clock, a capacitance meter or a short-wave radio. Lotsa stuff on lasers, robots, radar, etc. And most of all, thousands of classifieds for all sorts of equipment, dealing with security, satellite equipment, components, telephone kits and schematics, collectibles and business opportunities. An entire cosmos of info. (Alan Sheckter)✍

OUT WEST (408 Broad Street, Suite 11, Nevada City, CA 95959. \$11.95/year (4 issues), \$14.00/foreign, 36 pages) Ah yes, this reminds me of my days and nights traveling the highways of the west in the late 70s. Meals were still under \$5.00, motels were under \$15.00. Money has changed, and some highways have changed, but the fabulous west still has a lot of tradition in it. *Out West* chronicle cool stuff the staff encounters in frequent road trips through WA, OR, CA, NV, NM, AZ, etc. Lots of neat photos of road signs, interesting mailboxes, and things like the Elvis Is Alive Museum. A newspaper with charisma. (Alan Sheckter)✍

PARANOIA (P.O. Box 3570, Cranston, RI, 02910. 56 pages, \$4) Perfect, I'd think, for *Gray Areas* readers, *PARANOIA* deals with conspiracy

theory & government cover-ups. Is cancer contagious? Was Ted Kennedy set up? Is AIDS man-made? And what about those captured UFOs? Exhaustively researched, *PARANOIA* never runs out of new questions to ask, yet never remotely slides into tabloid territory. Intelligent, accessible, and often unnerving. Almost worth it for the ads alone, where you'll find much more of the same in all mediums. One of my favorites. (Joe Coughlin)✍

PEDIATRICS FOR PARENTS

(P.O. Box 1069, Bangor, ME 04402-1069. \$2.50/sample issue, \$18.00/year (12 issues), \$30.00/2 years, 12 pages) A no-nonsense neat idea, *Pediatrics For Parents* is a short professional quality journal that is full of info for parents of young patients. *Pediatrics For Parents*, it says in the masthead, "believes that well-informed parents have happier, healthier children." And who can argue with that? Articles are mostly written by doctors (the editor is also an M.D.), or are taken from national studies or reprinted from other notable health magazines. Sample articles include "Dealing With Children's Anger," "Coping With A Learning Disability," "Pesticide Risks," "Is Your Home Safe For Children" and "Vaccine Reactions." Nicely done. (Alan Sheckter)✍

RECLAIMING THE AIRWAVES (Free Radio Berkeley, Free Communications Coalition, 1442 A Walnut St., #406, Berkeley, CA 94709, Free, 8 pages) This paper was free, but a statement on the Sept/Oct 1994 issue stated that "This is the last newsletter you will receive, unless we receive the necessary financial support from you. Due to the high costs of printing and mailing we can not continue to do this newsletter." It's a shame too, 'cause this was a great resource for those interested freeing the airwaves. The organization still exists, however, so write them and ask them "What's up?" Does believing that we as citizens should own the airwaves (essentially the air we breathe), instead of somebody called the FCC, make you a patriot or a criminal? Gray, gray, gray. (Alan Sheckter)✍

SMART DRUG NEWS (CERI, P.O. Box 4029, Menlo Park, CA 94026. \$6.00/sample issue, \$44.00/year (10 issues), 12 pages) A very scholarly medical journal, *The Smart Drug News* has two medical editors. Absolutely serious in approach, but revolutionary in subject matter and advice regarding these super vitamins. Articles you won't see on the TV news include "Smart Drugs And Down's Syndrome," "Attention Deficit Disorders," "In Search Of Enhancement" and "Evaluating Personal Health Programs." There is a Q & A section with readers as well as editorials and interviews with experts in this genre. Good source for those who want more serious insight into smart drugs, but bear in mind it may be above the grasp of a majority of the general public. (Alan Sheckter)✍

SNUFF IT (Chris Korda, Box 261, Somerville, MA 02143. \$10.00/6 issues, \$20.00/lifetime sub

& church membership, 16 pages) This new zine is the "Quarterly Journal Of The Church Of Euthanasia." These guys also run Kevorkian Records which makes sense with that euthanasia theme. At first, I thought The Church only dealt with conventional euthanasia, that is letting humans and other animals with irreversible illnesses and injuries die with dignity. This zine though, portrays a viewpoint of "Save the planet, kill yourself" defending that stance by quoting the facts that world overpopulation is a very realistic future possibility. So, The Church Of Euthanasia backs suicide, abortion, cannibalism and sodomy. I don't know how seriously the reader is supposed to take all this. Poetry and letter sections also appear. (Alan Sheckter)✍

TRANSFORMATION (P.O. Box 459, Orange, CA 92666. \$50.00/4 issues, send age statement (18+), 84 pages) Not just a run of the mill adults-only porn store mag, this one is devoted entirely to crossdressing, you know, women impersonators, those who do it for an occasional kick or for life. Every page contains super high quality glossy photos or drawings to accompany subjects like crossdressing fashions, a look at TVs and TSs, nightclub scenes, book and video reviews. In the issue I previewed, there was a pictorial feature on Frank Marino, an entertainer who does a very believable Joan Rivers. Others, who impersonate Midler, Madonna and Michael Jackson are also included. Lots of ads (bedroom fashions, 1-900 phone numbers, even "Mammary Plus" and "Feminique," medically unproven pills to help feminize men. Lots of readers photos, too. (Alan Sheckter)✍

WATLEY-BROWNE REVIEW (Kali-Amanda Browne, PO Box 205304, Sunset Station, Brooklyn, NY, 11220-7304. \$1.00) This is a strange one, hatched by a dozen or so 'editors' who sound suspiciously like the same person. On the surface, stream-of-consciousness ramblings about everything from drinking to romance to job interviews to food to ameoba mating rituals, dotted with bizarre, seemingly-unrelated graphics. But look underneath, and you find that Kali and her multiple personalities actually do tons of research on their topics. Suddenly, none of it seems random. Every sentence feels like a labor of love, even if you don't always know what the hell she's talking about. As alien as it is friendly, as puzzling as it is simple. While I can't give it a flat-out rave, it's still a lot cheaper than drugs. (Joe Coughlin)✍

WICKED MYSTIC (Andre Scheluchin, P.O. Box 3087, Astoria, NY 11103. \$5.95/sample issue, \$23.00/year (4 issues, 72 pages) A real standout in the ever saturated zine market, this baby has real quality to it. With a beautiful artistic cover and well laid out insides, there's lots to get lost in here. Problem for some, however, may be the gargoyle/evil/ blood/death/gore/horror themes running throughout. Some of the fiction is arousing in spite of its gore, the work of 14 artists consists of excellent carnage. Fiction contents contain "Bone Heap," "Bottles Of Flesh" and "Up To His Neck In Trouble." Other features in issue #23 are "Talking Death With Charlee Jacob" (an interview) and "Letters From Hell." Really good source if you crave this stuff. (Alan Sheckter)✍



A PRICE GUIDE TO ROCK & ROLL COLLECTIBLES

By Greg Moore (Self-published, Paperback, \$19.95, 100 pages) As most music fans know, yesterday's records can become tomorrow's rare and expensive treasures. A lot of promotional products accompany albums and often, these are rarer, more interesting and worth more than the records themselves. Even *Forbes* magazine has ranked rock 'n roll collectibles high on a list of sought after memorabilia. Moore has done a fine job with this illustrated price guide, focusing on these toys and related items. Each chapter contains background info followed by a complete listing of the item, including date released, manufacturer, description and market value. You can probably guess quite a few of the most prolific artists in term of peripheral toys (Beatles- Milton Bradley "Flip Your Wig" game- \$75-150, Michael Jackson- *Thriller* paperweight- \$40-60, Kiss- 1977 wall clock- \$75-150), but there's a ten page miscellaneous chapter, listing collectible items from a wide variety of artists. How about Paula Abdul earrings (\$5), a Boy George Doll (\$100), Rod Stewart jigsaw puzzle (\$30), Mamas And The Papas paper dolls (\$100 each), or a Madonna *Truth Or Dare* lamp (\$40)? A big disappointment in this book, however, is the reproductive photo quality inside. The publishers go to the trouble of having hundreds of photos of these rare collectibles, but they lack contrast, resulting in very thin illustrations. Aside from that, this is an excellent reminiscing and/or collection appraising tool. (Alan Sheckter) ☐

AETHER MADNESS By Gary Wolf and Michael Stein (Peachpit Press, Paperback, \$21.95, 300 pages) This "offbeat guide to the online world" tells you where to head on the Internet to find kinky subject matter. There is information on aliens, hackers, zines, gays, *Star Trek*, pagans, Rush Limbaugh fans, etc. Good explanations of Net terms and Net functions like FTP, mailing lists, news groups, WWW and Gopher sites. There's really not enough warning here about problems you may encounter with the bullies on the Net, but I think until I write my own book, no one else is going to risk scaring the masses away by revealing the truth. Still, when I get past the negative aspects of the Net, this book is a great place to turn for new amusements. (Netta Gilboa) ☐

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE YELLOW PAGES

Compiled and Edited by

Melinda Bonk (Future Medicine Publishing, Inc., (415) 435-7770, Paperback, \$12.95 (plus shipping), approx. 300 pages) This is a national guide to alternative therapists all over America. It's presented in traditional "Yellow Pages" format, and is easy to read and use. The book is alphabetically broken down into subjects and then further broken down by state. Topics include acupuncture, Biofeedback Training, many, many chiropractors, Environmental Medicine, Herbal Medicine, and even Alternative Veterinary Medicine. If you don't know what some of the heading mean, don't worry. They are each clearly defined. Although they acknowledge that not all worthy businesses are in the directory, and there are disclaimers about not being able to guarantee the service you'll receive from these clinics/merchants, this is a huge and worthwhile resource for those who feel a "sense of frustration and helplessness that many feel when dealing with conventional medicine." (Alan Sheckter) ☐

ANSWER ME! (AK Press, Paperback, \$13.00, 136 pages) The first three issues of this legendary gore-zine have been combined along with a new introduction into this book. If you are interested in serial killers, interviews with gray people and articles about hating people, this is simply the best source for this material. This is as gray as the written word gets (Alan declined to review it). It should inspire a range of emotions as you read it, ranging from wanting to hug to wanting to choke the publishers. What more could you ask of a zine? (Netta Gilboa) ☐

APPLIED CRYPTOGRAPHY By Bruce Schneier (John Wiley & Sons, Inc., Paperback, \$44.95, 618 pages) Those interested in keeping what they type private, will delight in this new book which explains how cryptography works, what's out there and what the future holds. Lots of source code, illustrations, tables and extensive footnotes. (Netta Gilboa) ☐

BACKROAD WINERIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Written and Photographed By Bill Gleeson (Chronicle Books, Paperback, \$16.95, 130 pages) This scenic tour of SoCal's wineries is one of several travel guides by Gleeson, a fourth generation Californian. Others include his *Weekends For Two* series (Northern California, Southern California and the Pacific Northwest), and the sister to this book, *Backroad*

Wineries Of Northern California.

This is a lavishly photographed, detailed guide to 50 wineries, giving the specific personalities of each, a list of the different wines produced and the vintner's current favorite choices. Also included is very helpful info for travelers: address, directions, hours, whether they have wine tasting, tours and retail sales, and a sample wine label. From Monterey County to San Diego County, this is a great book for wine lovers and backroad lovers as well. (Alan Sheckter) ☐

THE BBS CONSTRUCTION KIT By David Wolfe (John Wiley & Sons, Inc., Paperback, \$27.95, 373 pages) If you've ever wanted to run a BBS, here's a practical guide to doing so. It includes a disk with GAP software and tells you everything, from how to set up your modem and file transfers to protecting against viruses and government raids. Relatively easy to read, this is ideal for beginners to intermediates. (Netta Gilboa) ☐

THE BOOK OF DOORS By Athon Veggi and Alison Davidson (Destiny Books, \$29.95) Fans of either the occult or ancient Egypt will delight in this box set of 65 cards, a 256-page book and an eight-sided die. Readers use the set in a ten-card spread to gain insights from the specific cards chosen. Beautiful artwork, powerful interpretations. (Netta Gilboa) ☐

CAPTAIN TRIPS: A Biography Of Jerry Garcia By Sandy Troy (Thunder's Mountain Press, Hardcover, \$22.95, 290 pages) Sandy Troy is a good person to have written this book. He is an attorney with two daughters who lives in San Diego. He is also a long-time, well connected Dead Head, with 200+ shows and *One More Saturday Night*, a Grateful Dead biography under his belt. Garcia's boyhood and teen years are covered in more detail than I've ever seen. "In high school, I fell in with some other musicians - Beatnik types, the pot smokers. My only other option was to join the beer drinkers, but they got into fights," Garcia states of his Cazadero, CA high school days. The book traces Garcia's influences, friends, musical partners and happenings until the present day, including lots of Grateful Dead folklore stories. One chapter "Million Sellers and an Ice Cream Called Garcia" tells of 1987 goings-on, the year "Touch Of Grey" hit the Top 10. There's an interesting little section of Garcia songlists from 1961-1964 (his banjo/

bluegrass days), and even an astrological analysis of the man for those really with the need to know more. The cover of the hardback is a beautiful tie-dye design, featuring a black and white photo, but containing psychedelic sunglasses. It'll look great on your table of shelf. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

CARLOS CASTANEDA, ACADEMIC OPPORTUNISM AND THE PSYCHEDELIC SIXTIES By Jay Courtney Fikes (Millenia Press, (800) 667-8398, Paperback, \$19.95, 290 pages) Castaneda's books have aroused much debate about whether the experiences in them actually happened or not. This book proves the stories are "more allegorical than actual." This is so well researched you simply must be familiar with Castaneda to understand it. Badly needed, very convincing and full of good leads in the bibliography. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

CD-ROMS RATED By Les Krantz (McGraw-Hill, Paperback, \$19.95, 306 pages) Designed for people unsure which CDs are worth buying, this book reviews the best and worst of what's out there and comes with a CD-ROM disk with demos of over 30 top titles. Organized by genres such as clip art, erotica, dictionaries, humor, etc., this is easy to reference as you glance at mail order catalogs with long lists of unfamiliar titles. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

CELTIC MANDALAS By Courtney Davis, Text by Helena Paterson (Stanley Publishing Co., Inc., Paperback, \$14.95, 96 pages) Mandalas, you ask? They are a worldwide artistic practice. They are symmetric, symbolic images of transcendental art, often used as a meditation tool. Courtney Davis is an internationally recognized artist/interpreter of this traditional artistry. This 8½ X 11 book is full of astral/psychedelic/spiritual mandala reproductions. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

CHEATING AT BLACKJACK By "Dustin D. Marks" (Index Publishing Group, Inc., Paperback, \$19.95, 232 pages) A big-time Vegas gambler, the author chose to use an alias. After investigating the contents of the book, I'd say I agree with his/her decision. Marks not only covers blackjack, but discusses gambling and "advantage" play in slots, roulette, Baccarat, keno, craps, etc. The book is highly acclaimed by many of gaming's leading experts. Marks describes suggested playing techniques, schemes and psychology that go into real-life gambling. In the beginning, the author states (by the advice of an attorney), that the book is "for entertainment purposes only." Then Marks proceeds to talk of sleight of hand and getting in good with the dealer in order to create a "gray area advantage." Reading is suggested. Practicing its contents is not. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

CHECK FRAUD INVESTIGATION By Burt Rapp (Loompanics Unlimited, Paperback, 170 pages) The target audience here is a true gray

area. What else would we expect from Loompanics? Is it aimed at bank executives and other authorities, or does it act as a book of hints for the check frauder? You decide. (The author *does* recommend prosecution!) No matter which side of the fence you fall to, this is an extensive work on a seemingly narrow topic. Focuses include obtaining checks, altering checks, security, protection tips for consumers and tools to catch forgers. If you're afraid of being a victim, or are trying to get a better handle on an already existing problem, this is a book you won't find anywhere else. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

CHRISTGAU'S RECORD GUIDE: The 80s By Robert Christgau (DaCapo Press, Inc., Paperback, \$17.95, 518 pages) Similar to Christgau's *Rock Albums of the '70s*, reviewed in the last issue, the difference here is - you guessed it - the decade. He still rates approximately 3000 albums of the rock, pop, country, rap, blues, reggae and world music genres. He still rates each from A+ to E and still relies solely on his own opinion to base each review. It's such an exhaustive work, that it's worth getting, even if you don't take Christgau's opinions as gospel. So many albums and artists you may have forgotten about are mentioned that memories come racing back on every page. Remember The Long Ryders, Stray Cats, Teena Marie, Yaz? Read all about 'em. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

COMPUTERS AND COLLECTING By Steve Hudgik (Self-published, P.O. Box 974, Tualatin, OR 97062., Spiralbound, \$15.95 (includes shipping), 216 pages) If you don't own a computer yet, but you do collect something with a passion, here's a "computer guide for collectors buying and using their first computer." The book gets into how to use a modem, cataloging your collection and choosing your first computer. Strictly for neophytes, but useful. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

THE CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND USING THE LAW By Daniel Johnson (Betterway Books (800) 289-0963, \$14.95, 282 pages) The information here, they promise, is offered "in easy to understand language." I second that motion. This is a great place to turn when you have a personal question regarding the law that you don't want a \$150/hour answer to. Focal points include Family Law (divorce, custody, adoption, Real Estate (purchasing, construction, landlord-tenant law), Consumer Contracts, Credit and Bankruptcy, Personal Injury Law, Business Law and many others. There is a large glossary and useful sample legal documents (wills, leases, and even an attorney fee agreement). A big money-saver and knowledge-increaser. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

THE CORNERS OF NEW YORK Photographs by Frank Wallis (Source Publications, (203) 261-2469, Spiralbound, \$25.95, 45 full-page plates) Wallis highlights New York City's daily life with frank black and

white photos of people, architecture and other assorted images of Manhattan. The book is printed on fine acid-free paper and held together with a strong plastic spiral binding, which guarantees that the book will lay flat after many browsings. This is a very good photographic collection, but it's somewhat frustrating that the resolution of the printing is low. Still, having *The Corners Of New York* is having a bit of the city in your home. Also available by Wallis *The Streets of Paris* and *Big Town Little Town: Nudes for the Urban Environment*. (Alan Sheckter) ☞


CORPUS JURIS HUMOROUS IN BRIEF By John B. McClay (Mac-Mat, P.O. Box 2025-131, Tustin, CA 92680. Paperback, \$9.95, 290 pages) Here are the most outlandish opinions rendered by judges throughout time. This entertaining work is divided into sections on everything from drugs to love to taxation to ridiculous contentions. Contains lots of the original legalese, but only those sections necessary to make the point. Ideal for lawyers and people who hate the law. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

CREATE YOUR OWN VIRTUAL REALITY SYSTEM By Joseph R. Levy and Harley Bjelland (Windcrest/McGraw-Hill, Paperback, \$32.95, 292 pages) This practical book tells you what you need to experience virtual reality at home and includes free software to help you get there. Offers lots of information on what can be done with a PC and has a huge appendix of vendors, publications, organizations and other contacts. Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ☞


THE CURE FOR ALL CANCERS By Hulda Regehr Clark, Ph.D., N.D. (ProMotion Publishing, (800) 375-8809, Paperback, \$19.95, 512 pages) The book title is a lofty statement in itself, yet Clark makes many bold statements and she deserves to be heard. Armed with 100 case studies, Clark says that in 1990 she found the real cause of *all* cancers, and shortly thereafter discovered the cure. So, for instance, smoking does not *cause* cancer, it greatly contributes to it. There are major focuses on the cause, cleaning up your surroundings for prevention (diet, cleaning your house), the case histories and suggested homemade recipes for things like soap, fresh beverages and foods. There is even an herbal way for you to remove gallstones. Clark believes in her remedies and desperately wants her message spread as she is appalled at the state of today's health care and "hostage-holding of the sick." (Alan Sheckter) ☞

CYBERARTS: Exploring Art and Technology By Linda Jacobson (Miller Freeman, Inc., Paperback, \$24.95, 314 pages) This book is a collection of essays, articles and commentaries about the merging of computers, visual design, music, education and entertainment. Contains a good mix of technical terms, illustrations and good writing. (Netta Gilboa) ☞


CYBERSPACE AND THE LAW By

Edward A. Cavazos and Gavino Morin (The MIT Press, (800) 356-0343, Paperback, \$19.95, 220 pages) Subtitled, "Your Rights And Duties In The On-Line World," this badly-needed book explains cyberspace and the legal issues most pertinent to users. Included are chapters on electronic privacy, intellectual property, adult material, harmful and dangerous words and cyber-crimes. The legal field here is wide open because there are still areas the law does not cover as well as weak laws that cannot be used to prosecute crimes people still refuse to conceive can be committed. For those interested in the subject, this is the definitive book available so far. Readers interested in the hacking issues raised in this magazine will enjoy this book. (Netta Gilboa) 


DEATH ROW

(Glenn Hare Publications, 6300 Yarrow Drive, Calsbad, CA 92009-1597, Paperback, \$9.95, 212 pages) Published annually, this book contains information about every inmate presently residing on Death Row. Volume 4 contains information on 2,796 people, as well as profiles of a dozen key people and reprints of important articles in the field. Moving. (Netta Gilboa) 


DRUG USE IN AMERICA By Peter J.

Venturelli (Jones And Bartlett Publishers, Inc., Paperback, 338 pages) Focusing on "social, cultural, and political perspectives," this volume of research articles examines everything from needle exchange to prevention to race to advertising. Tons of references to articles about drugs in medical, legal and academic journals. Includes many original surveys, reviews of the literature in the field and makes recommendations for change. This is designed for use in the classroom and is quite impressive for a textbook. (Netta Gilboa) 


ECONOMIC SODOMY By Victor

Santoro (Loompanics Unlimited, Paperback, \$13.95, 192 pages) Here's a boook about various frauds and cons. There are chapters on insurance frauds, mail-order scams, medical quackery, check frauds, employee theft, etc. Contains extensive references for even further reading. Worth a look so you can avoid getting swindled as well as gain some insight into how these scams are pulled off. (Netta Gilboa) 


ECSTATIC INCISIONS: The

Collages of Freddie Baer (AK Press, Paperback, \$11.95, 76 pages) Freddie Baer is an artist who designs zine covers, T-shirts, posters and album sleeves. I first came across her collages on the *Factsheet Five* T-shirt. Her work can be compared to Max Ernst, but is utterly her own. She works in black and white, mixing photographs with original illustrations and public domain images. The book includes an interview with Baer and an introduction by Peter Lamborn Wilson. Nice. (Netta Gilboa) 

E-MAIL SECURITY By Bruce Schneier


(John Wiley & Sons, Inc., Paperback, \$24.95, 352 pages) Focusing more on the concept that your E-mail is likely to be read by the government, your business competitors, reporters and friends and family, this book addresses the need for keeping your E-mail private without mentioning the word "hackers." Includes lots of information on PGP and PEM, DES and IDEA, RSA and DSA as well as an explanation of the latest patent and export issues. (Netta Gilboa) 

ETHICS IN AN EPIDEMIC By Timothy


F. Murphy (University of California Press, Hardcover, 222 pages) Written by a philosopher, this book attempts to address unanswered and previously unexamined ethical questions. There are chapters on celebrities, backlash, politics, the search for a cure, etc. Useful without being preachy. (Netta Gilboa) 

FAITHFULL: An Autobiography By

Marianne Faithfull with David Dalton (Little, Brown and Company, Hardcover, \$22.95, 320 pages) When The Rolling Stones were part of the young English mod scene in the mid-60s, Marianne Faithfull was there. She recorded Jagger/Richard's "As Tears Go By" (reaching #22 in 1965) a full year before the Stones did (reaching #6). She was born in London in 1946 and beside her many contacts, wound up marrying a British art gallery owner, a rock bassist and an American playwright. She's blatantly honest and open when it comes to pouring her heart out about her life on the edge, affair with Mick, desires for Keith, the drugs, games and fall from success. Back with this new - probably as therapeutic and soul cleansing to write as it is to read - book,


I'll relate one anecdote of interest, shedding another glimpse of light about the legendary sixties. Marianne tells us of the tragedy involving her and Brian Jones' friend Tara Browne dying in a car crash after running a red light on acid. This is the episode described in John Lennon's "A Day In The Life." A best seller, and deservedly so. (Alan Sheckter) 

FEMALIA By Joanie Blank

(Down There Press, Paperback, \$14.50, 72 pages) This unusual book features 32 color photographs of women's vulvas. The idea is that by exploring similarities and differences, women can learn how they feel about their own bodies. Very moving and erotic. Each of the 32 is utterly different from the rest. A must for men who love to look at centerfolds, but intended for women to get in touch with themselves. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) 

FREE SPACE: Real Alternatives For Reaching Outer Space By B. Alexander

Howerton (Loompanics Unlimited, Paperback, \$14.95, 150 pages) It says here that the next series of moon and other space explorations won't be government funded, but sponsored by private companies. Howerton, business editor for the space enthusiast magazine *Countdown* gives


complete, scholarly project explanations and timeframes for ten of these bold companies. Fascinating stuff. ISE (International Space Exploration) of San Diego, CA plans a privately-funded craft on the moon by 1997. The LunaCorp of Arlington, VA will have the Lunar Rover roaming the moon in 1997. And OUSPADEV (Outer Space Development Company) plans to offer vacations in space by 2002! There is also an appendix of businesses, organizations and publications. Fascinating stuff! (Alan Sheckter) 

FROM METAL TO MOZART: The Rock and Roll Guide To Classical Music


By Craig Heller (Chronicle Books, Paperback, \$9.95, 224 pages) If you are like me, you have vast experience with popular music, but cringe when classical music is mentioned as it seems about as appealing as liver and onions.

Heller has a great approach. Aimed at rock fans who've never turned on to classical, *From Metal To Mozart* takes what you like about rock music, the emotion, the power, the personal styles and bridges that to the world of the old masters.

The book takes you slowly, from "How Not To Be Intimidated By Classical Music" and "Your Classical Music Starter Vocabulary Kit" on through a guide section of what music, magazines, record clubs, radio stations, etc. to frequent. The best idea I think is the "Let's Take A Whole Year And Do This Thing Right" section, where on a planned weekly basis, Heller has pre-selected 52 classics for you to experience, that chronologically cover the 1700s through 1992's *Low* symphony by Philip Glass.

There's also a neat section that tries to suggest classical equivalents to the rock bands you like: Allman Brothers - Bach's *Concerto in A Minor for Two Violins*, David Bowie - Rimsky Korsakov's *Eastern Overture*, The Clash - Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*, Grateful Dead - Aaron Copeland's *Rodeo*, Guns 'n Roses - Mussorgsky's *A Night On Bald Mountain*. Heller has made classical music a fun and painless experience. (Alan Sheckter) 

FROM STAR WARS TO INDIANA JONES: The Best Of The Lucasfilm

Archives By Mark Cotta Vaz and Shinji Hata (Chronicle Books, Inc. Paperback, \$22.95, 210 pages) Here are the secrets behind the special effects in all of your favorite George Lucas films. Lavishly illustrated, and a bargain for twenty-three bucks, the book is divided chronologically. It includes masks, models, posters, drawings and other creations. It should be of great interest to film students, science fiction fans and anyone who spent childhood hours constructing and creating things from kits and models. (Alan Sheckter) 

GASLIGHTING By Victor Santoro

(Loompanics Unlimited, Paperback, \$12.95, 118 pages) The term "gaslighting" means to drive someone crazy. In this book you're shown how to destroy an enemies' confidence, self-esteem and reputation. The idea is to make your target paranoid and cause them to have a bunch of disasters in their dealings with other people. It's a

shame people would rather destroy each other than get along, but if someone has decided to pick on you this might help you understand their tactics. It's also a bible for how to do it to others. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

GENERATION AT THE CROSSROADS: Apathy And Action On The American Campus By Paul Rogat Loeb (Rutgers University Press, Hardcover, 460 pages) There's plenty of documentation out there on the political positions of college kids in the 60s and 70s. Hell, that stuff was on the news every day. Well, there are certainly zillions of college kids and they certainly still have political feelings, some voiced outwardly, and some kept inside by the seemingly apathetic slacker. Loeb did the work (seven years of interviews, in 30 states at 100+ campuses in the 80s and 90s) and wrote the book. All you have to do is read it.

Chapters discuss things like military protesters (yes, get involved, but no, don't "spit on soldiers"), feeling detached in the classroom (how can you discuss medieval struggles when war was just declared on Iraq), and today's "treehuggers and politicians." Well-written, excellent work. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

GLOBAL NETWORKS Edited by Linda M. Harasim (The MIT Press, paperback, \$16.95, 414 pages) Containing chapters by Mitchell Kapor and Howard Rheingold, this anthology looks at how we will all coexist in the present and future computer age. There are chapters on various issues, applications and visions for the future. Worth a look if you use computers for a living or spend the bulk of your social life there. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

THE GUIDE TO LARRY NIVEN'S RINGWORLD By Kevin Stein (Baen Books, Paperback, \$14.00, 192 pages) Larry Niven's "Known Space" series has been among the most popular in science fiction. This gem of that series is *Ringworld*. A ringworld, with an area of 3 million Earths, represents the 8,000-mile track around the sun created after an Earth's orbit.

Along with dozens of imaginatively drawn illustrations, the book is a comprehensive guide to all aspects of this universe. Focuses include alien races, habitats, warfare, and space equipment. Similar in detail to a *Star Trek* guide for Trekkies, this book is quite engaging for casual fans, as well as those with no previous *Ringworld* exposure. It definitely sparks the imagination. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

THE ILLUSION OF LIFE Edited by Alan Cholodenko (Indiana University Press, Paperback, \$14.95, 312 pages) This anthology contains a variety of essays on animated cartoons and films. It includes chapters on *Roger Rabbit*, Saturday morning cartoons, and even the transcript of a lecture by animator Chuck Jones. If you like animation and worry that people don't take it seriously enough, here's proof they do. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

THE INTERNET FOR EVERYONE

By Richard W. Wiggins (McGraw-Hill, Inc., Paperback, \$29.95, 660 pages) Subtitled "A Guide for Users and Providers," this book is an enormous and detailed undertaking. The size and scope of the Internet is so huge, it is almost impossible to fathom. People from all corners of the globe access the Internet. Once there, they can explore and travel down innumerable sidestreets and pathways. Covered thoroughly are the history of the Internet, Netiquette, how to connect, Internet e-mail, Usenet discussions (on any topic under the sun), file transferring, Gopher and World-Wide Web, tools such as Archie and Veronica, virtual libraries, real-time Internet Relay Chat and MUDS (multi-user electronic games), starting your own Internet site, the Internet's future and even privacy and security issues. All-encompassing effort for beginners to seasoned Info-Bahn travelers. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

THE JOURNALISM OF OUTRAGE

(The Guilford Press, Hardcover, \$30.00, 304 pages) Subtitled "Investigative Reporting And Agenda Building In America," this book analyzes investigative stories and draws from interviews with more than 900 investigative reporters and editors. Six case studies are focused on including rape, dialysis, the home health hustle, international child abductions, toxic waste and brutal police officers. Fascinating reading for journalists, sociologists and media analysts. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

LEGAL GUIDE FOR THE VISUAL

ARTIST By Tad Crawford (Allworth Press, Paperback, \$19.95, 258 pages) If you're going to draw, paint, create cartoons or take photographs, this book will tell you how to negotiate sales, agents, contracts, taxes and copyright. Easy to understand and probably of use to people in publishing, lawyers and other groups as well. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

LICENSE TO STEAL

By Dennis Marlock and John Dowling (Palladin Press, Hardcover, 304 pages) Here's a fascinating exploration of the Gypsy Mafia. Using historical data, police records, and interviews with victims, this book looks into fortune-telling, welfare scams, stolen auto rings, shoplifting, pickpocketing, burglaries and credit and insurance fraud. Highly unusual book. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

LIVING DOWNTOWN: The History Of Residential Hotels In The United

States By Paul Groth (University of California Press, Hardcover, 404 pages) Welcome to an eye-opening look at residential lodges. Groth examines huge structures in America's largest cities that served as residences in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Some were no more than a bed, a wash basin and a single lightbulb, and some others were palaces. One thing is certain, though, these huge old buildings are disappearing from the skylines of New York, San Francisco, Chicago

and elsewhere. Groth also introduces the idea of their usefulness as a partial solution to today's homeless plight. Flophouses and cubicle lodging houses used to house thousands per night in San Francisco in the 1880s. They would fit as many as 16 temporary units in the space of what now would look like a long two-car garage.

There are also descriptions of places like The Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach, FL, which at one time was the winter place to be. Wonderful illustrations, to boot. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

THE MACINTOSH BIBLE, 5th

Edition Originally by Arthur Naiman, Edited by DiNucci, Castro, Abernathy, Blatner, Guglielmo, Kadyk, Norr, & Weibel (Peachpit Press, Inc., Paperback, \$30.00, 1162 pages) This is the newest and biggest edition of *The Macintosh Bible*, whose sales are pushing one million since the first edition in 1986. The book/manual is extremely reader-friendly and relaxed, while staying useful and providing solutions in every aspect that is the world of Mac. It's a must-have for any Mac owner, seasoned user or newcomer. New topics in this edition are Power Macintoshes, System 7.5, discussions of new versions of Word, Excel, Claris Works, etc. There are cool little icons that appear in the margins at certain spots. A matchstick means "hot tip," a money bag is "a bargain," even a skunk for the rare "bad feature." Everything for the desktop publisher, accountant and info highway runner. At over 1100 pages, there's room to cover it all. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS:


Twenty Remarkable Collections In


Pursuit of Their Dreams


By Mitch Tuchman, Photographs by Peter Brenner (Chronicle Books, Paperback, \$19.95, 144 pages) There are those, who for life are stuck with the collector's bug. Maybe you are one of them. Ever collect coins, comic books, matchpicks, fishing lures, Grateful Dead tapes? The 20 men and women featured here have amassed some eccentric, priceless and awesome collections. 125 color photographs accompany them. Some take up more space than others. Stephen and Robert Cade (Robert was the inventor of Gatorade, it says here) collect Studebakers; dozens of 'em. Norma Hazelton collects zillions of colorful plastic, metal and wood swizzle sticks. Patricia Geller, mannequins, and Lorinda Bray, who must have lots of room, has amassed and restored an amazing collection of merry-go-round horses. Mike Stella has a wondrous variety of good old Lionel trains. Appealing to the collector in everyone. (Alan Sheckter) 📖


THE MOSAIC HANDBOOK


By Dale Dougherty and Richard Koman (O'Reilly & Associates, Inc., Paperback, \$29.95, 220 pages) Also available in editions for those working under the Macintosh or X Window systems, this book helps users master using World Wide Web. The book includes a disk, is well-illustrated and can be mastered quickly. A few hours spent surfing Web pages will more than justify purchasing this book.


MY HUSBAND WEARS MY CLOTHES By Peggy J. Rudd (PM Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 5304, Katy, TX 77491-5304. Paperback, \$12.95, 160 pages) This is the first book on crossdressing written from the perspective of a wife whose husband enjoys wearing female clothing. Answers common questions about how to tell your wife and children and how to come to terms with your partner's desires. A godsend to people interested in crossdressing, this is also of interest to those who study deviance and to those with potentially troublesome marriages in general. (Netta Gilboa) 


THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF HAUNTED PLACES By Dennis William Hauck (Athlor Press, Paperback, \$24.95, 406 pages) Hauck has recently been on *Geraldo* and *Sally Jesse Raphael*. Five years of research by dozens of reporters and photographers gave gone into the making of this book, where addresses, phone numbers and even travel directions of 2000 haunted sites are included. A great book for serious researchers and casual readers alike, all 50 states are covered. There are even alleged haunted places in Wyoming and North Dakota. Let's see, the closest to *Gray Areas* World Headquarters is the historic (since 1704) General Wayne Inn in Merion, PA. Here, many employees, customers and reporters have felt or seen the presence of Hessian soldiers, Indians and even the apparition of Edgar Allen Poe. 50 pages are devoted to California alone, from Los Angeles and San Francisco to Mount Shasta. All encompassing and quite intriguing. (Alan Sheckter) 


THE NET AFTER DARK By Lamont Wood (John Wiley and Sons, Inc., (800) CALL WILEY, Paperback, \$16.95, 352 pages) This easy-to-use book explains how to access the fringes of the Internet including the coolest, newest and most bizarre spots. It warns readers about "bad users" who might send chain letters, be ignorant, or give you viruses. Hackers are mentioned, but the section on E-mail does not warn that hackers can access it before you do. Since none of the other books are honest about the Net's downfalls, I'll also stick to only mentioning the positive. There are some great leads here as well as a layout that invites you to pick a page and go explore the things on it. Covers everything from sex to sci-fi to UFOs to gaming. A must to have if you're computerized. (Netta Gilboa) 

THE NEW UNTOUCHABLES By John DeSantis (Noble Press, Hardcover, \$22.95, 316 pages) Subtitled "How America Sanctions Police Violence," this book examines police brutality through interviews with former officers and attorneys. Easy to follow and current, this explores a complex societal problem and brings forth new insights. Impressive. (Netta Gilboa) 


NINA'S BOOK OF LITTLE THINGS By Keith Haring (Prestel, Hardcover, \$19.95, 70 pages) Keith Haring, the New York graffiti artist who rose in stardom to have works in world-class galleries passed away in 1990 from AIDS-complicated diseases at the age of 32. His work is now universally known. In 1988, Haring created this child's participatory activity book for his seven year old friend Nina Clemente. The illustrations are full color and large, and Haring's love for children shows. There are places for the book's owner to add their own drawings, stickers and other mementoes. Wonderful for any child, and a great alternative to TV. A perfect rainy day book, too! (Alan Sheckter) 


THE NON-DESIGNERS DESIGN BOOK By Robin Williams (Peachpit Press, Inc., Paperback, \$14.95, 144 pages) Helpful hints is the name of the game here. For anyone thrown into the role of creating ads, resumes, newsletters, business cards, invitations, etc., armed with a computer, but not armed with formal design training, this book is for you. Clear and concise descriptions, as well as examples of how even subtle changes can magnify the impact of your creation highlight this book. Learn to know when a design is too busy, which fonts go together well. Great resource! (Alan Sheckter) 


NOWHERE TO RUN: The Story of Soul Music By Gerry Hirshey (Da Capo Press, Paperback, \$14.95, 384 pages) In this book, Hirshey examines the life and times of some of the legendary rhythm and blues artists when labels called Motown and Atlantic dominated the charts. There are perceptive discussions and interviews, not full of the fluffy propaganda the record companies release, but of real emotions, both positive and negative. The charts themselves never told the real story of racial struggles. Robert Johnson (whose three dozen blues songs released in the 1930s are constantly being revived by people like Clapton and The Stones), was too black, too soon for popular music to canonize him like Hendrix or a Presley. Read about Otis Redding, Sam Cooke, Martha Reeves, Mary Wells, James Brown, The Temps, etc. From poverty stricken Florence Ballard to a talk with majestic Michael Jackson, every page offers great historical glimpses. (Alan Sheckter) 


ONCE UPON A TELEPHONE By Ellen Stern and Emily Gwathmey (Harcourt Brace & Company, Hardcover, \$27.95, 140 pages) This illustrated social history of the telephone explores advertisements, comments from celebrities, photographs, history and trivia. Includes information about "operators, directories, phone booths, and, of course, the appliance itself." Lavishly illustrated and full of fascinating tidbits. (Netta Gilboa) 


OPIUM FOR THE MASSES By Jim Hogshire (Loompanics Unlimited, Paperback, \$14.95, 116 pages) Here's everything you ever wanted to know about the drug opium. It will

explain what the high feels like, how addictive it is, how to procure seeds and how to make and ingest opium. Includes rare photos and many illustrations about this pain-killer. (Netta Gilboa) 

PGP: PRETTY GOOD PRIVACY By Simson Garfinkel (O'Reilly & Associates, Inc., Paperback, 430 pages) Here's the definitive user's guide to the popular computer encryption program. Explains what it is, where to find it, how to install it and how to use it properly. Contains an invaluable reference card. If you send electronic mail to people, and/or keep files on your hard drive that you do not wish others to see, both the program and the book are mandatory. Look for our public key elsewhere in this issue. (Netta Gilboa) 

PIONEERS OF ROCK AND ROLL: 100 Artists Who Changed The Face Of Rock By Harry Sumrall (Billboard Books, Paperback, \$21.95, 310 pages) 100 subjectively chosen folks, who, for one reason or another, stand out as "pioneers" in the shaping of the history of rock 'n roll. Critic, musician, composer Sumrall, pretty much has covered all the bases, and includes a few pages, a photo, and a list of each act's top albums and songs. Read information about somewhat obscure, yet important artists (Alexis Korner, The Soft Machine, The Ventures), as well as the obvious, oft-written ones (Bob Dylan, Chuck Berry, Velvet Underground). An Absorbing light-shedder. (Alan Sheckter) 

PLANET INTERNET By Steve Rimmer (Windcrest/McGraw-Hill, Paperback, \$24.95, 316 pages) Sure there are a bunch 'o books on how to navigate the Internet. But this book is for those Internet hobbyists who "plug-in" for fun and leisure. *Planet Internet* is lavishly adorned with friendly graphics and visual treats while you read. Laid out in an alphabetical format, Rimmers lets you know where to connect with folks on the Net whose hobbies you share. Focuses include Alternative Medicine, Beer, Caffeine, Electronic Frontier Foundation, Rumors, *Star Trek* and Zines. Simply the most user-friendly, entertaining "irreverent guide to the Internet's pubs, curiosity shops and back alleys" I've ever seen! (Alan Sheckter) 

THE PORTABLE SCATALOG Edited by Louis P. Kaplan (William Morrow & Co., Hardcover, \$16.00, 196 pages) Originally published by John G. Bourke in 1891, this novelty book has been condensed to include the oddest and most unintentionally hilarious passages. It also includes a foreword by Sigmund Freud. If you're willing to find humor in excrement, this offers chapters like "Cow Dung and Cow Urine In Religion," "Phallic Superstitutions" and "The Employment Of Excrement In Food." Even more funny than it is gray. (Netta Gilboa) 

THE RE/SEARCH GUIDE TO

BODILY FLUIDS By Paul Spinrad (Re/Search Publications, Paperback, \$15.99, 129 pages) How much have you thought about your relationship with your body and nature? This book covers everything from the history and evolution of toilet paper, farting, urine, constipation, mucus, vomit, etc. Is it gross? Yes. Is it frank? You bet it is. Is it worth reading? Yes. So thorough it even includes a list of bodily functions in the cinema including nose picking, urine, vomit, farts, feces and toilets. An important if shocking exploration. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

REVELATION X By Reverend Ivan Stang (Fireside Books, Paperback, \$14.95, 186 pages) Fans of Bob Dobbs and the Church of the SubGenius will delight in this new book which contains information on unanswered mysteries of Dobbs' prophecy, the dark side of Dobbs and the Conspiracy. Lavishly illustrated, this is a lot of fun for believers and new initiates. You decide if the Church of the SubGenius is a religion made into a joke, or a joke made into a religion. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

THE SECRET LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLS By David Fontana (Chronicle Books, Paperback, \$17.95, 192 pages) Subtitled "A Visual Key to Symbols and Their Meanings," this colorfully illustrated book highlights symbols used in rituals, mythology and the occult, spanning the time of early man to the present. There are essays detailing the history, psychology and meanings of every symbol. There are a wide variety of serpents, mandalas, trees (trees of knowledge, trees of life), fire, etc. Impressive and beautifully done. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

SEPARATING SCHOOL & STATE By Sheldon Richman (The Future of Freedom Foundation, Paperback, \$14.95, 130 pages) Richman is a believer home-schooling for children and he calls for the end of today's public schools. This scholarly book tackles "What's Wrong With Public Schools," "Why There Are Public Schools," and living "Without Public Schools." An appendix in the back spouts lots of statistics illustrating the declining achievements of today's public school kids. Richman presents a good argument. Recommended if you're interested in helping stir up this issue, or want to be exposed to it. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

SIN DIEGO By F.M. Philips (Warren Communications, P.O. Box 620219, San Diego, CA 92160., Paperback, \$16.95, 280 pages) This guide to "San Diego's underground sex, drugs and rock 'n roll" scene focuses on everything from local escort services, massage parlors, sex workers, swing clubs and adult BBs to bars, the gay life, nude beaches and gambling. There's also information on nearby Tijuana and where to get tattoos, hot tubs, drugs, and nasty photos developed. Every city should have a book like this and the author promises he's working on Los Angeles next. Indispensable for tourists with gray interests. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

SINGER-SONGWRITERS: Pop Music's Performer-Composers From A To Zevon By Dave DiMartino (Billboard Books, Paperback, \$21.95, 308 pages) Not all of the most important singer/songwriters in pop music are the ones with the big hits, although some are: (Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Browne, Joni Mitchell). This collection of short biographies of approximately 200 artists examines many who you may not be familiar with, but should be. Some of these are the very obscure Van Dyke Parks (who from 1968-1989 released five highly acclaimed, yet commercial flops), Steve Goodman (the guy who wrote "The City of New Orleans" as well as collaborated with Dylan, Bromberg, Muldaur, Buffett, Prine) and Jules Shear (who in 1994 is finally becoming recognized after almost 20 years in the biz; he wrote Cyndi Lauper's "All Through The Night," The Bangle's "If She Knew What She Wants" and even the 1977 Johnny Rivers hit "Slow Dancing"). Great reference work that includes people from Amos, Anka and Armatrading to Winwood, Young and Zevon. Notable albums and songs are listed for each artist. Another super Billboard reference book. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

SKELETON KEY: A Dictionary for Deadheads By David Shenk and Steve Silberman (Doubleday, Paperback, \$14.95, 388 pages) Words and phrases of the vast Dead Head culture are defined in this, more of a small encyclopedia (without pictures) than dictionary. *Skeleton Key* is far more detailed with each entry than a standard dictionary. Similar to the idea of a baseball glossary or *The Beavis and Butthead* glossary, I'm surprised no one thought of this before. The world of Grateful Dead is so huge, long-lasting and well, everywhere, that there are loads of terms and names and places that are known only to some of those "in the know." There are even colloquialisms native to only the East Coast, and those only heard on the West Coast. There are people (Mikel, Bruce Hornsby), places (Fillmore East) and things ("miracle tickets"). Some, the authors made up, like "Line Donkeys," the folks who stand in line and then enter a venue with full backpacks, food and books for what is only a four hour arena show. Others you may have been scratching your head about for years (like McGannahan Skjelleyfetti and Ice Nine), are explained. If you travel in these circles, pick up *Skeleton Key*. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

SLIDE MOUNTAIN: or The Folly Of Owning Nature By Theodore Steinberg (University of California Press, Hardcover, \$24.00, 224 pages) My first experience of "the folly of owning nature" was about 20 years ago, when the New Jersey shore resort communities began to demand that visitors (and residents) buy beach tags in order to walk on the beach. Well there are lots of interesting controversial examples of owning nature, like ocean floors, underground water and Donald Trump's struggle for air rights. The book is named after a Mark Twain tall tale, where a man who owns a house and property on

a Nevada hill, has his house slide off of his property during a landslide. Even though his ranch lands on top of someone else's land, the man claims ownership, because that's where his house now resides. Told with a humorous and environmentally conscious tone, *Slide Mountain* is absurd, yet relevant. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

1995-1996 STAR GUIDE (Axiom Information Resources, Paperback, \$12.95, 204 pages) Of course a book like this becomes almost obsolete soon after it's printed, it also enables you to hold in your hand the most up-to-date addresses of the biggest stars in popular culture. Lots of the addresses are simply in care of a ball team or film company, but more than half are actual street addresses. And of the 3,200 listings, you're sure to find someone you're driven to contact. Contains listings in the fields of movies, TV, music, sports, politics and others. Well worth the money if one person writes you back. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

STARS OF SOUL AND RHYTHM & BLUES By Lee Hildebrand (Billboard Books, paperback, \$21.95. 276 pages) Here's another solid *Billboard* book. Highlighted in this A-Z (or Johnny Ace to Zapp and Roger) formatted work are biographies, top albums and singles and photos of 180 of the greatest names in R&B. As always, *Billboard* will teach you about folks you may never have heard of (Z. Z. Hill, Johnny Otis) as well as giving you further insight into those who you are familiar (James Brown, Stevie Wonder). This is another indispensable book for music enthusiasts. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

STEALWORKS: The Graphic Details of John Yates (AK Press, Paperback, \$11.95, 138 pages) Including a forward by Jello Biafra, this collection of Yates' art is so unique that it includes a copyright notice which says, "Legal stuff aside, reproduce at will. All I ask is that you give credit where credit is due, and ask nicely beforehand." Yates' work is as much about his political and philosophical beliefs as about whatever it is he is illustrating. His work combines photographs with phrases you would not expect to see attached to them. Yates currently publishes *Punchline* and produces artwork for Alternative Tentacles Records. Impressive. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

STIFLED LAUGHTER By Claudia Johnson (Fulcrum Publishing, Hardcover, \$19.95, 182 pages) This book chronicles one woman's efforts to restore literary classics which were banned from the high school curriculum in rural north Florida, where she lived. Includes information about a five-year-long federal fight. Worth tracking down. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

THE STRONGER WOMEN GET, THE MORE MEN LOVE FOOTBALL By Mariah Burton Nelson (Harcourt Brace and Company, Hardcover, \$22.95, 310 pages) Burton-Nelson went as far as she could in women's sports, playing for Stanford in college and as a professional (Unfortunately, women's professional basketball

receives zero press). In this funny, provocative and ball-busting book, she examines the undeniable sexism in the American culture of sports. She concentrates on advertising and common stereotypes with chapters like "Boys Will Be Boys and Girls Will Not," "Men In Tight Pants Embracing" and "How a Woman Is Supposed To Act." A book that needed to be written. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

SWEET TALKERS By Kathleen K. (Richard Kasak Books, Paperback, \$12.95, 208 pages) The manager of Sweet Talkers, a phone-sex line, also works as an operator and in this book reveals the secrets of the business as well as tips for new operators. Covers ethical questions, top caller fantasies and includes X-rated dialogue throughout as examples. Unique! (Netta Gilboa) ☞

TEQUILA By Ann and Larry Walker (Chronicle Books, Paperback, \$10.95, 120 pages) While your mulling over the many gray areas mentioned throughout this magazine, this book provides over 40 recipes which are enhanced with tequila. Try one and see if you can solve life's dilemmas. An impressive range of delicacies are covered from drinks and cakes to chicken in peanut sauce and soused snapper. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

TERROR ON TAPE By James O'Neill (Billboard Books, Paperback, \$16.95, 392 pages) This comprehensive reference book contains a complete listing of over 2000 horror movies available on videotape. There's information on each film as well as major stars and directors of the genre. Easy to use and well done. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

TERRORISM & THE MEDIA By Brigitte L. Nacos (Columbia University Press, Hardcover, \$32.50, 214 pages) Terrorism is certainly a worldwide problem. We all agree there. But, where do we get our information. All news, both in words and footage come from the almighty media. And while gosh, I love how technologically amazing the abilities of the media are for providing information, one still has to decide for themselves the pertinence of what's being presented. Nacos, a long-time correspondent for German newspapers (and now lives in New York), focuses on the power of media coverage, making citizens ultimately vulnerable as elected officials to set policy and make decisions based on public polls influenced directly from the media. Reviewed are recent events such as Lt. Col. Higgins hanging in Lebanon, the Iran hostages, the World Trade Center bombing and media coverage of PanAm flight 103. A powerful and effective book. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

THAILAND By James O'Reilly and Larry Habegger (Travelers' Tales, Paperback, \$15.95, 406 pages) What I thought at first to be a travel guide of recommended hotels and restaurants turned out to be a bright and refreshing alternative, but in many ways just as informative. After a brief

introduction of Thailand, the book unfolds in story form. That is, dozens of first hand stories of experiences real people like you have had. So when The Thai Cooking School in Bangkok is examined, it is done in storytelling fashion. It still is a travel book (it received 1993's Gold Medal award for Best Travel Book). So learn about Thailand this way! Expect similar books focusing on Mexico, France, India and Hong Kong. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

UFO QUEST By Alan Watts (Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., Paperback, \$9.95, 200 pages) A devout UFO believer, Watts examines all aspects of the phenomena. He discusses hoaxes and real encounters, from the "saucers and cigars" days of the 1940s to the recent technological advances that have made sightings of different kinds more common. Watts, discusses possible methods of navigation, the effects of UFOs on earthly mechanical devices, and even possible hows and whys of why aliens visit and what they ultimately want. Intriguing. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

VICTIMS OF MEMORY By Mark Pendergrast (Upper Access Books, Paperback, \$24.95, 603 pages) This stupendous book explores and rebuts the recent trend of victims who suddenly remember long-forgotten childhood sexual abuse. Covering multiple personalities, satanic cults, religion, the McMartin school scandal and even including chapters on famous therapists, survivors, accused and retractors, this book explains where the hysteria comes from and where it's going. Highly recommended as a landmark book to be reckoned with. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

VIDEO SEX: Create Erotic & Romantic Home Videos With Your Camcorder By Kevin Campbell (Amherst Media, Inc., (716) 874-4450, Paperback, \$19.95, 224 pages) The title says it all. If you and your partner want to enhance your intimate times by making and watching videos of yourselves, Campbell gives you the how-to. There's a chapter entitled "Getting Your Partner To Participate" an obvious task when one wants to and the other doesn't. Important ingredients such as costumes, props and dialog are all discussed, as well as actual film direction. Provocative, but not overly graphic photos accompany the text. Well done. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

VOYAGER TAROT (Merrill-West Publishing, \$35.00) This set contains 78 large tarot cards and a 94-page instruction book. There are many decks around to choose from, but this one has the advantage of large, easy-to-hold cards with surrealistic collages on them. The cards are so intense, that looking at them can make you feel stoned. Ideal for those who look for the deeper meaning of life as well as fans of Dali and meditation, this has a better than average booklet that one can grow into. Highly recommended as either a first set or a unique edition to a vast collection. Also available is a 340 page workbook

called *Voyager Tarot: Way Of The Great Oracle*. (Netta Gilboa) ☞

WHAT'S ON THE INTERNET: Winter 1994/1995 By Eric Gagnon (Peachpit Press, Inc., Paperback, \$19.95, 262 pages) Even Gagnon, president of Internet Media acknowledges the impossibility of listing *all* resources on the Internet. They change, and they number in the millions. He does however, in a fun and original format gives mini-reviews of 1600 of the most popular newsgroups, with analysis, photos and anecdotes. Listed are places to get up-to-the-minute news, info on Spiderman or The Three Stooges, Science and Technological information, and of course, every kind of computer community. There's also a listing of over 7000 newsgroups on the Internet from abortion to Zoomer. If you're looking for something on the Net, this book probably has the info you need. (Alan Sheckter) ☞


WHEN IN DOUBT, CHECK HIM OUT By Joseph J. Culligan (Hallmark Press, Inc., Paperback, \$19.95, 300+ pages) Culligan is a licensed private eye who has worked on cases with names like Dahmer, Tyson and Noriega. Gals, he's got some good advice. Even if you don't agree with everything he says, the preface here is worthwhile. Quoting a Bureau of Justice statistic that almost 2 million women were battered by their boyfriends in a recent five-year period, Culligan suggests that before you get attached - check the guy out. He gives you ways to obtain records by many means to find out things like: how much alimony does he pay?, did he really graduate from college?, what assets does he own?, has he been a previous woman-beater, etc. Help prevent possible trouble with this book. (Alan Sheckter) ☞

WITH JUSTICE FOR SOME By George P. Fletcher (Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Hardcover, \$24.00, 310 pages) Here's a look at victims' rights in criminal trials with an eye towards what's wrong with the legal system and how to fix it. There are chapters on gays, blacks, Jews, women as well as fair trials, victims and solutions. Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ☞


YOU ARE GOING TO PRISON By Jim Hogshire (Loompanics Unlimited, (800) 380-2230, Paperback, \$14.95, 175 pages) The publisher states that "You don't want to read this book unless you're going to do time, because you won't be able to get the sickening images out of your head." It's probably true. Here's the best book out there on the realities of going to prison. Included are chapters on your trial, your rights in prison, the best prison jobs, the realities of rape, death row, etc. Highly recommended for readers who presently break the law and want to avoid having this happen to them. Mandatory for anyone who's gotten busted and served time. (Netta Gilboa) ☞




3-D DINOSAUR ADVENTURE

(Knowledge Adventure) Billed as a CD-ROM for children, there's no reason why adults can't enjoy this too. There is an encyclopedia, a 3-D museum tour (for which special glasses are included), a virtual theme park, 25 full-motion videos and three games. If *Jurassic Park* piqued your interest, here's the place to find the scoop. You can study individual dinosaurs or different eras. It's software like this that makes the CD-ROM medium great. (Netta Gilboa) 

500 FONTS FOR WINDOWS

(CrystalVision Software) This CD-ROM collection features TrueType fonts. It's got some really unusual display faces as well as the usual text ones. It's an inexpensive way to build up your collection quickly. From Aachen-Bold to Zalesci, there's something here for everyone. (Netta Gilboa) 

7000 CLIP ART IMAGES

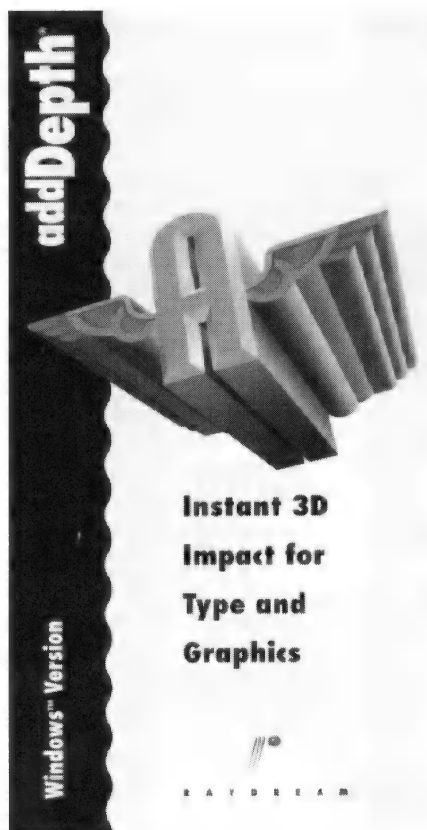
(CrystalVision Software) This CD-ROM drive contains a slew of .PCX files as well as a DOS viewer which allows you to preview images. A paper manual with all the images printed out would have been helpful, but it's a great value for the price nonetheless. Best suited to dot-matrix printers, this has the advantage of working under both *Windows* and *DOS*. A good beginning collection for personal letters, faxes, newsletters and greeting cards. (Netta Gilboa) 


9-DIGIT ZIP CODE DIRECTORY

(American Business Information) This company specializes in CD-ROMs designed for people or businesses interested in doing mass mailings. They publish numerous CDs including this one and *11 Million Businesses Phone Book*, *70 Million Households Phone Book*, *Health & Medical Industry Directory*, etc. Each CD works on PCs running *Windows*. They contain the ability to access 5000 records and require the purchase of additional CDs in order to access everything held on the disk. Useful even if a thorough


invasion of privacy. (Netta Gilboa) 


ADD DEPTH (Ray Dream, Inc.) Add 3-D effects to your type in seconds simply by clicking on buttons. *Windows* users can work with both types of fonts and export the finished type into a word processor or page layout program. Includes dozens of





professionally designed 3-D templates which allow you to simply type your headline for instant use. Being the font addict that I am, I wish I had more time to play with this. (Netta Gilboa) 

AFTER DARK 3.0 (Berkeley Systems) This new version adds over 15 new displays

and creates module folders which allow you to organize your various screen saver collections. New savers include flying toasters with karaoke, a bad dog who trashes your desktop, a new school of fish and a "You Bet Your Head" trivia game. If you don't already have *After Dark*, it's a must. If you do, the upgrade is worth the money. (Netta Gilboa) 

AMERICA ALIVE (MediAlive) For those contemplating travel here's a multimedia guide organized by state, major cities, attractions, and National Parks. Included are over 75 maps, 2500 slides, 50 movies and 1000 pages of text. Ideal for kids learning about America, people trying to decide which of 28 National Parks to visit or wanting information about the 20 major US cities. Makes educational fun. (Netta Gilboa) 

ANAL VISION (L.B.O. Entertainment Group, Inc.) This X-rated CD-ROM for *Windows* specializes in anal sex scenes, as you might expect from the title. Two volumes exist and star adult celebrities Jessica Foxx and Tami Monroe. Each disc has multiple girls and lots of penetration. All I can say is it's much safer to watch it than to do it these days. Enjoy. (Netta Gilboa) 

ARCHIBALD'S GUIDE TO THE MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT (Swfte International) Designed for kids of all ages, you explore ancient Egypt with Archibald. You'll learn to read and write hieroglyphics, hear the myth of Osiris and tour scenes of ancient Egypt. Educational and very simple to use. Breaks down a complicated culture and makes its mysteries easy to access. (Netta Gilboa) 

ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE DARK? (Viacom New Media) Based on the Nickelodeon TV show, this adventure game involves a ghost story. Ideal for kids eight and up, this might also be enjoyed by a beginning adventure game player. Includes

3-D images, state-of-the-art animation and the cast of the TV show. How the game proceeds depends on where you explore while you are playing. It's a way to create your own ghost story. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

ASTROSCOPES (Lifestyle Software Group) I've previously complained that the astrology programs on the market lack enough data to be useable by people born in other countries. I've also said the disks were too beginner oriented. Along comes this CD-ROM for *Windows*. It includes an astrological time line for history buffs, great printing ability, transits data, a choice of house systems and the ability to do love compatibility horoscopes. There are also 3-D graphics, realistic sky maps and great music. This package is miles above its competitors. I'm not afraid to admit, I consult it regularly. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

BEASTLY FUNNIES (T/Maker Company) Over 100 cartoons involving all sorts of adorable animals are included in this clip art package. Special software allows you to convert each image into many popular graphic formats so you can place these cartoons into whatever programs you prefer to work with. Perfect for fax cover sheets, teachers, newsletters and personal letters. There's lots of clip art around, but very little which is light-hearted and humorous. Worth a look. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

THE BEER HOMEBREWING GUIDE (Walnut Creek CDROM) Here's a complete tutorial and reference work on brewing beers of all types at home. There are recipes, a list of suppliers, information from the Internet, beer discussion, newsgroups and instructions and techniques. It requires *Windows* and is applicable to both novices and experienced homebrewers. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

THE BEST OF HOT SHORTS (L.B.O. Entertainment Group, Inc.) Available for *Windows* CD-ROM users, this adult CD features many adult stars getting it on. Of particular note is a girl-girl scene between Seka and Vanessa Del Rio who interact in what is billed as their first and only appearance together. Includes a runtime version of *Microsoft Video for Windows* and a viewer. With a multitude of adult disks to choose from, fans of adult stars can now collect their work on CD-ROMS. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

THE BIG ONE (Swfte International,

Ltd.) In this interactive earthquake simulation, you are in charge of the city of Los Angeles and must make decisions to save lives, repair damage and satisfy the citizens. If you fail, you risk anarchy, disease and the destruction of L.A. Teaches about the life-and-death decisions that must be made during and after a major disaster. *The Big One* is easy to comprehend and difficult to win. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

BITSTREAM 500 FONT CD FOR WINDOWS (Bitstream, Inc.) Once upon a time, fonts were bought by the family and could cost hundreds of dollars each. Font prices have dropped dramatically. Along comes this CD offering 500 faces and a limited version of *MakeUp*. The fonts are available in both formats and include both traditional text and unusual display designs. Bitstream fonts are high quality and will print well even at high resolution. This collection is a bargain, and even though I already own literally thousands of fonts, there were a few here that I didn't have yet. A fine product. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

BUSINESS ILLUSTRATIONS (T/Maker Company) Persuasive documents usually rely on illustrations to enhance their words. This collection of over 275 images includes hands, money, headers, arrows, people, flags and more. Many are in color and all are available in popular graphic formats. Most of these images are designed for the office more than for your personal use. If you produce newsletters or corporate reports, this is definitely worth a look. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

BUSTY BABES (Lions Den International, Inc.) This PC CD-ROM is an ongoing series featuring 1000 SVGA pictures. Volume 2 features "The Girls Of California" and includes 200 megabytes of shareware. Excellent quality. It's ideal for BBSs or for guys who want to stare at well-developed chests. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

CD-ROMANCE (Romulus Productions, Inc., 800-266-4557) The idea here is to allow you to browse 300 personal ads from single people across the USA. This hybrid CD-ROM allows you to get in touch with anyone that interests you by providing their E-mail address, voicemail, and letter forwarding. Best suited to help you determine what you would and would not be happy with in your next relationship. Also useful for giving you an idea of what to expect if you run or answer a personal ad in your local

paper. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

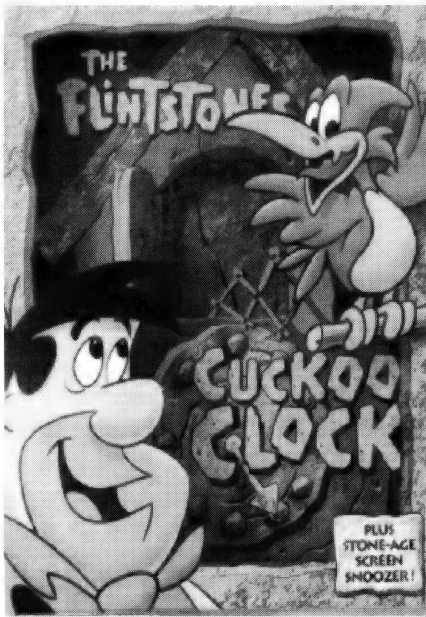
CIVILIZATION FOR WINDOWS (MicroProse Software Inc.) Can you be the one person in history who builds an empire that never fails? This award-winning strategy game allows you to start at the dawn of history and grow your society toward the space age. Provides unlimited challenges. You get to do everything from compete with Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Genghis Khan and Julius Caesar to construct the wonders of the world. A worthwhile addiction. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

CLIP-ART CORNUCOPEIA (Walnut Creek CDROM) 408 megabytes of clip art in 96 categories is included here. There are 5050 black and white images in both .PCX and .WPG formats. There's an easy-to-use file browser, a good index and all the standard images as well as cultural pictures, literary images and unusual items such as inventions, myths and images of printing. Good value. (Alan Sheckter) 📀

CLUB DEAD (Viacom New Media) This futuristic CD-ROM adventure game is about a detective hired to investigate suspicious deaths at a luxury resort where the rich and famous gather for "V" which stands for virtual reality which is illegal. You have four days to solve the adventure or become the next victim of Club Dead. Includes 90 minutes of awesome interactive video, 150 different live action scenes set in 20 different locations and an original rock score. Recommended. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

COME PLAY WITH ME (RimFire Pacific) In this X-rated CD-ROM for *Windows*, you can control the lusty nightlife of a big city. You pick up and seduce the women of your dreams and get to control the women and the sex scenes. Great special effects and lots of choices highlight this Walter Bowley production. Better than average. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

CONVERSIONS PLUS (DataViz, Inc.) Designed for *Windows* users, this program allows you to insert high density Mac disks into your PC and translate the files so that your PC can see them and read them. Until the PowerPC came along, a translation program was the only solution. So far, it's still more stable. It's certainly cheaper. You should pick this one up if you share work with people who own high density Mac disk drives. (Netta Gilboa) 📀



COLOR DIGITAL PHOTOS (Seattle Support Group) This hybrid CD-ROM contains 200 royalty-free professional photographs. Useful for ads, newsletters, presentations, wallpaper and screensavers. Images include backgrounds, animals, flowers, people, plants, buildings, landscapes and transportation. Better than average usage rights if the images are of subjects you can use. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

CORRIDOR 7: Alien Invasion (Capstone) This PC CD-ROM is unusual in that it offers both modem and network play. This means the entire office can compete. It's a futuristic "kill the enemies" game with 46 floors, nine weapons to choose from and a superb soundtrack. Beautiful graphics, the ability to play with up to 11 other people and a Presidential Level which is different each time you play make this worth a look. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

DESIGN GROUP CD (T/Maker Company) Five clip art packages are combined on this CD-ROM collection. Included are hundreds of images of animals, business art, sports, borders and illustrations such as maps, food, flowers, seasons and people. Includes a catalog and browser to help you find art by name, keyword or idea. A must for people who use clip art to produce images others will see. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

DESKTOP VALUE BUNDLE (Villa Crespo Software, Inc.) Intended for newer PC owners, this Windows CD-ROM features six easy to use utilities. There's an advanced calculator, the usual screensavers and

wallpapers, a file archiver, a phone book, an icon editor and a file viewer. These are enhancements that make using Windows more fun. If you've owned a computer for a while, you probably have something similar. If not, this is a good one to have. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

DMV: OREGON (Mike Beketic, 9520 Southeast Mt. Scott Blvd., Portland, OR 97266. \$129.00) In a few years, the passage of the crime bill will outlaw the availability of people's drivers license records. For now, only two states (New York and California) do not allow people to buy and sell this information. This CD contains over two million Oregon drivers license records, over three million Oregon license plate records, and both sides of a sample drivers license. Consumers are cautioned not to use this CD to make phony licenses, make phony titles, obtain phony I.D., stalk celebrities or to harass politicians, cops or journalists. Needless to say, this is the first in a series and is sure to become a sought after collector's item in the years to come. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

DRACULA UNLEASHED (Viacom New Media) Sold as a hybrid CD-ROM that works on both Macs and PCs, this is an interactive horror movie. You are transported to Edwardian England for four days and must identify and destroy Dracula before he kills you. Over 90 minutes of full-motion video are used to incorporate 135 scenes with over 40 live actors. There is a Vampireess, a Count who turns into a wolf as well as encounters with the Un-dead and decapitated corpses. Tons of fun. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

DRAG AND FILE (Canyon Software) Windows users can use this product to replace File Manager. It offers the ability to view 40 file formats plus ASCII and HEX. It also allows you to create, manage and extract .ZIP files from within Windows. Also allows you to select portions of any file you are viewing and copy it to the Clipboard or print it. It's a shame one needs add-on utilities, but this one is inexpensive and far superior to the File Manager that comes with Windows. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

THE EMERALD COLLECTION (American Databankers Corp) From the makers of SoftwareVAULT comes this collection of shareware on CD-ROM. It works with Windows and lets you explore the thousands of programs included with a program called *Librarian*. Includes games, graphics, sounds, fonts, Windows

applications, educational programs, etc. At least something for everyone and probably quite a bit more. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

ESPN SPORTS SHORTS (Moon Valley Software) Countless video and audio clips from some of the most memorable moments and personalities in the world of sports are right here. There's trivia, there are famous quotes, sound clips, animated icons and cursors, and even *Speak Up*, that makes it possible for you to record your own bursts of play by play. You can get close to the action in football, baseball, skiing, auto racing, golf, etc., and it's all presented in the quality that you would expect from ESPN. You can bring the high-res photo images into Windows to be used as wallpaper or as a slideshow. Unlimited possibilities for the technologically hip sports fan. (Alan Sheckter) 📀

ETCH A SKETCH (Screen Magic) Designed for small children, this may also appeal to adults who like to draw for fun. Operating just like the game you played when you were a kid, *Etch A Sketch* for Windows allows you to draw on screen with wacky lines and special effects. Just click on the knobs to draw rivers, roads, snakes, dragons, etc. and then add blends, sheens and effects like peel, spiral and curtains. You can save your art as wallpaper, and add silly sound effects. Install it for the kids and sneak in and play it when they go to sleep. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER (Westwind Media) Fans of Edgar Allan Poe will delight in this CD-ROM which incorporates original music, haunting sound effects, a fully narrated story and unusual animations. There's also a series of puzzles to solve, a 3-D art gallery, analysis and biography, a glossary and even an overview of the genre of literature. Will delight Poe fans, those interested in horror and children who are studying Poe in school. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

FLINTSTONES CUCKOO CLOCK (Turner Interactive) Fans of the TV show will fall in love with Iggy who does something cute every hour, reminds you of important dates and connects your computer to a screensaver of Dino the dinosaur. Absolutely adorable but somewhat repetitive. Children will appreciate this most. How long Iggy's antics will be useful for adult users depends on how inspired you are to replace this screensaver when the next gimmick comes

along. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

FONTMONGER (Ares Software Corporation) There comes a time when you need to convert a TrueType font to PostScript and vice-versa. Here's the product to do it. In addition, converted fonts can also be saved for Macs and for Next too. Invaluable if you use your fonts on different computers or need to work in PostScript but have a passion for things only available in TrueType. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

GIGA GAMES (Walnut Creek CDROM) The operative word here is diversity. There are 375 educational files, many for older students and some for kids. There are super graphic wonders from demos, animations to drawing products. There are adventure games too, both in the boring old text versions to multimedia competition. Along with these files and games are also utilities to give you unlimited lives in commercial games, 40MB of Dungeons and Dragons files and source code. The contents are so massive and varied (although some games are small and less stimulating than others) that there is something here for every creative fun-seeking PC user. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

HEART: 20 Years of Rock & Roll (Comptons New Media) Fans of the rock band Heart will enjoy seeing hundreds of exclusive photos, watching videos and listening of over four hours of Heart music. There are up to 60 seconds of music at a time on this from over 100 Heart songs as well as audio interviews with Ann, Nancy, Mom and friends. Nice effort. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

HOBBY CORNER (\$AVE-ON Software) Windows users can explore five unusual pets via this CD-ROM. Both entertaining and educational, you can see multimedia presentations on an ant community, starting an aquarium, owning gerbils, collecting insects and running a desert terrarium. Great photos and narrations assuming the topics interest you. Utterly unique. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

IE (Interactive Entertainment, 800-283-3542) IE is short for Interactive Entertainment and that's what these CD-ROMS deliver. Published regularly and available at many software chains, these Windows disks are a game magazine on CD-ROM. Each issue includes a free game, previews of at least half a dozen others, an interview with a game creator, trade show information and game hints and tips. It's a fascinating concept to produce a magazine

on CD-ROM instead of paper. The price of these is only a few dollars more and I found myself spending more time with each game discussed than I would of if I had been looking at it on paper. Worth a look if you play games or are intrigued by the concept of CD-ROM magazines. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

INCREDIBLE 2000 IMAGE PAK (T/Maker Company) Available both on diskette and CD-ROM formats, this package makes a good effort in living up to its name. The 2000 is easy, it's the *incredible* that's in the eye of the beholder. For a newsletter, company presentation, or any amateur writer, the 2000 Image Pak comes through with the images you want when it's time to reach for clip-art. Grab fine quality animals, computers, household and recreational images, as well as a better than average array of borders, arrows and other icons. Justifiably called "incredible." (Alan Sheckter) 📖

KITTENS TO CATS (Villa Crespo Software Inc.) Also available as a package for dog lovers called *From Puppies To Dogs*, these Windows CD-ROMs also include an instructional VHS videotape. Information is provided on how to choose a pet, different breeds, diet and nutrition, grooming, health, exercise and common pet ownership problems. Work a look if you've thought about getting a pedigree and are unsure which or if you love to see pictures of animals. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

LADY IN SPAIN (New Machine Publishing) This hybrid CD-ROM contains an adult-length feature. The plot involves a sex party in sunny Spain as three girls win a fantasy trip on the Costa Del Lust. Super high quality for those who prefer a storyline rather than marquis names. The money was spent here on location rather than star salaries. Recommended. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

THE LOST TREASURES OF INFOCOM Volume 1 & 2 (Infocom) In another time's forgotten space, those of us who played computer games used Ataris and Commodores. Adventure games were black and white text riddles. Here now are all those beloved classics on hybrid CD-ROMS in two volumes.

Volume one has 20 games including the complete *Zork* series, *Spellbreaker*, *Deadline*, *Sorcerer*, *Enchanter*, *Planetfall*, *Suspended*, *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, *Starcross*, *Stationfall*, *The Witness*, *Suspect*, *Moonmist*, *Ballyhoo*, *Infidel* and *The Lurking Horror*. There is a great mix of adventure,

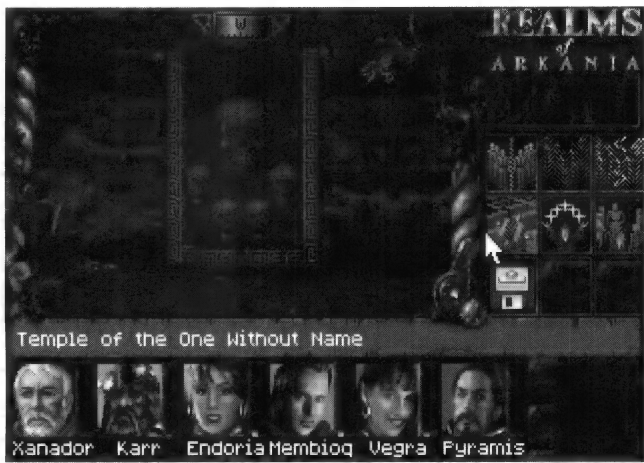
horror, mystery, fantasy, and science fiction adventures.

Volume two has 11 titles with three bonus games on the CD-ROM version. Included are *Trinity*, *Seastalker*, *Hollywood Hijinx*, *Cutthroats*, *Bureaucracy*, *Border Zone*, *Plundered Hearts*, *A Mind Forever Voyaging*, *Sherlock And Nord And Bert Couldn't Make Head Or Tail Of It*. Most of these are adventure games with a few mysteries and even a puzzle game. I can't rave enough about these interactive adventure games. For the price I paid for one of these a decade ago, you can now have an entire volume. Utterly awesome! (Alan Sheckter) 📖

THE MACINTOSH BIBLE CD-ROM (Peachpit Press, Inc.) If you have a Mac with 4MB of memory, *System 7.0* or higher and \$25.00, you qualify for "the most incredible collection of Mac stuff ever assembled." There's no boring tutorial lecture here, just the most high-tech stuff you want. Brilliant sound and video clips are here as are killer optional icons, neat-o fonts, some utilities and super high quality .TIFF and .EPS photos and clip-art. It's quite vivid and entertaining. Being in CD format, you'll surely appreciate that there's also room here for text images of traditional Peachpit computer books. (Alan Sheckter) 📖

MAD DOG II: THE LOST GOLD (American Laser Games, Inc.) Here's an interactive battle that lets you practice your shooting skills through the use of your mouse. You'll confront a CD-ROM's worth of banditos, renegades and, of course, Mad Dog's men. You can choose from several guides and multiple trails as you try to beat Mad Dog and claim the lost gold. Awesome graphics, unique plot. (Netta Gilboa) 📖

MAP 'N' GO (DeLorme Mapping) This multimedia program is one of the most used in my CD collection. It allows not only to plan the best route from point A to point B, but to choose accommodations and points of interest —with pictures and sound— along the way in North America. The maps are clear and the graphics are visually pleasant, but some functions like zooming and panning may be frustrating. The price includes an oversized 128-page full-color road atlas of North America. The detailed travel plan of the trip with the calculated distance and driving time can be printed too. In addition, maps can be located by telephone area code and exchange or by United States zip code and copied to Windows Clipboard. The online help files and the documentation are just as friendly as the DeLorme staff in



Realms of Arkania: Star Trail

Maine. The company has recently become a website on the Internet. General information, Q & A, and product demos can be obtained through www.delorme.com with Mosaic interface. I am waiting for the upgrade which hopefully will include Brooklyn, NY. (Itzhak Gilboa) [E]

MASTER OF MAGIC (MicroProse)

Here's the first PC game to combine a fantasy adventure with a strategic conquest. Build your empire after choosing from five difficulty settings. Protect yourself from powerful enemies out to destroy you. Offers 200 army types, 210 spells, 80 items of magic and 35 hero classes. This is not a game you can complete in a night, but it offers enough challenge, choices and beautiful graphics to keep you interested. A good value for the money. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

METAMORF 3-D (Villa Crespo Software, Inc.) Available on CD-ROM for Windows, this 3-D morphing graphics utility includes two pair of glasses and 200 images you can play with. Morphing is the process of taking two photographs and making them appear to blend into each other. Output can be saved as .GIF, .TGA and .FLI animations. Very special results can be achieved with this one. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

MORPH (Gryphon Software Corp.) We previously raved about this package which allows you to blend images so that when one flows into another it looks like magic. Version 2.5 has a new curve feature, lets you save movies as screensavers and create flip books of your images. The special effects may look hard but are super easy to perform and work as QuickTime, Video For Windows, .FLC or .FLI animations. If you think you could be a Michael Jackson video producer like in "Black Or White," here's the only package you need to do it. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

NEWSLETTER

ART (T/Maker Company) Over 220 clip art images in full color are featured here in such categories as borders, seasons, awards, health, news, thanks, and Initial Caps. If you produce paperwork that's given to a group of other people to read you'll probably find something useful here. Features the ability to convert

images into many popular formats. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

NICKELODEON DIRECTOR'S LAB

(Viacom New Media) We rarely review products aimed at kids, but this one seemed so cool, we had to make an exception. Requiring not only a CD-ROM, but a microphone as well, this easy to use multimedia package lets you make your own videos. Usable for school projects, music videos, cartoons and electronic letters, you can save finished videos to disk, import graphics and sounds and even record your own voice or music. Included are 300 video clips, 300 sound effects, 475 photos and 70 pieces of music. Very innovative. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

ON THE JOB (T/Maker Company) Over 100 cartoons involving the office and work are included here. There are lots of great computer images as well as people in meetings and authority and doing work. This is worth considering if you use graphics or cartoons. Buying these same images some other way would probably be significantly more expensive. As clip art packages go, it's an excellent value for the money. Most of the images are in black and white, but they can be converted to almost any graphic format. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

PENTHOUSE INTERACTIVE VIRTUAL PHOTO SHOOT - Vol. 3

(Penthouse Images Acquisition, Ltd.) This hybrid CD-ROM works on either a Macintosh or a PC running Windows. You become a Penthouse photographer as you pose three Pets in a photo session where you take and view photos, save images to disk, print, view, and update customized contact sheets. The women are beautiful, the interface is stunning and there are over 90 minutes of

full-motion digital video to explore. Whether you're an aspiring photographer, you enjoy watching women undress or you simply want to try a CD-ROM that stands out from the crowd, this is highly recommended for being utterly innovative. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

PENTHOUSE SELECT-A-PET

(Penthouse Images Acquisition, Ltd.) 500 Penthouse Pets are available here. You can view and print photos based on thumbnail sketches in the manual. You can also construct a slideshow by choosing Pets based on their hair color, body size and demeanor. Much more interesting than a paper magazine, there are more photos here as well as the ability to view only the ones you like most. Unique. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

PHOTOGRAPHY MADE EASY

(Villa Crespo Software, Inc.) Not surprisingly, the popularity of CD-ROMs has created a market for educational disks. Along with an instructional VHS tape, this disc will assist you in choosing light, lenses, maintaining records and preventing common errors. There are sections on photographing landscapes, children, pets, portraits and making the best of great opportunities. Offers full-motion video and a choice of freeform or classroom mode. A good education companion. (Alan Shekter) [E]

PRINT ARTIST

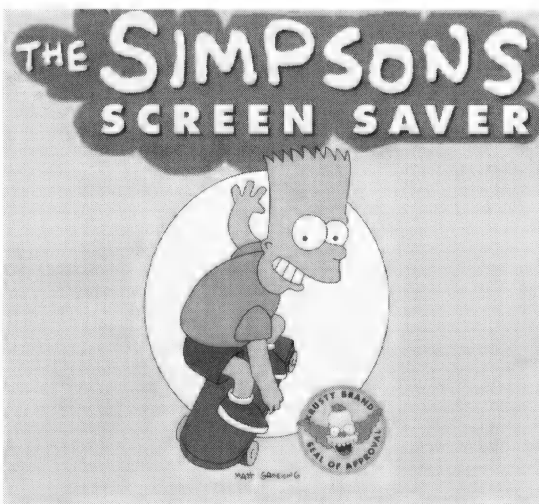
(Maxis) We previously gave a good review of this product which is now available in a deluxe CD edition. It comes with 2300 clip art images, 100 fonts, 1100 professionally designed layouts and even sample papers to play with. Ideal for creating signs, calendars, greeting cards, banners and letterhead. Lots of fun to play with. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

RAY DREAM DESIGNER 3

(Ray Dream, Inc.) This 3-D illustration package for Windows allows you to paint in 3-D, create complex 3-D shapes to use as models and create dazzling illustrations. Requiring little 3-D experience, this provides familiar drawing tools, and push-buttons to let you look like a pro. Also included is a coupon for a collection of textures and patterns by ArtBeat. Best suited to those working in full-color and with some idea of what they'd like to create, this will delight anyone doing color graphics, industrial designs, etc. (Netta Gilboa) [E]

REALMS OF ARKANIA: STAR TRAIL

(Sir-Tech Software, Inc.) This sequel to *Blade Of Destiny* is a fantasy RPG PC game available



in both CD-ROM and disk format. I never played the first one, but was able to jump right in and enjoy digital speech, 3-D combat, over 50 animated monsters and the ability to access over 350 weapons, magical items and armor. The plot concerns the disappearance of the Salamander Stone and the quest to find this gem of mysterious powers in order to restore harmony to the land. User suggestions sent to the company about the first game have been incorporated here. Better than average. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

REMIND ME (Velocity) Add personality to your Windows environment by choosing from eight different kinds of recurring reminders so you don't miss meetings or lunch anymore. Featuring the Looney Tunes characters, you can also automatically load programs, open files, play sounds and run animations. Other uses for this include scheduling bill payments, remembering birthdays and remembering to turn your computer off. Unique. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

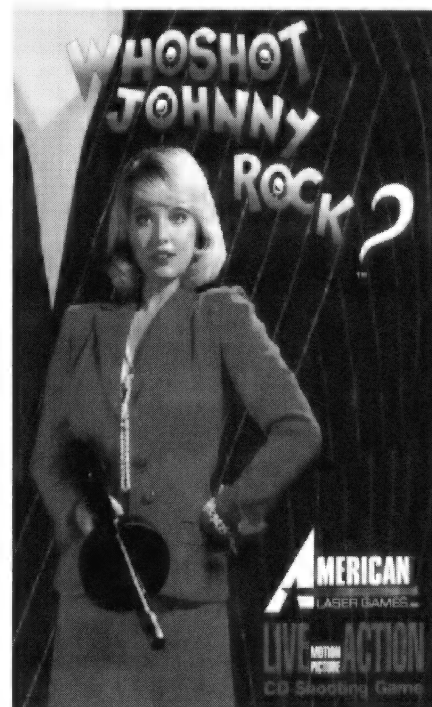
THE SIMPSONS SCREEN SAVER (Berkeley Systems) The biggest compliment I can pay this software is that my parents (who never watch the TV show) loved it. Combining music from the show, sound effects, breathtaking animation and realistic scenes, this collection of 15 screen savers works alone or with *After Dark*. In one saver Lisa plays the blues while animations of all the characters appear from her sax. In others, you are shown how to draw the Simpsons family, watch a war between Itchy & Scratchy and can throw a tomato at Krusty The Clown. One of the savers includes a trivia game which will test your knowledge of the show and allow you to interact with the saver. Outstanding! (Netta Gilboa) 📀

SPEED (Knowledge Adventure) Man's fascination with traveling fast is the theme here, highlighted by an award-winning movie, originally filmed in IMAX, called *Speed*. Study world speed records, match speeds with animals and machines or play with the ZoomScape maze. Good for all ages, this will entertain fans of rocket cars, jets, roller coasters, hot rods and skyrockets. Worth having if only for the movie. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION SCREEN SAVER (Berkeley Systems) Working alone or in combination with *After Dark*, this collection of over a dozen displays includes digital sound and MIDI music of actual sound effects and dialog from the TV series. Watch The Borg assimilate the desktop, sneak a peak at the personnel files of the crew or stand on the bridge of the Starship Enterprise with Captain Picard and Lieutenant Riker. It's hard to pick which screen saver to load to represent the persona you want your computer to have. If you're a Trekkie, this one's for you. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION INTERACTIVE TECHNICAL MANUAL (Simon and Schuster Interactive) Fascinated by the Starship Enterprise? This CD-ROM features the actual sets, props and models and allows you to travel the corridors, command the bridge, handle the controls and explore the holodeck and engineering sections of the ship. Majestic graphics are combined with the actual voices of Jonathan Frake and Majel Barrett Roddenberry. This is the stuff CD-ROMs were made for. *Star Trek* makes me yawn, but even I could get seriously distracted by this. (Netta Gilboa) 📀


STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION: STARDATE CALENDAR AND ADDRESS BOOK (Berkeley Systems) This date-book features eight backgrounds and allows you to use your computer as you would pen and paper in order to set alarms, mark important events and find your friends. Includes an engine called Espresso which will work with future products to offer expandability and other licensees. Awesome graphics, reputable company and the great *Star Trek* appeal make this a winner. (Netta Gilboa) 📀





STAR WARS SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT (Lucas Arts) Compatible with *After Dark*, this collection of screensavers, screen-posters and animation focuses on the *Star Wars* films and characters. There's fascinating trivia, a digitized screenplay, and even a message from George Lucas on future *Star Wars* films. Score another win for "The Force." (Netta Gilboa) 📀


UNDER A KILLING MOON (Access Software, Inc.) Generally when a product is hyped a lot, it doesn't live up to the expectations. Not so in this case. This game was advertised for about a year before its release. It's an interactive movie featuring the voices and acting skills of James Earl Jones, Margot Kidder, Brian Keith and Russell Means. Combining incredible 3-D effects, groundbreaking graphics and 16-bit sound, this CD-ROM product contains four CD-ROM disks. Yes, the game is almost two gigs. Clearly this sets a new trend for how large games will grow as well as what consumers will demand for \$50 - \$75. If you have the hardware (runs best on a Pentium), this is one you shouldn't live without. (Netta Gilboa) 📀

UNDERSEA ADVENTURE (Knowledge Adventure) Explore the sights and sounds of the ocean floor. You can watch over 50 movies, take four "tours," find out trivia such as biggest and smallest

fish or play one of three games to guess what sea creatures eat. Useable by children and adults alike, this is ideally suited to educating kids or amusing friends who dive or fish. (Alan Sheckter) 

VISIONS (Walnut Creek CDROM) If you need photos and can be satisfied with resolutions of only 600 X 800, this hybrid CD-ROM contains 500 stock photographs from Preferred Stock Photo Agency. Categories included are animals, art, backgrounds, fractal images, holidays, plants, seasons, still lives, travel and "visions" (raytraces). A great value if you can use just a few of these images. (Netta Gilboa) 

WELCOME TO AFRICA (Walnut Creek CDROM) This electronic book contains a role playing game and 450 pictures to help you discover Africa. In the game you play an African who lives on a farm and must make difficult, life threatening yearly decisions about what to plant, what to buy, who to help, etc. Both educational and fun, this will serve two purposes: to help you decide if you'd like to visit there, and/or spend some time learning about a culture without high travel costs. (Netta Gilboa) 

WHO SHOT JOHNNY ROCK? (American Laser Games, Inc.) This PC CD-ROM is a one or two player mystery. The bad guys have machine guns and you have to figure out who killed a popular singer named Johnny Rock. Set in the 1930s, you navigate the shady areas of town to talk to low-lives who will help you solve this murder mystery. A lot of fun. (Alan Sheckter) 


WINDOWS BIBLE CD-ROM (Peachpit Press, Inc.) Over 500 MB of information and programs are included here. There is the entire text of *The Windows 3.1 Bible* book,





WOLF

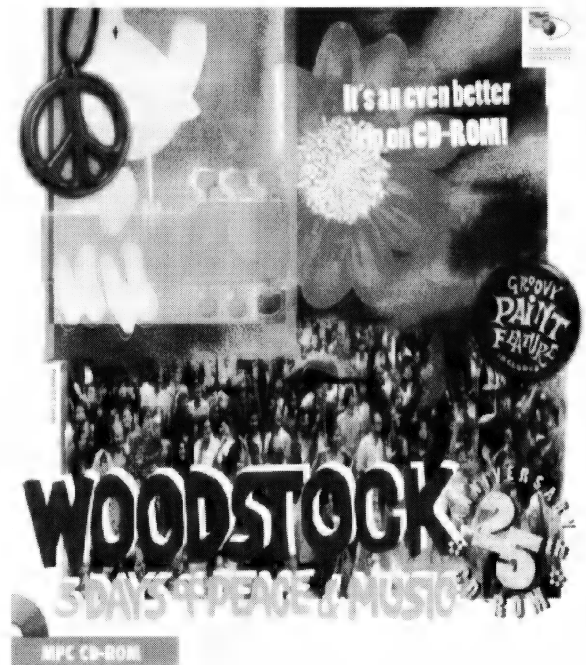



160 utilities, 110 games, 65 fonts, 65 MB of digital paintings and 75 MB of action film clips. Also included are unusual sounds .MIDI music and selections from speeches by political leaders. It's an eclectic assortment for sure, but it works. I have never seen some of these things before even with all the BBS files and software packages I'm exposed to. Recommended. (Netta Gilboa) 


WOLF (Sanctuary Woods) Utterly unique, this CD-ROM allows you to be a wolf. You must search for water, food, shelter, and pack members you can trust. Of course you must also avoid man and survive forty scenarios. Beautiful graphics, an easy-to-use interface and even some factual information about wolves is included here. If you're sick of plain shoot-'em-ups and adventure games, *Wolf* offers something you can sink your teeth into. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) 

WOMEN ON WHEELS (Lions Den International, Inc.) Here are 1000 R and X-rated SVGA images. If beautiful women posed on vintage motorcycles sounds exciting to you, you can use this to set up a slide show with the graphics viewer that's included. It has interactive zoom and magnify capabilities or you can import the pictures into a graphics program and play with them there. Also includes 300 of the images in .TIF format for those lucky enough to own 24bit true color video cards. (Netta Gilboa) 

WOODSTOCK (Time Warner Interactive) This CD-ROM contains so much state-of-the-art data that I had to upgrade my video drivers to display it. Boy, was it worth the effort! The sights and sounds of the 1969 festival are re-created with previously unpublished photographs, film clips and even a game where you match former hippies with their lives today. Included are Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Crosby, Stills & Nash, The Who, and at least eight more. For each band there are photographs, lyrics and information about their career and top recordings. This is one you'll pull out again and again to show your guests. (Netta Gilboa) 



WORD SCAN PLUS (Calera Recognition Systems) If you get a lot of text from people which needs to be re-typed into your computer, there is another way. Scanning a page of text produces varied results depending on how good the scanner is, how good your scanning software is and how good the original document is. This *Windows* product excels at giving accuracy even on degraded documents like four-point type, output from dot-matrix printers and blurry faxes. It's a snap to install and to use. It can even straighten skewed pages by as much as ten degrees. Can save a typist hundreds of hours assuming you'd rather correct little parts of a document than re-type it completely. It's amazing that this is possible and it's one of the few products that pays back its cost by what you save using it. (Netta Gilboa) 

X-WING COLLECTOR'S CD-ROM (Lucas Arts) *X-Wing* is a popular *Star Wars* flying game. This collection contains not only the original game and add-ons, but also six brand-new missions, improved 3-D graphics, upgraded sound and two extensions. Featuring the kind of graphics you'd expect from a licensed product with George Lucas' name attached to it. You will fly and fight while you hear dialog directly from the movie and see full-screen cinematic action sequences. If you like flying games or have considered trying one, this will provide many challenges. (Netta Gilboa) 

VIDEO GAME REVIEWS

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD (Viacom New Media, Sega) This challenging game has graphics so good that you could fool someone into thinking the opening sequence here is really a new episode on MTV. You can be either character and get to belch, fart, fight, couch fish, travel all over town and try to score tickets to the GWAR concert. It's not a game you can complete in one sitting and offers a password play option. Recommended for those who like the duo as well as adventure games which require solving puzzles in order to proceed. (Netta Gilboa)

BRETT HULL HOCKEY '95 (Sport Accolade, SNES and Sega) Play hockey and customize your team in this action game that lets you choose from several modes of play, participate in playoffs, offers coach mode and provides lots of stats. The SNES version offers instant replay and an animated scoreboard while the Sega version offers a memory chip to save games and some improvements to the view of the ice rink. (Netta Gilboa)

CACOMA KNIGHT IN BIZYLAND (Seta U.S.A., Inc., SNES) Remember Qix? It was a puzzle game where you tried to fill in portions of a square to score points and complete a screen by making boxes. Meanwhile, your enemies were chasing you to keep you from filling in those boxes. *Bizyland* embellishes on that concept by adding color backgrounds to the squares and by having cooler enemies. Highly addicting and worth the money if you like this style of game. (Netta Gilboa)

COLUMNS III (Vic Tokai, Inc., Sega) This *Tetris* type game can be played solo against the computer, against another person or multi-player with additional control pads and a Team Player adaptor. There are multiple levels, tricks to hinder your opponent and special jewels to help clear unwanted buildup, give unwanted buildup to your opponent and eliminate every piece you have of a particular color. Great to play with friends as it's easy to learn. I prefer playing alone though. (Netta Gilboa)

CRIME PATROL (American Laser Games, Inc., 3DO) This shoot-'em-up thriller positions you as a cop who works undercover to catch drug dealers and car theft rings. You receive promotions if you catch enough

crooks and if you last long enough you can be selected for the SWAT team or Delta Force. Contains enough violence to earn a "17" rating which means parents should control whether minors are exposed to it. In other words, it's appropriately gray to be worth the money. (Netta Gilboa)

CRUE BALL (Electronic Arts, Sega) Motley Crue's music is featured in this pinball game that has the ability to take you to bonus spots backstage. It has nine levels, Motley Crue's mascot Alister Fiend and nasty enemies. It's an older game but you can still find it if you look around. Worth having if you like Motley Crue or pinball games of any type. (Netta Gilboa)

DEVILISH (Sage's Creation, Inc., Sega) This is an updated version of *Breakout*, a classic arcade game where you bounce balls off your paddle and break out the blocks. Here you have two paddles instead of one. The top paddle can move up or down and can be rotated at 90 degree angles. The backgrounds are horror themes of monsters and demons you are destroying. Good challenge. Great fun. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson)

DONKEY KONG COUNTRY (Nintendo of America, Inc., SNES and Super Game Boy) Named the best game of the year by many magazines and anyone lucky enough to have played it, this 3-D adventure uses 32 megs and offers over 100 levels with a battery to save games in progress. There are hidden and bonus levels, graphics that it's hard to believe a game machine is capable of, and the thrill of a new game with some characters who are old favorites. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa)

DRAGON'S LAIR (Data East, SNES) You may remember this game caused quite a stir when it appeared in arcades. It was the first game to make use of laser disc technology and it was a breakthrough product in its use of great graphics and sound. Needless to say, I expected to find a translation of the arcade version in this cartridge. Alas, it is nothing like the original *Dragon's Lair*. It's your basic jump/slash the monsters/grab the treasure type game.

If you like action games you probably won't be disappointed as this one still has decent graphics and sound. However, if you want the original your best bet is to go with

a CD-ROM version instead and to shop carefully. (David Watson)

DRAGON'S REVENGE (Tengen, Sega) This is another pinball game, but with a great twist. It's like an adventure game as you guide the pinball to destroy moving creatures, survive bonus rounds and accumulate points. At the end you defeat an evil sorceress. The graphics and animation are awesome and there is no overlap between this and other pinball games reviewed here. Highly recommended, especially if you like both pinball and adventure games. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson)

THE GREAT CIRCUS MYSTERY (Capcom, Sega) Mickey and Minnie Mouse spend the day at the circus searching for Pluto and Donald Duck. You explore six levels with them and encounter a jungle, haunted house, frozen plains, etc. There are great graphics and non-violent action, making this game appropriate for all ages. (Netta Gilboa)

HAUNTING (Electronic Arts, Sega) This is one of the most original games that I have seen in a long time. You are Polterguy and your job is to scare the Sardini family's four members out of their houses. Scaring is accomplished by jumping into normal household appliances and furniture and making them come to life. You can also cast spells to achieve results. You operate on Ectoplasm which you run out of by using spells, jumping into things or having the family dog bark at you. You can renew your Ectoplasm supply by collecting drops in the dungeon while avoiding enemies who try to end your game. Highly recommended. (David Watson)

IT'S A BIRD'S LIFE (Sanctuary Woods, 3DO) Narrated By Shelley Duvall, this children's presentation about birds shows birds who fly from Los Angeles, CA to the Amazon Rainforest. It offers 60 animated scenes, 11 sing-along songs, and 14 interactive activities. Ideal for bird lovers, exploring simple geography and teaching children about nature. A quality product. (Netta Gilboa)

THE JUNGLE BOOK (Virgin Interactive Entertainment, Inc., SNES and Sega) Fans of action games where you run, jump and climb will delight in this

challenging game based on the Disney film. Wield your way through vines, dodge coconut-throwing monkeys, neutralize venom balls and fire off bananas at the scorpions, vampire bats and apes that come after you. There are ten play levels and five bonus rounds, all of which boast the kind of superb animation you'd expect a game with the Disney name to have. Includes two songs, one of which is "The Bare Necessities." Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa)

KRUSTY'S SUPER FUN HOUSE (Akkclaim, SNES and SEGA) Krusty is the clown on *The Simpsons* and this game features characters from the hit TV show. Each level has rats that you have to steer towards their death. Lots of jumping, moving objects and shooting enemies. At first the game seems easy but it requires use of logic to properly steer the rats. Worth renting, maybe buying. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson)

PAC-ATTACK (Namco, SNES) *Pac-Man* is back in a *Tetris* type puzzle game. The twist here is that you need *Pac-Man* guys to eat the ghosts which fill space to keep you from completing lines needed to clear the screen. You'll love this or hate it depending on your interest in *Pac-Man* and *Tetris*. (Netta Gilboa)

PINBALL DREAMS (GameTek, SNES) This is one of two pinball games currently available for Super Nintendo. It's nice but nowhere near as good as the pinball games available for Sega, computers and 3DO. It's got decent sound and graphics but just doesn't seem state-of-the-art. On the bright side, however, it does have four different pinball games to choose from: Ignition, Steel Wheel, Beat Box and Nightmare. A must if you only own an SNES. Worth a rental if you have multiple game systems but like pinball. (Netta Gilboa)

PIRATES GOLD (MicroProse, Sega) Pirates abound in this adventure game that lets you choose who you'll be, who will be on your team, where you'll go and what you'll do. Strategy is required as you enter towns to trade goods, take the town over, attack ships and uncover treasure. Graphics and sound are good and there is a save feature. This is a game that you can play over a span of days or weeks, rather than an arcade style game that is over in a few minutes. Challenging in places, but not so much that you can't get far in the game. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson)

PITFALL: THE MAYAN ADVENTURE (Activision Inc., SNES, Sega

CD) Back in the days of Atari computers, twelve years ago, *Pitfall* ruled. Here, finally, is the sequel. It's an action game which takes you through the jungle as the son of the original explorer. The original game is hidden here but the graphics on the sequel blow it away. You'll encounter lethal traps, crocodiles and new enemies like gargoyles, skeletons and Mayan spirits. Great soundtrack, animation and plot. A must to own, both for those who remember the original and those who are too young to have played it. (Netta Gilboa)

RADICAL REX (Activision, Inc., SNES) Rex is the "raddest, baddest fire-breathing Tyrannosaurus ever to shred prehistoric pavement." You play Rex and get to save the dinosaur race by skateboarding around as well as jumping, kicking and swimming. There are 10 levels of danger and 20 bad guys to be encountered. Killer graphics and a cute plot make this a winner. (Netta Gilboa)

ROCKO'S MODERN LIFE: SPUNKY'S DANGEROUS DAY (Viacom New Media, SNES) Based on the hit animated TV show, this fun action game has you running, jumping and kicking to help Spunky stay safe from enemies. His enemies are beautifully drawn pelicans, crabs, gators, lawn mowers and even wacko washing machines. True to the TV show this is kooky, fast-paced and adorable. Good use of the video game format and enjoyable for kids of all ages. (Netta Gilboa)

SHANGHAI II (Activision, SNES and Sega) This is a faithful translation of the computer game. It's a puzzle game consisting of 144 tiles you remove from the screen by matching them. Players can choose from 11 tile sets and 13 ways of displaying the tiles on the screen. Allows for shuffling, hints, and even backing up one move. One of my favorite games. (Netta Gilboa)

SHANGHAI: TRIPLE THREAT (Activision, 3DO) Here's the original *Shanghai* as well as three new games, new ways to play and three new tile sets. I thought it was cool enough to warrant buying a 3DO machine for. If you like puzzle games, this is a treat. You can now play alone, compete with a friend or race against the clock. Tiles fall, slide and can even be stolen from your opponent's side. Absolutely awesome. (Netta Gilboa)

SONIC SPINBALL (Sega Enterprises, Ltd., Sega) Not just pinball, this game also offers the element of *Sonic The Hedgehog*

action as you collect rings, knock down targets and open escapes to get to other sections. There are bonus rounds where you try to save animals and defeat enemies that try to stop you from this task. Very addictive! Highly recommended for the fun you'll have playing it and the excitement of telling other people about it afterwards. (Netta Gilboa and David Watson)

SUPER BUSTER BROTHERS (Capcom, SNES) The idea here is to bust balloons which result in more balloons until finally in their smallest size they vanish completely. You can play in Panic mode (99 levels) or in Tour mode (practice). You have weapons, tools and friends to assist you. You die if a bubble touches you so I'd recommend using a *Game Genie* too. It's one of my favorite games but you'll find it either repetitive or awesome depending on how much you like simple shoot-em-ups. (Netta Gilboa)

SUPER MARIO ALL-STARS (Nintendo, SNES) This cartridge combines *Super Mario Brothers 1, 2 and 3* with a new game called *The Lost Levels*. Since it's Nintendo's flagship game it's kind of a must to own. On the SNES the graphics and sound are improved from the old NES versions. *The Lost Levels* portion is particularly challenging and is only available for SNES. One of the few cartridges almost all your friends will agree they'll want to play. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson)

SUPREME WARRIOR (Digital Pictures, 3DO, Sega CD and 32X) This martial arts game was shot in Hong Kong and looks like a high-speed Kung Fu movie except that you get to play instead of just watching. Over two hours of real video footage is used to provide three skill levels where you can practice lightning kicks, whirling fists and secret moves against twelve formidable opponents. (Netta Gilboa)

TOE JAM & EARL (Sega Enterprises, Ltd., Sega) In this unique game, you are one of two aliens looking for tools that you can use, food and, most importantly, pieces of your lost spaceship. You must dodge enemies who do everything from seduce you with hula dancers to running you over with a hamster in a rolly-ball.

The best part about this game is the two player mode in which you can either help each other or split up and look for items on different levels. No two levels are ever the same so the game is different every time you play it. Totally original and highly recommended. (David Watson)



70'S TRIPLE XXX MOVIE HOUSE TRAILERS (Something Weird Video) 39 trailers for adult films are included here including many first or early films by big-name porn stars. There are trailers for classic films such as *Seven Into Snowy*, *The Journey Of O*, *Cry For Cindy*, *Skin Tight* and *Thoroughly Amorous Amy* as well as many films that have disappeared over the years. Great as part of a history of adult films or for those who want to see at least 100 sex scenes included here without having to sit through entire movies. (Netta Gilboa) ★

3 NINJAS KICK BACK (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 93 minutes) Fans of martial arts will enjoy this comedy about three kids who go visit their grandfather in Japan. They are forced to battle three thieves and an army of adult ninjas. I lost interest but it's really intended for younger viewers. It's worth noting that it does a great job of showing that people interested in martial arts are well-rounded individuals and that they hesitate before fighting. (Netta Gilboa) ★

...AND GOD SPOKE (Live Entertainment, 82 minutes) Billed as a "mockumentary," this film is done in the style of *This Is Spinal Tap!* It's about two filmmakers who try to get a Bible epic financed and shot in 90s Hollywood. While Bible films are not my cup of tea, it's special. See it if you can. (Netta Gilboa) ★

ANGEL 4: UNDERCOVER (LIVE Home Video) Angel's a retired hooker who works as a cop now. Another former hooker comes to visit her and reports that she is now hanging around with a top rock band. When she dies Angel goes undercover as her former self to catch the murderer in the band. Well done for the genre and it's not necessary to have seen the previous films. (Netta Gilboa) ★

ANIMAL INSTINCTS 2 (Academy Entertainment, 92 minutes) A sexually liberated woman has sex with numerous

men while her neighbor watches her. She is an exhibitionist and he is a voyeur. Things get complicated when she meets another man she really likes. Lots of sex and unimportant dialogue. (Netta Gilboa) ★

ANIMAL MUNDI (Miramar, 30 minutes. Available from The ARK Group (800) 727-0009) Philip Glass provides instrumental music for this letterboxed documentary about animals made with the cooperation of the World Wildlife Fund. There are apes, snakes, bugs, frogs, tigers, eels, and other creatures great and small. Also lava, trees, waterfalls and sky. Breathtaking photography leaves the viewer feeling connected to nature and hopefully wanting to preserve it. There is no preaching here, just a subtle reminder on the box cover to preserve "the Earth's species, the environment, and the relationships that bind them" Very unique and special. (Netta Gilboa) ★

ANNE RICE: BIRTH OF THE VAMPIRE (CBS/Fox Video, 45 minutes) Anne Rice is the author of the book the hit movie *Interview With A Vampire* is based on. This documentary focuses on her life and her vision. It includes dramatic reading from the book, interviews with Rice and with her family and friends. (Netta Gilboa) ★

BEANSTALK (Paramount Home Video, 80 minutes) What would you do if you found a beanstalk growing in your backyard? The film's hero decides to climb it and runs into a giant. Features great stop-motion animation and stars Richard Moll, J.D. Daniels and Margot Kidder. (Netta Gilboa) ★

BECOMING ORGASMIC (The Sinclair Institute, available from Focus International (800) 843-0305, 83 minutes) Many women have trouble reaching orgasm which is partly a result of how women's anatomy is designed and partly a result of ignorance and/or misinformation. This tape can be used alone or with a partner and provides explicit

information that can help you be your sexual best. If you already orgasm easily, it's still useful for watching with partners in order to get them more interested in touching you. Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ★

BEING HUMAN (Warner Home Video) Robin Williams stars as a man who travels through time and philosophizes about the state of the universe and the people he interacts with. The film is a series of poignant vignettes where Williams is more serious than funny. It's absolutely wonderful, although somewhat hard to describe. Worth seeing. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE BIRDS II: LAND'S END (MCA/Universal Home Video, 87 minutes) Tippi Hedren is back in this superb sequel to the famous Hitchcock film. It's got a great plot, terrific cinematography and comes across as a very plausible storyline. Highly recommended if you liked the original or if you like horror movies. (Netta Gilboa) ★

BLANK CHECK (Walt Disney Home Video, 103 minutes) A mobster's car hits a kid on a bicycle. The mobster is in a hurry so he hands the kid a signed blank check to



The Birds II: Land's End

cover expenses. Due to a bizarre set of events, the kid ends up with a million bucks in cash. The kid buys a house while dodging the mobster, the bank that cashed the check and his parents. A movie the whole family can enjoy starring Brian Bonsall and Tone Loc. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson) ★

CABIN BOY (Touchstone Home Video, 90 minutes) Chris Elliott stars as a young boy attending a private school. He's a rich, snobby troublemaker going on vacation. He pisses off his limo driver and gets dumped on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere. David Letterman plays a cameo role of a guy who steers Elliott towards his cruise ship. The plot takes shape as Elliott boards a fisherman's ship by accident and is put to work doing menial tasks in order to stay on the boat. *Cabin Boy* falls in love and learns about life outside of his fantasy world. Very funny. (David Watson) ★

CAROLE KING CONCERT (White Star, 85 minutes) Filmed in Hartford, CT in 1993, King performs all her hits including "So Far Away," "It's Too Late" and "You've Got A Friend." King is a passionate performer who weaves some of her songs into medleys, dances onstage while singing, and yet knows when to let the lyrics carry a song and just sing it quietly. Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ★

A CENTURY OF WOMEN (Turner Home Entertainment, 95 minutes) This moving documentary includes narration and interviews with luminaries such as Jane Fonda, Carol Burnett, Roseanne Arnold, Jessica Lange, Sally Field and Maya Angelou. There are in-depth portraits of trailblazers like Amelia Earhart, Bessie Smith and Lucille Ball as well as segments on the role of female beauty throughout history such as corsets, beauty pageants, cosmetics, plastic surgery,



Cops & Robbers

etc. Highly recommended for the empowering feeling you will get watching all these women who have successfully bucked the system. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE CHASE (Fox Video) Charlie Sheen stars as a man who is charged with a crime he did not commit. In frustration, he takes a woman hostage. She turns out to be a famous heiress which leaves Sheen's character in deep trouble. They end up falling for each other while avoiding the police, the media and driving at top speed. Great! (Netta Gilboa) ★

CLASSROOM SCARE FILMS Vol. 1 and 2 (Something Weird Video) If you took hygiene in high school, you probably saw these or similar films. Volume 1 contains six films on drug abuse which explain and inadvertently glorify pills, sniffing glue, heroin, marijuana, LSD, etc. Volume 2 contains eight films on health horrors such as venereal disease, the dangers of smoking, alcoholism, gum disease, etc. All are fascinating in their attempts to use fear to keep viewers from behaving in a deviant manner. While the films are dated (most are from the 1970s), the same social issues are still societal concerns. I hope today's films offer more diverse viewpoints and allow the viewer to come to their own conclusions. Don't count on it though. (Netta Gilboa) ★

COFFIN JOE'S VISIONS OF TERROR (Something Weird Video, 90 minutes) We tend to think of horror and slasher films as an American industry. This video contains 14 trailers made by Jose Mojica Martins who made splatter films in Brazil. The trailers use English subtitles. Films sampled include *Macabre Nightmare* and *Hallucinations of a Deranged Mind*. If you like gore, this is a good introduction to a body of work by a foreign director you may not be familiar with. (Netta Gilboa) ★

COPS & ROBBERSONS (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 93 minutes) Chevy Chase, Jack Palance and Dianne Wiest star in this comedy about a family asked by police to allow a stake-out of their neighbor's home. When police move into Chase's home they discover he has always fantasized about being a supercop. Needless to say, he screws up the stake-out by trying to help. Pretty



Walt Disney Company

D2: The Mighty Ducks
funny. (Netta Gilboa) ★

CRONOS (Vidmark, 86 minutes) Scarabs are the theme here in this bloody, but not violent, horror film. Good use of bugs and ancient history at the outset, but alas quickly deteriorates. You end up watching the main character injecting himself constantly with scarab blood to stay alive. Yawn. (Netta Gilboa) ★

CROOKLYN (MCA/Universal Home Video, 114 minutes) Spike Lee directed this uplifting movie about a black family living in Brooklyn, NY. It follows their lives during one eventful summer. It has an awesome soundtrack, great plot and although I was warned that Lee's films are "too pro-black," I saw no evidence of that. I grew up in Brooklyn myself and found the movie relevant to *any* family. Worth seeing. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE CROW (Miramax Home Entertainment/Buena Vista Home Video, 127 minutes) Brandon Lee stars in this action-packed film about a musician and his fiancée who petition against their abysmal housing unaware that a gang of powerful criminals is at the root of the problem. The criminals kill him and his fiancée. A year passes and Lee comes back to avenge their deaths as an immortal. Great acting, plot, effects and a cool soundtrack too. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa & David Watson) ★

D2: THE MIGHTY DUCKS (Walt Disney Home Video, 107 minutes) This sequel focuses mostly on hockey scenes which start almost from the film's beginning. The Ducks get back together to win another hockey competition. This time the coach is the one who needs his attitude adjusted. Cute, but not as captivating as the original. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DANGEROUS TOUCH (Vidmark, 103 minutes) A radio talk show hostess gets



The Flintstones

stalked by a professional blackmailer. He involves her in lesbian sex and bondage. Great sex scenes and better than average plot and acting will keep you absorbed. I thought this was superb for its genre. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DARK SIDE OF GENIUS (Paramount Home Video) Moon Zappa has a small role in this mystery about L.A.'s art world. It's about a murderer who paints, the patron who sponsors him, the gallery clients who buy his work and a reporter who thinks she is onto a great story about the dark side of the art scene. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DAZZLE (Miramar, distributed by The ARK Group (800) 727-0009, 45 minutes) Several issues back we raved about a computer screen saver called *Dazzle*. Here it is on video for those who aren't computerized or for those who'd like to be entranced in other rooms of the house. This absolutely awesome video includes two million colors in kaleidoscope patterns. A fitting background soundtrack is provided by Jonn Serrie. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DON'T HANG UP (Water Bearer Films, 84 minutes) Rosanna Arquette and David Suchet star in this British film about an actress and a playwright who fall in love. They must overcome trans-Atlantic phone costs, severe health problems and their own fears about becoming involved. This is a must-see for anyone who has ever tried to

carry on a long distance relationship! Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DRAGONWORLD (Paramount Home Video, 84 minutes) A little boy befriends a baby dragon and keeps him as a pet. A great plot and believable stop-motion animated effects earn this film my highest recommendation. After a slow start until the dragon shows up, this film sucks you in and captures your heart. You cannot go wrong watching it. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DRAWING THE LINE: A PORTRAIT OF KEITH HARING (Kulter International Films, 30 minutes) Keith Haring was an artist who died several years ago of AIDS. He started off as a graffiti artist, working with white chalk in the subway walls of New York City and being arrested for defacing public property. Eventually his work became so popular that he ran a retail store which sold full color buttons, t-shirts and posters. If you've seen some of Haring's work, here's a chance to see it all. This documentary includes early footage of Keith doing graffiti art as well as large sculptures he was commissioned to do in later years, and a wide range of art about social issues such as AIDS, crack and apartheid. Proves that one man can make a huge impact with only a piece of chalk and the guts to stand up to a law. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DREAM A LITTLE DREAM 2 (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 91 minutes) Corey Feldman and Corey Haim star in this video about two pair of sunglasses which allow the people wearing them to think like the other. They receive the glasses by accident and spend the film using them and being chased by the people who invented them. Amusing, but not great. (Netta Gilboa) ★

DREAM GIRLS (Penthouse Video/A*Vision, 60 minutes) Several Pets disrobe for the camera and touch themselves while they talk to you. Alas this presents a stylized form of sexuality in which all of the girls kind of moan alike. The point is to show

beautiful, posed models rather than to be realistic. If you're willing to believe these girls dress like this every time they masturbate, then you'll probably enjoy viewing it. It was artificial enough to me that it destroyed my appreciation for the photography. (Netta Gilboa) ★

ENDANGERED (Academy Entertainment, 91 minutes) A bunch of drug runners hang out in the forests of the Pacific Northwest. They spend a few days stalking a female after killing her male travelling companion. Listed as an action/suspense film, it also has elements of a horror/slasher film. Nothing special. (Netta Gilboa) ★

FAST GETAWAY II (Live Home Video, 94 minutes) Corey Haim is back in this sequel. I never saw the original film but it didn't matter at all. Haim works as a security consultant who robs banks and then reports security leaks to management. A few good twists kept up my interest and Haim's acting is terrific as always. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE FLINTSTONES (MCA/Universal Home Video) I never expected to like this movie based on the hit TV show. Boy, was I wrong! Every detail of life in Bedrock is here, from Betty and Wilma's giggles to the cute prehistoric animals used as common household tools. Granted a bit too much emphasis was placed on working McDonald's movie promotions into the plot, but overall this is a masterpiece for Flintstones fans. I loved it and found myself laughing out loud several times. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE FLINTSTONES: BEDROCK 'N ROLL (Turner Home Entertainment, 50 minutes) Fred Flintstone stars in two animated episodes from the TV show which are new to video. In one he performs by lip-synching for a rock star who is struck by allergies and can't perform in Bedrock. In the other he becomes a successful rock star known as "Hi-Fye." The episodes have been digitally remastered and include restored footage. Even better, the commercials have been edited. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE FLINTSTONES: DINO'S TWO TALES (Turner Home Entertainment, 50 minutes) Here are two more never-before-released classic episodes of the animated TV show. These involve the family's pet, Dino. In one episode he runs away from home and in the other he becomes a TV star. Both were great and fans should be aware that animated cartoon tapes like these tend to go out-of-print and become collector's items. If you like Bedrock's purple dinosaur, be sure to

grab this! (Netta Gilboa) ★

FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL! (Stanton Friedman, P.O. Box 958, Houlton, ME 04730. 84 minutes) Although this publication has devoted some space to UFOs, I must confess I am not concerned about them one way or the other. Watching this video, however, it's hard not to get interested. Whether you decide there must be life elsewhere, or that it can all be explained away scientifically, or just use this tape as a launching pad to begin your own search for information, the video delivers. I saw some "actual footage," learned even *Nightline* has covered UFOs and watched journalists explain why they had printed UFO stories in the headlines of major newspapers. Highly recommended for beginners. (Netta Gilboa) ★

FOREIGN STUDENT (MCA/Universal Home Video, 96 minutes) Robin Givens stars in this drama about a teacher and a student who fall in love. It's set in the '50s with a soundtrack that includes Howlin' Wolf and Sonny Boy Williamson. The film was a bit too serious for my mood, but is recommended for those who like the blues as well as those who like deep films as opposed to light fluff. (Netta Gilboa) ★

GETTING GOTTI (Academy Entertainment, 93 minutes) What a surprise to see a movie in which there is no happy ending! This film is about the prosecutor who built a case against John Gotti in New York. It should particularly appeal to those who like gangsters, courtroom dramas, true crime and law, but is worth seeing by anyone who likes good movies. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) ★

GETTING IN (Vidmark Entertainment, 94 minutes) Andrew McCarthy and Kristy Swanson star in this comedy about a guy trying to get into Johns Hopkins Medical School. He turns to burglary, bribery and extortion after being placed on a waiting list. One by one the other waitlisted students die or suffer misfortune. Cute ending. (Netta Gilboa) ★

GHOULIES IV (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 84 minutes) In this horror sequel, a Satan-worshipping dominatrix tries to find a jewel which she needs in order to bridge the gap between the two worlds she lives in. The Ghoulies are good guy ugly-looking midgets who end up helping people they come across who are in danger. It's a not-too-violent black comedy that's way better than most horror films. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE GIRLS OF FLASHDANCERS Vol. 1 (ExperTease Video, 119 E. 23rd Street, NY, NY 10011, 45 minutes) This tape kicks off with a bang when six of the club's nude dancers stroll down a street in New York City dressed in raincoats. Yes, they flash. The rest of the tape gives you a feel for what a visit to the club is like (lots of girls who will come sit on your lap), as well as showing a photo session and a steamy shower scene between two of the dancers. Having grown up in New York, I felt right at home watching this. Flashdancers is way less sleazy than some of the clubs in the Times Square area and this seems like a club you can bring your friends to rather than one you would be sure to seek out alone. In the meantime, if you can't get there in person, this tape will give you a taste of over 25 of the women who have worked there. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE GIRLS OF PRIVATE EYES (East Coast Entertainment Group, 60 minutes) People who find it erotic to see nudity combined with food will love this tape which features a girls only *Cheri* magazine photo party. The girls smear cake on each other and themselves and also play nude Twister. Private Eyes is a club in NYC that features nude exotic dancers. The tape is full of things you probably haven't seen girls do on video before. Enough said. (Netta Gilboa) ★

GREEDY (MCA/Universal Home Video, 113 minutes) Michael J. Fox, Kirk Douglas and Nancy Travis star in this comedy about a rich man and how all his relatives and friends despise him and take advantage of him for his money. His nephew, played by Michael J. Fox, stands alone in his interest in the old man as a person and so he is put through a series of tests while the old man attempts to determine if he is worthy to inherit his business and its assets. Worth seeing both for its funny scenes and for its message about valuing people for who they are and not just what they have. (David Watson) ★

HAIL CAESAR (Prism Entertainment, 104 minutes) A rock 'n' roller dates a socialite and has to prove himself to her dad. He almost gets killed in the process. Stars Anthony Michael Hall, Robery Downey, Jr. and Judd Nelson. Cute. (Netta Gilboa) ★

HONG KONG '97 (Vidmark Entertainment, 91 minutes) In a few years the political climate of Hong Kong will change drastically. This action film takes a futuristic look at what might happen. There are lots of fight scenes with utterly realistic, unexpected attacks. These sounded so great

my TV seemed like I had added speakers to it. In other words, better than average for its genre. (Netta Gilboa) ★

HOT TUNA: 25 YEARS AND RUNNING (Vestapol Productions, distributed by Rounder Records, 60 minutes) We previously reviewed this tape after it appeared (once) on public television. It's now out on video and still highly recommended. Includes 11 songs and guest stars Bob Weir and Maria Muldaur on "Maggie's Farm." If you like the music of Hot Tuna, the Jefferson Airplane or the blues in general, track this release down and you won't be sorry. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE HUDSUCKER PROXY (Warner Home Video) A youth with no work experience gets hired as an executive by Hudsucker Industries. They hire him as a fall guy but he launches a new toy, the hula hoop, which is so profitable that it takes everyone by surprise. Stars Tim Robbins, Jennifer Jason Leigh and Paul Newman. (Netta Gilboa) ★

I'LL DO ANYTHING (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 116 minutes) Nick Nolte stars as an unemployed actor who suddenly gains custody of his six-year-old daughter when his ex-wife (played by Tracey Ullman) is sent to prison. The girl is a brat who misbehaves, screams and acts up constantly. Nolte doesn't help the situation any as he initially has no time to be a parent. Also stars Albert Brooks and Julie Kavner. Splendid plot and casting earn this one a solid recommendation. (Netta Gilboa) ★

I LOVE TROUBLE (Touchstone Home Video, 133 minutes) Nick Nolte and Julia Roberts star in this comedy about two competing newspaper reporters who become targets to be killed. They must team up to survive and although they are both attracted to each other, cooperation is not their forte. Great plot, casting and acting. (Netta Gilboa) ★

IMAGES OF CHAOS (Industrial Street Productions, 53 minutes. Available from The ARK Group (800) 727-0009) This awesome tape of fractal images contains original psychedelic background music. I found it mesmerizing and imagine it's probably among the best of these tapes around. Like a cross between a lava lamp, a screen saver and a kaleidoscope, these images blend, swirl and fade into one another. Highly recommended for relaxation, meditation, as a backdrop for parties and, of course, to sit and watch like a movie. Simulates parts of a drug trip legally. Simply incredible. (Netta

Gilboa) ★

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER (MCA/Universal Home Video, 133 minutes) Nominated for seven Academy Awards, this film is about an innocent man who is imprisoned for fifteen years in Ireland. Almost no time is devoted to showing prison life, as the film focuses instead on political struggles in Ireland and the effort to get the man released. The plot didn't interest me per se, but the acting is indeed first rate. Not to be missed by people interested in politics and the struggles in Ireland. (Netta Gilboa) ★

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 101 minutes) Nicolas Cage and Bridget Fonda star in this romantic comedy about a cop who promises a waitress he'll split his lottery winnings with her if he wins. He does win and his wife files for divorce because he does the right thing and gives the waitress two million dollars to cover her share. A great exploration into human motivations and how money can unite and divide people. (Netta Gilboa) ★

JIMMY HOLLYWOOD (Paramount Home Video, 118 minutes) An actor who cannot get work (played by Joe Pesci) becomes a vigilante instead. He attracts a partner (played by Christian Slater) and rave reviews from the media. It's a wild comedy until it becomes suspenseful after Pesci's character decides to make public who he really is. The home video version contains additional footage not shown in the theatres. (Netta Gilboa) ★

JOAN RIVERS: ABROAD IN LONDON (Paramount Home Video, 58 minutes) This superb comedy tape features Joan's stand-up act which includes making fun of fellow celebrities, involving audience members and revealing personal details that somehow make you laugh with Rivers rather than cry for her. It is a rare person who can survive her husband's suicide and get on stage and make jokes about life since. If you've never seen her in action before, grab this tape. If you are already a fan, I think it's some of her best work. (Netta Gilboa) ★

JOHNNY LEGEND'S UNTAMED VIDEO (Something Weird Video) Unusual movie trailers are the theme here. Described as a "Teenage UFO Rock 'n' Roll Monster Show," there are lots of music films included from the 1950s-1970s as well as horror films, sci-fi hits and even two complete featurettes: *Twist Crazy* and *Teenage Crusader*. Weird, wacky and wonderful. This held my interest even when if seen one-at-a-time many of these clips would not have interested me.

Highly recommended if you like compilation tapes. (Netta Gilboa) ★

KAMA SUTRA II: THE ART OF MAKING LOVE (Penthouse Video, 60 minutes) I gave a good review to the first *Kama Sutra* video. As time went on I found myself watching it a lot with friends who asked me questions about sex. Even after seeing it a dozen times or so, with people I did not become intimate with, I still found it arousing.

Along comes the sequel which is equally as hot and contains all new tips. If you don't mind seeing explicit sex, these are both exciting and educational. My highest recommendation. If you are lucky enough to watch this with a partner, it will be hard to wait until the film is over to grab them. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE LAND BEFORE TIME II: THE GREAT VALLEY ADVENTURE (MCA/Universal Home Video, 74 minutes) This animated sequel has been released direct to video. It loses Spielberg's name and includes a few syrupy songs to hold the attention of very young viewers. Still, the old characters are all back, the animation is excellent and the plot is fairly realistic for its genre. It's worth seeing if you liked the original with the caveat that the sequel has really been created to teach messages to young children. While this was also the case with the original, it was disguised better there. (Netta Gilboa) ★

LAST CALL AT MAUD'S (Water Bearer Films, 77 minutes) Before it shut its doors in 1989, Maud's was the world's longest running lesbian bar. This documentary traces the history of the bar and shows how it underwent changes to match the political times. I was particularly intrigued by the section on the 1960s complete with a story about a visit to Maud's by Janis Joplin. Don't miss this if you are interested in history, San Francisco, gay rights or films that make you think. (Netta Gilboa) ★

LITTLE GIANTS (Warner Home Video) Rick Moranis and Ed O'Neill star as two bickering brothers who must resolve their differences for the sake of the children. Both funny and poignant it makes some great statements about good sportsmanship. Also stars John Madden. (Netta Gilboa) ★

LOVERS: Volume II (Femme Distribution, Inc., 75 minutes) Here's something innovative in adult films. This series uses real-life lovers who are interviewed about why they were attracted to each other and how they keep the passion alive. In this volume we meet Jennifer and Steve. Jennifer

works as a stripper and her comments about the industry and why she does it fascinated me. The couple also perform several sex acts in this film with an emphasis on oral sex and female submission. Candida Royalle introduces the tape and gives her viewpoint on dominance and submission. Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ★

LUSH LIFE (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 106 minutes) Jeff Goldblum, Forest Whitaker and Kathy Baker star in this drama about professional jazz players and their lives backstage and offstage. Goldblum is superb in one of his best acting roles ever. Lots of great music, great lines and great acting. Recommended even if jazz is not your favorite genre of music. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MAGIC EYE THE VIDEO Vol. I and II (Cascom Int. Inc., 806 4th Avenue South, Nashville, TN 37210. 30 minutes each) We raved last issue about those 3D images on posters, cards and in books where you can see 3D without special glasses. Along come these videos for those who need extra time to learn to see the pictures and for those who enjoy this type of art and want to see more of it. The tapes work best on smaller televisions and I could not see them on my 53" projection TV. Still, I was able to enjoy nice one-dimensional pictures going by and an original soundtrack produced in Dolby Surround. The tape got better on a 20" TV and I was able to see 3D effects. Each tape has over 100 images. Way cool. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MAGIC KID 2 (PM Home Video) He's a teen idol who stars as "Ninja Boy" on TV. Yet when he decides to leave the show to take school more seriously, he encounters much resistance from those who make money from his acting. Well done. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MAJOR LEAGUE II (Warner Home Video, 105 minutes) Goes backstage into the competitive world of professional baseball as you watch a team try to win games and be profitable. Stars include Charlie Sheen, Corbin Bernsen, Randy Quaid and Tom Berenger. Builds on the first film but does not require that you've seen it. Worth seeing even if, like me, you couldn't care less about sports. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MATHEMATICS FOR LOVERS: MANDELBROT SETS AND JULIA SETS (The ARK Group 800-727-0009, 120 minutes) Super colorful computer-generated fractals are shown here with good instrumental music added. It's a great tape for everything: watching it straight through; making love while it plays; setting a

background mood at parties; meditation and relaxation purposes. Truly unique. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MEDIUM COOL (Paramount Home Video, 111 minutes) I first saw this film in a college course on "Films of the 1960s." Written and directed by Haskell Wexler, it's about a love affair between two people. The man is a TV news cameraman and he is sent out to shoot the infamous '68 Democratic Convention. A decent plot, but a not-to-be-missed portrayal of the time period including a few minutes at a Frank Zappa concert. This has been out-of-print for years. Don't miss it if you are a fan of the sixties. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MIDNIGHT EDITION (MCA/Universal Home Video, 98 minutes) A reporter becomes the voice of a convicted murderer and each becomes emotionally involved with the other. This one hit very close to home and is definitely worth seeing. Will Patton and Michael DeLuise star in this better-than-average suspense film based on a true story. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MILK MONEY (Paramount Home Video, 110 minutes) Ed Harris, Melanie Griffith and Malcolm McDowell star in this awesome film about three curious kids who chip in to purchase a hooker so they can see the female body nude. They end up deciding to fix the hooker they choose up with one of the kid's dads. A realistic portrayal of both prostitution and suburban life. Don't miss it. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MISS NUDE WORLD INTERNATIONAL (Borghese Entertainment Group, 120 minutes) Venus De Light hosts this nude beauty pageant where women from around the world compete on the basis of physical attributes. The approach is a lot more honest than clothed beauty pageants. If you want to see beautiful women parade around nude and in costumes and say a little bit about themselves, this tape will not disappoint. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MISTRESS CHERRI'S POOL PARTY (Carter Stevens Presents, 60 minutes) This adult film features four women who engage in lesbian sex, bondage, nudity, spanking and verbal humiliation. Mistress Cherri acts as the dominant and she gets serviced in different ways by each of her three slaves. It delivers what it promises and then some. Although I had seen many bondage films before, this one is more stylized than the commercial adult films and is clearly appealing to specific fetishes. If your taste runs in this direction, or you're just curious

like me, this was worth seeing. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MONDO MOD (Something Weird Video) Filmed in Hollywood, CA in 1966, this documentary film explores surfing, fashions, Hell's Angels, political protests, dirt bikes, etc. There is rare footage of now-defunct clubs like the legendary Whiskey-A-Go-Go, Pandora's Box, The Fifth Estate, etc. Since there is no cohesive plot or point, this is best used for background footage at parties after you watch it in its entirety once. A must for 60s collectors, those who lived in Hollywood at the time and those who like cult films. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MOTHER'S BOYS (Miramax Home Entertainment, 106 minutes) Jamie Lee Curtis stars in this drama about a mother who abandoned her children temporarily and now wishes to reunite with them. It turns into a suspenseful thriller when Curtis's character resorts to lies and violence to get what she wants. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MOVING PAINTINGS VOLUME 1 (New Era Media, distributed by The ARK Group (800) 727-0009, 27 minutes) Artists and art lovers will enjoy this video which combines animation, music and fine art using the work of artist Stuart Ellis and the audio from six musicians and poets. Utterly unlike any paintings you have seen before because of the way they blend, swirl, merge and flow into each other. Makes a strong case for the use of computers in art. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MY GIRL 2 (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 99 minutes) Jamie Lee Curtis and Dan Aykroyd star in this moving film about a teenage girl who goes to visit relatives as she hunts down information on her real mother. Not to be missed by adopted children, this film examines the concept of family and what makes a mother successful. It's also about dating when you're still a kid. Both plots will suck you in. I loved it. (Netta Gilboa) ★

MY FATHER THE HERO (Touchstone Home Video, 100 minutes) A teenage girl is dragged away on a trip with her dad. She makes up horrid stories about him in order to impress a local boy. The stories travel and the father notices people judging him and treating him like a leper. Finally the daughter reveals what she has said and the father ends up playing along to a point. Not your typical family. (Netta Gilboa) ★

NAKED GUN 33 1/2: THE FINAL INSULT (Paramount Home Video, 83



The Walt Disney Company

The Nightmare Before Christmas

minutes) O.J. Simpson, Priscilla Presley, George Kennedy and Leslie Nielsen star in this slapstick comedy about an attempt to bomb the Academy Awards ceremony. Lt. Frank Drebin (played by Nielsen) crashes the Academy Awards ceremony trying to stop the bomb from exploding. Fans of the *Naked Gun* series won't be too disappointed. The comedy is in the same vein but not as good as the first film. (David Watson) ★

NEXT DOOR (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 95 minutes) Do you hate your neighbor? James Woods, Randy Quaid and Kate Capshaw star in this black comedy about an escalating war between two neighbors. It starts off with an argument over a misdirected water sprinkler and turns to physical violence. This is one of those rare movies that sucks you in and leaves you thinking about humanity. Worth seeing. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS (Touchstone Home Video, 76 minutes) Incredible! I watched this movie several times and I saw things I missed each time I watched it. Every part of the screen is filled with interesting characters and scenery. I don't know exactly how they did it, but I understand they used computers as well as conventional animation techniques. The music was written by Danny Elfman, also known for *Batman* and the *Simpsons* theme. He also sang the part of Jack, the main character of the film. This movie is definitely one for your video library. You won't be disappointed. (Jeff Wampler) ★

ON DEADLY GROUND (Warner Home Video) Steven Seagal's latest battle against the forces of evil is his first attempt at attacking a real world problem. This film is set in Alaska at an oil drilling site. The president of the company, played by Michael Caine, has plans to destroy one of the rigs for the insurance money. Needless to say, this would cause an environmental disaster. Of course, as always, Seagal's mission is to stop the bad guys and get revenge for somebody's death. Personally, I enjoy this film and all of Seagal's other films for one main reason, martial arts action and lots of it! As this film also had a message which was well addressed in the ending shots of the film, it is definitely worth seeing. (Jeff Wampler) ★

THE PAPER(MCA/Universal Home Video, 112 minutes) Michael Keaton, Glenn Close, Randy Quaid and Robert Duvall star in this film about the employees of a daily newspaper. It's also about what makes the best headline, how to work with other people (and how not to), balancing marriage and career and man's search for the truth. Lots of funny and poignant scenes as well as a semi-realistic idea of how newspapers are put together. Worth seeing. (Netta Gilboa) ★

PARALLEL LIVES (Paramount Home Video, 105 minutes) An all-star cast gathers together for a weekend college reunion. How can you go wrong with a cast of 19 stars including Liza Minelli, Dudley Moore, Jack Klugman, Treat Williams, Patricia Wettling, James Belushi, Jill Eikenberry and Ally Sheedy? Worth seeing. (Netta Gilboa) ★

PENTHOUSE: 25TH ANNIVERSARY SWIMSUIT VIDEO (Penthouse Video, 60 minutes) Swimsuits, what swimsuits? I'm kidding. There were swimsuits, but they didn't stay on long and I don't think anyone will mind. These swimsuit models could put Cindy Crawford to shame. (Jeff Wampler)★

PENTHOUSE: SEXIEST AMATEUR VIDEO CENTERFOLDS(Penthouse Video, 60 minutes) These women look pretty good for amateurs. You wouldn't even know that they were if, *Penthouse* hadn't revealed it on the tape case. If you're looking for some beautiful women, this video is a good place to start. (Jeff Wampler) ★

POLICE ACADEMY: MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warner Home Video) The gang is back in this sequel that involves a video game which has a trojan horse in it allowing the game company's owner to access the data on the computer of anyone playing it. This evil man makes sure to get copies of the

game to the mayor, police and other key places whose computers he wishes access to. The *Police Academy* team must save the day. I couldn't stand the phony Russian accents but the plot was unique. (Netta Gilboa) ★

PREHYSTERIA! 2 (Paramount Home Video, 81 minutes) Best suited to a younger audience, this film uses stop-motion animation to bring five dinosaurs to life. They become pets owned by children and make themselves useful by opening locked doors with their tails and making logical suggestions with body language which the children never fail to understand. In other words, a not very believable plot. Great dinosaurs though. (Netta Gilboa) ★

PSYCHO COP 2 (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 80 minutes) This slasher movie revolves around a bachelor party held in a high-rise office building. One by one the attendees die. No need to have seen the original. If you like these kind of movies, you can already guess what happens. Not bad for its genre but short on originality. (Netta Gilboa) ★

PUPPET MASTER 5 (Paramount Home Video, 81 minutes) Seven deadly puppets are loose and must be stopped. It's a formula horror film that holds your attention due to its incredible use of stop-motion animation. I can't rave enough about the special effects used in this film. PM5 was good enough to make me lose sight of all the people I was watching being dismembered. You can't pay a horror film a much better compliment than that. (Netta Gilboa) ★

RENAISSANCE MAN(Touchstone Home Video, 138 minutes) Danny DeVito stars in this comedy about a guy who accepts a teaching job in the military and then discovers how the recruits live after he gets there. Normally this wouldn't interest me, but the level of personal growth shown in teach character as well as the interactions between them were priceless. Superb. (Netta Gilboa)★

RING OF THE MUSKETEERS(Columbia Tristar Home Video, 86 minutes) Corbin Bernsen, David Hasselhoff and Cheech Marin star in this modern day adventure about four people bound together through ownership of a ring who practice ancient ideas of assisting the innocent. They go up against the mafia here and have to coax Marin's character into wanting to take his vows seriously. Much better than you'd think, this is worth seeing if you're a fan of Cheech Marin or enjoy suspense-filled comedies.

(Netta Gilboa) ★

THE RIVER WILD(MCA/Universal Home Video, 112 minutes) Meryl Streep and Kevin Bacon star in this action film about some men who need help navigating the rapids from a woman and her family. It's a survival film, more entertaining than most. It's worth seeing if you are a fan of the outdoors (great scenery), or of Streep, or if you like the suspense of watching films where you do not know who will die and who will live. (Netta Gilboa) ★

ROBERT RIPLEY: BELIEVE IT OR NOT (Turner Home Entertainment, 95 minutes) I had no idea how much I would learn from this video. I have not stopped raving about it to my friends.

Most of us know of Ripley through visiting one of his museums or through seeing a few of his comic strips or his TV show. Ripley collected trivia and made a career out of illustrating it. He searched for the bizarre, the fantastic, the incredible and the gray in people, places and cultures around the world. For over forty years, Ripley taught us about people who eat live mice, smoke pipes through their eye and have other unique skills.

This video is not to be missed when you come across it. It's an opportunity to study the man who publicized gray people no one else would have dared to without judging them. (Netta Gilboa) ★

SCHINDLER'S LIST (MCA/Universal Home Video, 197 minutes) Based on Thomas Keneally's documentary novel about a cynical opportunist, the Nazi Oscar Schindler, who in spite of himself saved the lives of 1250 Jews, *Schindler's List* was produced and directed by Steven Spielberg in consultation with, and with the full cooperation of, those who survived, 700 of them because their names were on this list of slave laborers. Briefly, in 1942-44, this otherwise selfish, amoral ethnic German from Bohemia made a fortune out of his Jewish slave laborers and then, moved even he by their plight, put their names on a list and paid with all his earnings for the life of every one of them; i.e. he bought and paid for them when the labor camp where they were kept prisoners was about to be liquidated, all its inhabitants to be sent to Auschwitz/Birkenau to be gassed and cremated.

Thanks to that uncharacteristic generosity, though he never again achieved the monetary "success" slavery had given him, he did fare much better after the liberation than most other Nazi Party members and users of slave labor.

The movie is an accurate reproduction and representation of the places and events, with the correct names and deeds of the real people.

Cracow is as it was. Auschwitz, though, is not. The buildings are the same, and the electrified fence, the gas chambers, the crematorium, the uniforms ... but from start to finish, we are looking at actors—very good ones, but union members who eat three meals a day, and nowhere is that more incongruous than in Auschwitz. They are more like the Hollywood ideal of size and shape than like slaves, most of whom died of privation and exhaustion. Still, there is truth despite the softening of its harshness, and authenticity wherever it is achievable without a recreation of the very horror.

Schindler's List is now available in videotape, in two parts, because it is a very long movie. The two parts are different enough to make the division not only logical but advisable. It comes at just the right point. One can stop in the middle and think about it, talk about it, come to grips with it. For most of us with home video equipment, that means the picture is greatly reduced in size from that of the big screen of the original movie presentation that draws us into it, inserting us inside the experience.

Watching the videotape, one is physically and critically distanced from it, weighing and judging, aware that that was then and this is now; that was there and this is here. In this movie much more than in others, the location of the audience makes a very big difference. Also, one can stop it, to back up and see something again, like the women piercing their fingers to smear the blood on their cheeks in an attempt to look healthy enough to be left to continue to work and not be sent to the gas. Such moments go by so quickly one barely catches them.

The videotape is the same movie, but watching it is not the same experience. For those for whom being inside the holocaust—or going back to it—is too painful, for whom an SS officer larger and more powerful than life is as he once was, the videotape makes it possible to see this extraordinary movie while retaining the hard-found distance of 50 years. The tapes are also especially good for those coming face to face with the holocaust for the first time, who may not get it all in one viewing.

The holocaust, even in just this one detailed segment of it, is almost beyond human comprehension. Those who want to know and understand will have to see this movie more than once, and then read and keep on learning about it.

In addition to the human account of the people focused on is the ex-planation and

illustration of the whole slave labor system on which the economy of the Third Reich was based. Schindler's workers were making arms, almost everywhere the work of slaves. They made the rifles, the grenades, the rockets, the bombs, in Cracow, in Bohemia, in Germany, even

right under-neath the concentration (i.e. slave labor) camp at Dachau. They even loaded the shells into the artillery for the soldiers to aim and fire. The forced labor of captives—Jews, Poles, prisoners of war, dissidents, homosexuals, trade unionists—was the basis of the Nazi economic system modeled on the economy of ancient Rome and, incidentally, also of ancient Greece and Egypt. Jews not deemed suitable for slave labor—children, old people—were killed. The rest were worked to death. In detailing the workings of this industrialized slave economy, this movie contributes significantly to our understanding of the holocaust, of Nazism, and of what a military/industrial complex actually comes down to.

See it, one way or the other, or both ways. (Carolyn Chiterer Gilboa) ★

SCORNED (Prism Pictures) Shannon Tweed and Andrew Stevens star in this film about a woman whose husband commits suicide. She is therefore unable to collect on his insurance and seeks revenge from his employer and fellow employees. Gets into the grayest areas of business where wives perform sexual favors to impress their husbands clients, etc. Far better than average for its genre. (Netta Gilboa) ★

SEXUAL POSITIONS FOR LOVERS: BEYOND THE MISSIONARY POSITION (The Sinclair Institute, available from Focus International (800) 843-0305) Designed for couples who wish to improve their sex lives, as opposed to simply those who wish to watch explicit sex, this adult tape focuses on various sexual positions with an emphasis on positions best for deeper penetration, for prolonged intercourse, for couples with physical limitations and for G-spot penetration. This is so well done it can be



Sister Act 2

The Walt Disney Company

used by couples at any experience level and the tape can be paused if you wish to study something in detail or get carried away. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) ★

SHRUNKEN HEADS (Paramount Home Video, 86 minutes) Three teens stand up to neighborhood punks and get murdered. They are revived by a Haitian who uses voodoo magic. Once they are revived, the special effects kick in and they fly around seeking revenge. Superb for its genre and not too violent for the squeamish. (Netta Gilboa) ★

SILK N' SABOTAGE (Academy Entertainment, 73 minutes) Three female roommates use their bodies in a con to recover stolen computer software. Lots of nudity and romantic sex here. Also lots of lingerie scenes as two of the roommates work as undergarment models. Recommended for the sex scenes which are intense for a Hollywood film. (Netta Gilboa) ★

SISTER ACT 2: BACK IN THE HABIT (Touchstone Home Video, 117 minutes) Whoopi Goldberg is back as a sister teaching music in a Catholic school. She's recruited away from her position as a Vegas singer and the school's administration is not told her real background. They discover it on their own and the trouble starts. Highly recommended if you want something lighthearted. (Netta Gilboa) ★

SLEEPING WITH STRANGERS (Paramount Home Video, 103 minutes) Two competing hotels are given the ultimate challenge when a rock star and actress pull into town and check in. They vie for the celebrity guests for income, prestige and even romance. It all works out in the end and holds your attention from start to finish. Not



The Stoned Age

bad at all for a movie with no big names starring in it. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE STONED AGE (Vidmark Entertainment, 90 minutes) Billed as a drug movie in the style of *Dazed & Confused*, this film is about the use of drugs to pursue girls rather than about using drugs for pleasure. It features an awesome soundtrack which includes Blue Oyster Cult, Black Sabbath and Foghat. It also stars China Kantner, daughter of rock stars Grace Slick and Paul Kantner. Makes many good points about trying to get laid but almost none about drugs. (Netta Gilboa) ★

TAUROBOLIUM (WesselMania, P.O. Box 1611, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267-1611, 108 minutes) This is a documentary on the gray sport of bullfights. Filmed in Tijuana, if you have been to a bullfight there you'll know what to expect. This is a superb visual example of what you saw which you can now show your friends. If you have never been to a bullfight and are curious, you may walk away disgusted from viewing this, but it does not censor and will not disappoint. Some of the scenes utterly grossed me out, but this film was so good I continued watching anyway. That's as high a compliment as you can pay a film, is it not? (Netta Gilboa) ★

THREESOME (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 93 minutes) Two male college roommates find a female named Alex assigned to the third room in their dorm suite. They warm up to the idea and become sexually involved as well. Superb plot, direction and acting. You simply can't go

wrong with this film. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THUMBELINA

(Warner Home Video) The classic Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale is animated by Don Bluth. It's full of delightful characters and songs by Barry Manilow. Worth seeing for the colors and the quality of the animation. It's nice to be able to throw a tape on, forget life's problems and disappointments, and feel like a kid again for a little while. (Netta Gilboa) ★

TIMECOP (MCA/Universal Home Video, 99 minutes) Jean-Claude Van Damme stars in this

sci-fi action thriller. It's about futuristic time travel in which returning to the past allows you to change details you are unhappy with in the future. Has less special effects than you'd think, but made great use of what it did include. Not really my taste, but it did hold my interest. (Netta Gilboa) ★

TRADING MOM (Vidmark, 83 minutes) Sissy Spacek stars in this terrific film about three kids who decide they are unhappy with their mother's rules and nagging. They discover a mommy market where unhappy children can try their luck with a new parent.

Not surprisingly, there are many unappealing mothers there to choose from. A great examination of the gray reasoning behind how parents supervise and discipline children differently. Don't miss it. (Netta Gilboa) ★

A TROLL IN CENTRAL PARK (Warner Home Video, 65 minutes) From animator Don Bluth comes this adventure tale about a troll who teaches children to believe in themselves. Featuring the voices of Chloris Leachman, Hayley Mills, Charles



Trading Mom

Nelson Reilly and Dom Deluise, this has a good plot and great characters. The animation is best in the fighting sequences where good and evil are at war. A must to see if you have kids you can share it with. Even though I don't, most of it held my interest. (Netta Gilboa) ★

VIRTUAL 60S (White Star, three tapes approx. 50 minutes each, available from Kulter (800) 458-5887) Tim Leary narrates this three-tape budget-priced set focusing on Peace, Love and Consciousness. It contains live concert footage of Canned Heat, Melanie, Country Joe McDonald, Buddy Miles, Blood, Sweat and Tears and Mark Farner of Grand Funk Railroad. The footage is taken from various sources circa the 20th anniversary of Woodstock. If you like these bands at all, it's a must to own. The set



Peter Lovino

With Honors

contains one of Melanie's best performances on video and certainly Country Joe's as well. The musical acts are scattered throughout the tapes so you do want to get all three. The 60s focus and commentary is well-done and not sappy. Highly recommended, especially for the low price. (Netta Gilboa) ★

WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN (Touchstone Home Video, 136 minutes) Meg Ryan and Andy Garcia star in this bittersweet film about a woman who comes to terms with her alcoholism. Highly recommended for its treatment of alcoholism as well as the romantic relationship between the couple which evolves over time. Ryan is superb as usual. (Netta Gilboa) ★

WHORE 2 (Vidmark Entertainment, 85 minutes) Real prostitutes are interviewed in this superb sequel that does not build upon the original film. The women are quite candid and analytical as to why they do what they do and what their role is in society. Highly recommended to anyone who has ever visited a prostitute or thought about becoming one. (Netta Gilboa) ★

THE WHO'S TOMMY: THE AMAZING JOURNEY (Buena Vista Home Video, 60 minutes) This terrific documentary covers many aspects of The Who's recording career. I wasn't sure it could be any good because *The Kids Are Alright*, also about The Who, is



Jack Nicholson in *Wolf*

Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

simply my favorite rock film. What more remains to be said? But, while utterly different, this tape is quite enlightening. Everything from the child abuse scenes in *Tommy* (so revolutionary for its time that the band was dissed by the media) to the deaths of band member Keith Moon and concert attendees in Cincinnati is discussed.

There are quotes from band members as well as other musicians like Elton John, Phil Collins and Tina Turner who reveals that when she accepted the role of The Acid Queen in the film *Tommy* she had no idea acid was a drug. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) ★

WITH HONORS (Warner Home Video) A student at Harvard has his thesis stolen by a homeless man who arranges to return one page for every favor done for him. They become friends and the student is forced to examine the value of his education in light of the homeless man's plight. Highly recommended. (Netta Gilboa) ★

WOLF (Columbia Tristar Home Video, 121 minutes) Jack Nicholson and Michelle Pfeiffer star in this thriller about a man who becomes a wolf after receiving a small bite from one. Unlike other movies of this type, the focus here is really not on special effects and frequent transformations from man to beast. Rather, there is a strong plot which changes to adapt to the wolf situation. Much more artsy than most films it could be compared to, *Wolf* is worth seeing if you like Nicholson or if you like vampire or horror films. (Netta Gilboa) ★

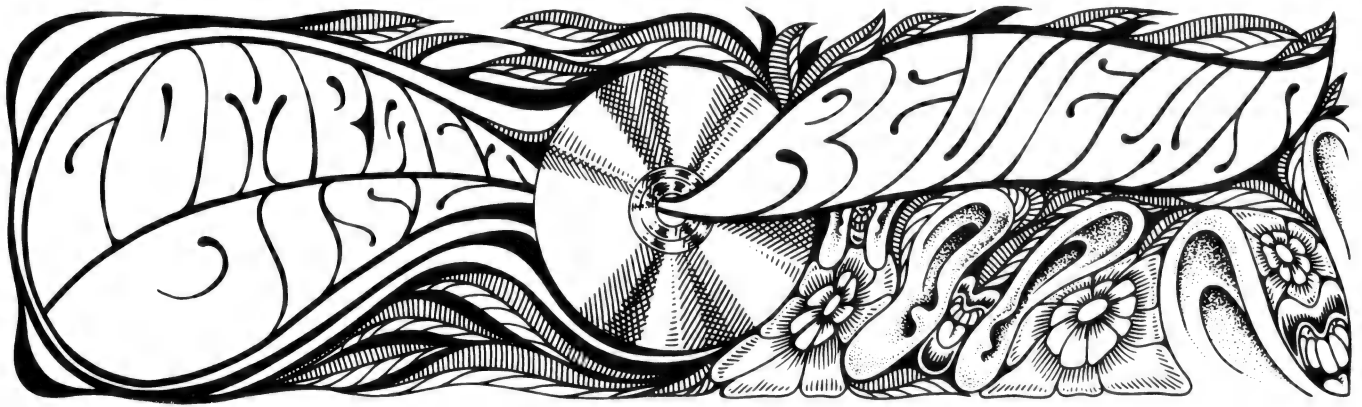
WOODSTOCK 94 (PolyGram Video) A sampling of the major acts who performed at last summer's Woodstock festival is included in this compilation tape. The focus here is on the music more than on explaining the event. Classic rock fans will enjoy seeing Bob Dylan perform "Highway 61," John Sebastian join CSN onstage for "Deja Vu," Traffic perform "Pearly Queen" and Joe Cocker belt out "Feelin' Alright." Watching this video I also got to see a lot of bands I'd never been exposed to before. I found myself wishing I had a copy of the full pay-per-view broadcast. But, even if I did, this video is the one you'll reach for when the mood hits to crank up the stereo and hear a bunch of bands rather than spend the evening listening to and watching just one. Highly recommended, even if some of the bands listed don't initially interest you. (Netta Gilboa) ★

the who's tommy the amazing journey

COLLECTOR'S EDITION
25TH ANNIVERSARY



Buena Vista Pictures Distribution, Inc.



22 Brides
22 BRIDES
 (Zero Hour Records)

For whatever reasons, I don't really like the Indigo Girls that much, don't hate them but I'm not wild about them like my friend Mindy is. But I do like this *22 Brides* album, and it does remind me of the Indigo Girls, with its two lead women (sisters Carrie and Libby Johnson) who have pretty voices which wrap around each other. But *22 Brides* (augmented by worthy musicians) display a good folk-rock sense that isn't the usual whining. The slightly melancholy "Ghost House" is a standout cut; "Transparent" and "What's So Wrong" rock out in a John Mellencamp heartland vein. They caught my attention, and I just bet they are good in concert. Just don't send them nationwide with the Indigos. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Angelfish
ANGELFISH
 (Radioactive)

I want to like this album because it's produced by Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth, two old heroes of mine from the Talking Heads and the Tom Tom Club. But it's kind of a cliched album, modern midtempo sort-of hard rock, kind of like a dowdier version of the Primitives, or a lackluster updating of Blondie with little personality. Well, the sound is clear and the drums are upfront (I'm not surprised, Mr. Frantz) and there are some decent hooks here and there, but the album doesn't really get energized, even when singer Shirley Manson starts to sound a wee bit like Debbie Harry. The hype that preceded this album didn't help, because any expectations I had were sunk. Maybe live they sound better, but I can't help but envision pimply, nervous high schoolers frigging to leaden tunes such as "King Of The World" and thinking that they're pretty cool and aren't sweating too much through their black T-shirts. (Ellen Levitt) ●

The Auteurs
NOW I'M A COWBOY
 (Vernon Yard Recordings)

This is the second album from this British band led by guitarist/ singer/ songwriter Luke Haines. The band: guitar, bass, drums, keyboards and

cello offer 11 medium tempo post-modern pop songs. Haines has a powerful presence of emotion and angst as he sings along to his rich electric guitar wails. Two examples are "New French Girlfriend" and great opening number "Lenny Valentino," which refers to a cross between Lenny Bruce and Rudolph Valentino. In one song Haines makes fun of the jet set. In another he celebrates a self important rock star. Haines admits contradictions. He says "the best stuff is full of contradiction." Honest and shrewd modern music. (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Affected
A FATE WORSE THAN A FATE
WORSE THAN DEATH
 (Frontier)

This is a really good album which chronicles the Australian band the Affected, over the past few years. Punk, power pop, metal and garage rock are jumbled together for pure rock enjoyment. Start with their ragged and gleeful version of the 1980s pop tune "Jenny/ 867-5309" (it's an improvement, worthy of the Ramones) and check out the rest of the songs. There's enough variety throughout the album so that you won't grow bored. They have adrenaline and it shows. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Adrian Belew
HERE
 (Caroline)

A good old friend of mine (Where are you Kenny?) and I used to bop around in his VW bug in the early 80s and hit the FM buttons. Adrian Belew was a crafty guitar god, he would say. He used to rave about Belew (someone who was never on the radio), both his solo work and that with the re-formed King Crimson. "Why hadn't I heard him then," I wondered. 'Cause commercial radio didn't know where to put him. They still don't. And he's still a crafty guitar god.

On *Here*, Belew writes, produces, sings and plays every instrument. The CD insert makes the point nicely with a wide photo of Adrian in a house/studio attending to bass, drums, guitars, vocals and cello, and even pouring coffee, all at the same time. The 12 songs here are of a pop song length and nature, quite full of great hooks and melodies. Opener, "May 1, 1990," is a fine Bowie-

esque style track and others sound like old progressive Beatles songs ("Fly," is reminiscent of a complex "Julia," and "Peace On Earth" can be likened to "Eleanor Rigby"). Other songs nicely mix pop and Belew's avant-garde guitar cunning that critics will continue to praise, but he won't be selling out 20,000 seat arenas. Somehow though, I think that's okay with him... (Alan Sheckter) ●

Matraca Berg
THE SPEED OF GRACE
 (RCA)

What we have here are ten soft-electric country & western twinged easy-rock songs. The singer/songwriter's Rodstadt/Raitt-type voice complements fine down to earth lyric. She may be trying to entice a guy, like on the sassy "Tall Drink Of Water."

*Baby, nothing's as wild as a woman with a broken heart,
 I'm just lookin' for a place to start*

Or, she may be pushing one away, like on Paul Buchanan's "Let's Face It."

*Go sometime in the night
 It's over baby, let's face it*

There's a Dolly Parton number here, "Jolene," and a song co-written with Wendy Waldman, "Waiting For The Sky To Fall." Veteran drummer Jim Keltner plays with the band. Nice romantically paced collection of songs. (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Black Crowes
AMORICA
 (American)

Amorica is the third release from these Atlanta rockers. The rebellious band is led by the brothers Robinson, Chris and Rich, who are excellent songwriters. And the cover reveals to us a slightly scandalous skimpy bikini bottom in the design of the flag. Chris refers to "amorica" as a play on "America." He says we're all stuck here and scared at times, and "we're just as scared as anyone, but that's what drives us to beat it and find the diamond in this huge coal mine and dig around. Our tools are our music." The songs, led by "A Conspiracy," are rich in stories, rocking rhythms and vocals that are fun to ride, and there are some surprisingly rich subtleties in the instruments themselves, as witnessed on "Nonfiction" and "Cursed Diamond." The instantly recognizable ingredient of The Black Crowes is Chris Robinson's



The Black Crowes

American Recordings

voice, and it's big and bold as ever. Fine, fine album. (Alan Sheckter) ●

B-Tribe FIESTA FATAL! (Atlantic)

The Barcelona Tribe of Soulsters performs 50 minutes of modern flamenco driven instrumentals. Along with some light chanting and gentle, dreamy bits of Spanish vocals, a modern backbeat keeps time in the background, making it palatable for hard to reach American listeners. Individual credits are not given, but the flamenco guitar is fabulous. The overall result is uniquely pleasant and somewhat eclectic. The title track, "Fiesta Fatal!," a traditional number, and Vangales' (remember his 1982 hit "Chariots Of Fire?") "You Won't See Me Cry" are international hits. Nice and soothing background music. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Jeff Buckley LIVE AT SIN-É (Big Cat)

No, this is not a Hollywood sequel as the return of, or the son of, although Jeff is the son of the late great Tim Buckley (his complete name is Jeffrey Scott, and his mother is the famous Jainie from the "Song for Jainie" from the first album), he must be judged by his own merit, and believe me there are a lot of it. If you think about the ethereal voice of the father, forget it, the voice is nearer to Robert Plant, and the atmosphere is completely different from anything else. What must be inherited is the magic that can be created with a minimal sound (as is a live recording there are only an electric guitar and his voice), but what a pleasure to hear something as fresh, that mixes the heaviness of the Led Zeppelin with the sensibility of the French singer-songwriter (see Je n'en connais pas la fin "I don't know how it ends,"

don't worry he sings in English). The only wrong note is that the record has to end, and it is with a wonderful rendition of Van Morrison's "The Way Young Lovers Do." That is the only sad note. The CD is a short one, it lasts only 26 minutes. As the premises are present, as young Jeff has the capacity to be a great musician the only thing that comes to my mind is: can I have more, please? (Gianluigi Blasi) ●

Tim Buckley LIVE AT THE TROUBADOUR 1969 (Edsel)

In ancient times, one of the myths that even the common people knew was the Icarus one. Icarus was the son of Dedalus, an architect that built the labyrinth and to get away from it, built two pairs of wings with feathers and wax, one for him and one for his son. Before leaving, he advised his son that flying too near the sun was extremely dangerous, but Icarus, hypnotized by the sunlight, began to fly too close to the sun. The wax melted down and he died falling from those heights. So Tim Buckley did, as no man before him had gone so near the sun, reflecting his light, his warmth so effectively in just a bunch of songs. This is the latest offering on the market concerning Buckley and I wonder why those tapes had been shelved for so much time. It is really perfect, the recording is crystal clear and the performance is breathtaking, everything, the blues, the deep, the life of a guy that every time he begins to sing discovers new worlds are here, the only weak note is that "give smack a chance" at the beginning of one of the two unreleased tracks (Venice mating call). Even for the newcomers, this is the best Tim Buckley CD as it has plenty of his better tracks. Buy this first, then begin to look for the others and you'll discover musical places where no one had gone before and since. (Gianluigi Blasi) ●

Eric Clapton FROM THE CRADLE (Duck Records/Reprise)

After his last album, *Unplugged*, earned him a bunch of Grammy awards and racked up mega-millions in sales, Eric Clapton naturally had the freedom to follow up his MTV acoustic set in any way that might please him. So it's no surprise that Eric took the opportunity to turn out the all-blues album that he's long intimated he'd wanted to make. Clapton, once the model student who learned at the feet of the blues masters, earned his Ph.D. in this classic

music, and this is a history lesson that few other living bluesmen are as well-equipped to impart. The songs (16 in all, running just over an hour) include ones associated with Muddy Waters ("Standin' Round Crying" and Willie Dixon's "Hoochie Coochie Man") and Freddy King ("Someday After A While"), two blues giants with whom Clapton shared stages in the 1970s. He chose familiar tunes from the repertoires of Lowell Fulson ("Reconsider Baby"), Charles Brown ("Driftin'"), and Elmore James ("It Hurts Me Too").

Clapton includes several songs each from more obscure bluesmen like Leroy Carr ("Blues Before Sunrise," "How Long Blues"), James Lane ("Goin' Away Baby," "Blues Leave me Alone") and Eddie Boyd ("Third Degree," a song co-written with Dixon, and "Five Long Years.") Boyd, who died during the summer of 1994 at age 79, enjoyed his greatest success with "Five Long Years," initially when his own version of the song became a #1 R&B hit in 1952, when the pianist was playing the Chicago blues club circuit.

Eric Clapton is probably the only rock artist of his stature who could release a "pure" blues album of this kind and still realistically hope to fill up arenas with enough people on a major tour to make the whole thing succeed from a business standpoint. Although he won't, necessarily convert those non-believers who merely like his style, he may make a few listeners curious about where all this great stuff came from. (Steve Roeser) ●

The Cranberries NO NEED TO ARGUE (Island)

Delores O'Riordan's, powerful, yet vulnerable voice has brought Ireland's Cranberries from just



Andy Earl

The Cranberries



Everything But The Girl

another dream-pop group into one of the hottest acts today. Honest emotion, sincerity and intelligence all come out in her voice, whose inflections at the end of certain phrases are hers and hers alone. There are acoustic numbers, like "Empty" and "The Icicle Melts" which are like "Lingers" and "Dreams" from the first album.

The feeling of this record is a little more brutally honest in the lyrics and a bit more edge in the music itself. World-wide smash "Zombie" is one example, as is "I Can't Be With You." Great arrangements, wonderful songwriting (all lyrics by the diminutive O'Riordan) and good production make for a pleasant listening experience. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Julian Cope AUTOGEDDON (American)

Dark and eccentric acoustic ballads and a few more upbeat ditties highlight Cope's latest. He has made music for years since forming popular British band Teardrop Explodes in 1979. Cope's cynical, humorous, pro-environmental personality come through and sometimes the result is somewhat inaccessible, yet always clever and thought provoking. The theme of this project and the title, *Autogeddon*, refer to the evils of the automobile. There are several songs describing the longtime ills of the car, such as "Don't Call Me Mark Chapman," "I Gotta Walk" and the 11 minute "s.t.a.r.c.a.r." Cope realizes fighting the automobile is futile as he sings "Ain't No Gettin' Round Gettin' Round." An inventive and undoubtedly strange album. (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Cucumbers WHERE WE SLEEP TONIGHT (Zero Hour Records)

Here's a lovely 13 song pop offering from Deena Shoshkes and Jon Fried, the duo who make up The Cucumbers. This is their first release in five years.

You may remember them from their 1989 indie/college hit "My Boyfriend." That was then. This is now. The North Jersey couple have taken six new songs and overdubbed some older songs as they proudly present *Where We Sleep Tonight*. Deeper than just delightfully simple melodies, darker, moody lyrics lie below.

*"There's something dangerous about you,
It shows its fire in everything you do,
I'm afraid of you, and I love you."*

- from "Something Dangerous"

Outstanding tracks include "Make Him Mine," "I Wish I Was" and feature track, "That Is That," where Deena sings about a relationship that she says is over: "And now like a cigarette, the fire is out." Great lyrics, nice arrangements, and a lot of fine alternative pop. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Ram Dass & Amazing Grace THE CHORD OF LOVE (Triloka Records/Worldly Music)

Ram Dass, or Richard Alpert for you 60s/LSD/Leary/Harvard U. fans, is a world-wide acclaimed spiritual lecturer, and his books are always popular. This medium is intriguing. It opens with a short "Prayer To Hanuman," then alternates between Ram Dass readings and lovely, soothing Indian chants all accompanied by uplifting, spiritual bongos, chimes, dotar and harmonium. Sit still, close your eyes, take deep breaths and let *The Chord Of Love* strike you. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Marcella Detroit JEWEL (London)

It was an extreme pleasure to listen to this one. From the opening and title track, the meticulous production was apparent. And why not? Chris Thomas produced it. Marcella is a gifted musician, formerly of Shakespeare's Sister, as well as being weaned on songwriting, playing guitar and acting. With a voice as beautiful and talented as Mariah Carey or Whitney Houston, Marcella chooses to ignore what "fits into a radio format" and on this, her first solo effort, she gives us art. But wait, there's more than just the 11 stunning originals. How about a version of Sly & The Family Stone's "I Want To Take You Higher?" And the real kicker is a duo with Elton John on Ashford & Simpson's (but made famous by Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell), "Ain't Nothing Like The Real Thing!" Marcella Detroit. Look for it. (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Devlins DRIFT (Capitol)

This, The Devlins' major label debut (they did have an earlier EP entitled *Live Bait, Dead Bait*), was released in mid-93, but kind of hibernated for many months. 1994 has been a year where more and more folks are taking notice (including myself). Extensively touring with popular acts such as Frente and Sara McLachlan has also widened the public's awareness of the Irish band. Led by

Colin and Peter Devlin, there are certain passages of music that are reminiscent of U2 (the mellow "I Don't Want To Be Like This," for one), but then "Alone In The Dark" reminds me of Gabriel, and other tracks have a bit of James and Van Morrison personalities.

Right on target rhythms, soft textures of keyboards and guitars, and Colin's endearing, expressive voice categorize the Devlins' appeal. My favorite is the quite percussive and soft guitar laden "As Far As You Can Go." Lisa Germano sings backup vocals on that one, and the chorus has a dreamy, soul cleansing appeal:

*If you really feel you need to work it out,
well hey;*

Take a train ride up through the mountainside;

And let it all fade away.

(Alan Sheckter) ●

Eat EPICURE (Fiction Records)

I received oodles of press about this band before I even heard the album, including a tacky 8 by 10 glossy of the lead guy naked in New York City. But I wasn't taken aback by this even-dozen song set. The songs aren't bad, but they're generic, reminiscent of too many other so-called alternative British bands. Sorry, limeys, ya didn't live up to your hype. Keep practicing. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Elektric Music ESPERANTO (Atlantic)

This is the first effort that duo Lothar Manteuffel and Karl Bartos have released under the aptly named Elektric Music. Keyboard and synthesizer driven, the music is like techno-turned-easy-listening. I found the energy I was looking for to be largely missing with not a whole lot to expound over. Still, the main musician here, Bartos, was the driving force of 70s synth-band Kraftwerk. That kind of excellent quality production and keyboard textures are present, and some neat vocal samples are thrown in, but for the most part, I felt uninspired after listening. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Everything But The Girl AMPLIFIED HEART (Atlantic)

The veteran English acoustic-pop duo wrote, produced and performed all ten songs presented here. The lovely voice of Tracey Thorn and soft guitar and piano accompaniments of Ben Watt are in fine form. Outstanding tracks among the slow-paced ballads include the melancholy "Get Me," "Missing" and "25th December," which features Richard Thompson on guitar. EBTG have had six Top 30 albums in Britain, but you guessed it, just haven't clicked here with the general public. Too bad. They put out great songs. If you like The Indigo Girls, buy this record. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Marianne Faithfull

FAITHFULL: A Collection Of Her Best Recordings (Island)

Released at the same time as her new autobiography (ed. note: see book review in this issue), Marianne offers a collection of 11 songs, most coming from her five albums recorded from 1979 to 1990. Also included are two new songs to be on forthcoming *A Secret Life*; one called "She" and another, Patty Smith's "Ghost Dance." That one features contributions from Keith Richards, Don Was, Ron Wood and Charlie Watts. The album ends with what is still her biggest claim to fame, the 1966 hit "As Tears Go By." You won't be swept off of your feet with musical inventiveness, but Faithfull's honest, poignant deliveries are quite stirring and impressive. Other highlights include "Why'd Ya Do It," a no-words barred look at sexual jealousy and a great version of Lennon's "Working Class Hero." (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Fall MIDDLE CLASS REVOLT (Matador)

Middle Class Revolt; also known on the CD insert as "The Vapourisation Of Reality" is the 25th album for the Manchester-based veterans. Mark E. Smith, he who once said, "The difference between us and you is that we have brains," has

great command of his voice as he delivers his rock 'n roll sermon. Opening track "15 Ways," also accompanied by a video is a winner as are the exciting, danceable "Surmount All Obstacles," the jangly persistence of "You're Not Up To Much" and the title track. It's amazing, but after 17 years it's not too late to get on The Fall's bandwagon. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Joe Gallant & Illuminati CODE OF THE WEST (Scratchy Records)

Grateful Dead meet classical music. Aha, I thought I could get you to read further! On what can broadly be described under classical, we have a cast of 61 performers including Gallant who acts not only as composer, but also musical participant on the contrabass. In Joe's words, *Code* is a "travelogue exploring the psychic landscape of pre-millennium Manhattan." He accomplishes that with avant-garde, complicated contemporary textures of a million styles from swing to rock to operatic aria.

Apart from some of the instrumental passages sounding somewhat akin to Grateful Dead "space," there is a bigger connection. Gallant has been on Phil Lesh's "Eyes of Chaos" composer's radio program several times. The album has been praised highly by Owsley Stanley, Bob (super midi-man) Bralove, and made the Dead's Top 10 list in the Grateful Dead *Almanac*. One track made it onto the national "Grateful Dead Hour." That track is

the Dead's "Unbroken Chain," which ends the CD. Hearing this intricate, respectful, orchestral, seven-plus minute "Unbroken Chain" was one of my high album moments of the year. And my chum since junior high school, Joe Noce, leader of Philly's Bughunters appears with Gans, Lambert and others for a few guitar riffs. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Galliano WHAT COLOUR OUR FLAG (Talkin Loud/Mercury)

This trend toward wedding jazz and rap has yielded some clever, catchy stuff, as well as some highly pretentious doo-doo. *What Colour* treads the fine line between good/interesting/ smart and stoopid/corny. The music harkens back to late 60s and early-mid 70s dance-funk-fusion jazz, and for the most part is decent. But the lyrics are often dopey, and the writer has tried too hard to be... super credible. It seems like dozens of people contributed to this stewpot of music, so I don't know whom to praise or blame. But I will single out "57th Minute of the 23rd Hour" and "So Much Confusion" as particularly hot tracks. Play some of the better songs at your next dance party and people might compliment you for your coolness factor. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Gravediggaz 6 FEET DEEP (Gee Street/Island)

Serious, soul-searching, reality-checking hip-hop is delivered in this first effort. The Gravediggaz' production is good and each track deals with a separate topic, yet they gel together as a whole album. Sure, the group's name, the blood on the CD disc itself, the NY City mortuary tag, knives and weapons on the CD insert are gimmicky, but what's inside stands on its own and is recommended for any gangsta rap and/or hip-hop fans. Self-explanatory tunes include "1-800 Suicide," "Trippin'," (from the pipe, not tabs of acid), "Blood Brothers" and "Diary Of A Madman." A little humor is thrown in now and then for balance. One CD liner note that certainly isn't funny is probably shared by many deserving yet unsigned acts, "This one goes out to all of those in the business who knew my skills in the past, but didn't give a f--- about a brother. Y'all could kiss my ass." (Alan Sheckter) ●

David Grisman & Tony Rice TONE POEMS (Acoustic Disc) 800-221-DISC

The theme here is not only the captivating, skillful, timeless musical art of these old friends. It is the vintage instruments that are showcased. Appearing in your left speaker on these 17 amazing instrumentals is award-winning bluegrass guitar picker Tony Rice, and in your right speaker is the mandolin wizardry of David Grisman.

Like anything else, prices and availability of classic acoustic instruments have gone up and up



Marianne Faithfull

Michel Comte

and those who own them store them unplayed in sealed cabinets. Rice and Grisman dusted off 34 of them for us to hear. A 40 page color booklet with descriptions and photos of each is alone worth the price of the CD.

Examples include an 1891 Martin 1-21 guitar and a 1905 Gibson A-4 mandolin for Grisman's "Turn Of The Century," a 1931 Stahl Style 473 guitar and 1919 Vega Style 202 lute mandolin on the traditional "Grandfather's Clock," and the good old Martin D-18 guitar and 1942 Gibson F-4 mandolin on Bill Monroe's "Watson Blues." A wonderful idea that created the perfect result. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Jimi Hendrix WOODSTOCK/BLUES (MCA)

It would have been pretty interesting if Jimi Hendrix had still been around to witness the 25th anniversary of the Woodstock festival. What would he have done? Come out of retirement to take the gig, or would his career still be going strong? Maybe he would have told the Woodstock '94 promoters that the whole thing was a farce and refused to participate, à la Neil Young. We can only wonder, but now at least we can easily find out what Jimi put down at the original Woodstock, where he was the final act to perform.

MCA has now made available the entire set that Jimi played at Woodstock, only portions of which had previously been available on the Cotillion and Atlantic *Woodstock* albums, the official compilation souvenirs of the event. After he strode across that stage in Bethel, New York, Hendrix lived only another year and one month. He played some of his greatest hits in the ten song set— "Fire," "Purple Haze"— but this probably doesn't rank among Jimi's great performances. We'd have to check with the Jimi experts as to where he was on the Saturday and Sunday before arriving to play Woodstock, but the fact is he sounds a little tired, like he could have used a rest. Though the set does include decent performances of "Red House" and "Hear My Train A Comin'" (subtitled here as "Get My Heart Back Together"), the most enjoyable portion of the set is the finale, where on "Woodstock Improvisation" Jimi puts on an incredible display of strumming and picking with multiple runs. This segues into another brief, subtle instrumental, "Villanova Junction," which ended his set on a dreamy, poetic note. Musically speaking, it was only an average day for Hendrix. But, then again, an average performance from Jimi might still be regarded as fairly awesome.

The *Blues* disc is another story entirely. Except for a studio version of "Red House," most of this stuff has never been released before (this CD came out in the spring of 1994, a few months prior to the *Woodstock* CD) and just about every note of it is indescribable. (Both of these albums contain thick color booklets with interesting notes by Fairchild, as well as many rare photographs.) Hendrix loved Albert King as much as Clapton and Cream did, so it should come as hardly a revelation that his version here of "Born Under A Bad Sign" is unbeatable. Not all of these tracks

feature Noel Redding on bass, but one that does is "Catfish Blues" from November of 1967 and it is also outstanding. Hendrix also tears into the Muddy Waters/Bo Diddley song "Mannish Boy" with glee. A performance of "Voodoo Chile Blues," a variation on "Voodoo Child," features the Jefferson Airplane's Jack Casady on bass plus (at that time still "Stevie") Winwood on organ. As it is, *Blues* is the most exciting historical album of the year. (Steve Roeser) ●

Hootie & The Blowfish CRACKED REAR VIEW (Atlantic)

Highly acclaimed by critics everywhere, the South Carolina-based quartet with the awful name offer 11 originals (plus a one minute bonus ditty) on this, their major label debut. The band had three previous indie releases. Led by optimistic acoustic/electric rocker "Hold My Hand" (with David Crosby contributing backing vocals), the Blowfish have their own jangly American rock sound sometimes approaching the sounds of REM and Mellencamp, with a bit of Gregg Allman in the vocals, but not really. Darius Rucker's rich-toned vocals are honest and believable, Mark Bryan's electric and acoustic guitars are definitive American rock, Dean Felder's and Jim Sonfield's bass and drum respectively, add to the excellent, credible ensemble. Other excellent tracks include "Let Her Cry," "Only Wanna Be With You" and "Running From An Angel." Good stuff. (Alan Sheckter) ●

INXS THE GREATEST HITS (Atlantic)

Formed in Sydney, Australia in 1977 as The Farriss Brothers, the sextet's personnel has remained unchanged ever since, with three Ferriss', Garry Beers, Kirk Pengilly and a man named Hutchence. The band's innovative rocking sound has spawned many Top 10 hits, yet have remained a credible force in all radio rock formats. *The Greatest Hits* includes 16 tracks. There are 14 past hits ("What You Need," "Suicide Blonde," "Beautiful Girl") as well as two fine new ones, "The Strangest Party," which has all the vocal and guitar urgency of their past biggies, and a darker tune, "Deliver Me." Good package. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Jawbox



David Grisman and Tony Rice

FOR YOUR OWN SPECIAL SWEET- HEART (Atlantic)

Jawbox is a quartet with an aggressive sound that flirts with tunefulness but mostly grabs ahold of dissonance. To some extent I've heard their type of material before, and they won't blow your mind. But there's a good deal of energy and earnest vocals that make this album pretty good. "FF=66" is an oddball way to start off the album, a harsh intro to the Jawbox sound. "Reel" and "Whitney Walks" are among the better songs here. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Jello Biafra BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE GIFT POLICE: Spoken Word LP #4 (Alternative Tentacles Records)

Jello has done it again. He went on another tour, recorded some of it, and released it for you and me. He's got some good ideas on this set, even though about half of the second disc (it's a 3 disc set) is repeated from his previous releases. He talks about his appearances on various talk shows, what the religious right is up to, his ideas for a better world, a short speech about NAFTA, a whole bunch about censorship, and a little bit about his childhood. It does not, however, have any material about him getting beat up earlier in the year. This is a good album. It's got some serious thought provoking stuff on it even though he does get a little bit whiney. Well delivered, good material, and entertaining. (Ben Sherman) ●

The Jerky Boys THE JERKY BOYS 2 (Select Records/Atlantic)



The Jerky Boys

This assortment of 26 short prank phone calls is a follow-up to their successful 1993 release of the same name. Going by phone names like Sol Rosenberg and Frank Rizzo, hear frustrated victims try to have a normal conversation with a deliberately shocking, deviant Jerky Boy. In "A Little Emergency," The Jerky Boy calls a place that sells those tennis ball practice machine. Seems he and his friends used boiled potatoes to be shot into each others rear ends. The operator tries to handle this craziness professionally. In another cut, Sol calls a doctor to get warts removed from his butt and genitals, and wants a complete description of how the doctor will remove the warts. If you like to hear people put on the spot on the phone and put through some embarrassment, pick this one up. A growing national hobby turned into a successful Top 10 album. (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Jesus & Mary Chain STONED & DETHRONED (Blanco y Negro/American)

Founding brothers William and Jim Reid (with a little help in the bass and drum department) wrote, produced and performed all aspects of 17 catchy acoustic and soft electric melodic ditties. Jim's duet with Mazzy Star's star Hope Sandoval on "Sometimes Always" is the perfect vocal complement to the tender strumming layers underneath. The constantly changing facets of the album (all songs are 3 1/2 minutes and under), keep the music very fresh. Some tunes are upbeat and lilting, others pour forth with quiet anxiety.

A little jingle-jangle, a little mellow T-Rex, a little mid-60s Beatles may help to describe the sound of the ten year old JAMC's latest. A gratifying listening experience. (Alan Sheckter) ●

The Jesus Lizard SHOW (Collision Arts/Giant Records)

Recorded live at New York City's famed CBGB (hence the title *Show*), in December 1993, the CD offers a real dark and nasty rock club sound. Bass laden, with relentless drumming and emotional, maniacal vocal rantings of David Yow, this 15 track, stripped-down-to-the-bare-music CD delivers head banging, slam dancing energy, even if one listens in the ambiance of their carpeted living-room at 7:00 AM Sunday morning.

From the crazed anarchy of "Nub" to the powerfully slow and deliberate "Elegy," *Show* is hair-raising, with lots of quality guitar licks to boot. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Judybats

FULL-EMPTY (Sire/Warner Brothers)

Knoxville, TN's Judybats garnished quite a bit of success in 1993 with the single "Being Simple" and album *Pain Makes You Beautiful*. They are back. Led by opening cut/first single "What We Lose," *Full-Empty* is a soft, alternative pop/rock effort with an inviting appeal. The songs have a vitality that'll make you tap your foot and examine the lyrics. There's a nice, organic trimmed-down essence to the songs. I really enjoyed "Droughts," the mellow, bongo-accompanied "Stoned" and even a version (quite like the original) of that 1975 Bee Gee's monster "Jive Talkin'." Wonderfully enjoyable soft-rock CD. (Alan Sheckter) ●

King Missile KING MISSILE (Atlantic)

Sarcasm and satire. There are lots of both here on this bright and entertaining CD. Vocalist John leads the talented and inventive New York foursome on 17 witty tracks. Songs run a spectrum of styles from good old grunge to the funky jazz of "Delores" to the avant-garde "Wind-Up Toys."

*If most of us were wind-up toys,
Could we trust the few of us that weren't
To wind us up when necessary? I think not.*
(Alan Sheckter) ●

L7 HUNGRY FOR STINK (Slash)

The foursome return with a vengeance to show us who's boss. With blistering guitars ("The Bomb"), Donita Sparks' delirious shrieking vocals ("Baggage"), and more-potent-than-usual lyrics of angst, *Hungry For Stink* secures L7 to the top of the heap of the "riot grrrl" groups.

Always alarmingly powerful, L7's songs can be personal as in the screaming single "Andres," po-

litical as in "Shirley" (about female race-car driver Shirley Muldowny), or somewhat demented as in "Questioning My Sanity." There, the lyrics begin with:

*I'm savin' my piss in a jar,
this depression has gone too far,
I'm layin' here in my bed,
Am I alive or am I dead?*

Teeth, Lollapalooza 94's magazine, pretty aptly describes L7's sound "like the Go-Go's on a lot of bad crank cut with drano."

Support women in rock. Support music that is sharp, loud and has substance. Support L7. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Adrian Legg HIGH STRUNG TALL TALES (Relativity)

England's Legg is an unusually crafty guitarist who's won several awards and has toured with Kottke, Satriani and Chet Atkins. *High Strung Tall Tales* is pure solo acoustic wizardry as evidenced in the totally captivating "Celandine," which is played on a prototype guitar, two frets longer than most. "The Cool Cajun" is a lovely guitar piece augmented by soft snare brushes and light accordin. Five opening numbers are followed by six tracks that go together as "High Strung Suite," and all that is followed by nine tracks from the guitar technician's visit to a Philadelphia club called The Tin Angel. The ceilings there may be too low and the room itself too narrow, but it is a fine, classy place for acoustic music. Legg's witty storytelling adds to the 70+ minutes of enjoyment. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Curtis Mayfield GET DOWN TO THE FUNKY GROOVE (Charlie Groove Label)

This is a recent compilation of Curtis Mayfield's best known early solo work. It is a moderately priced collection made by The Charlie Label's "Groovemasters" series which also includes Sly Stone and James Brown releases. A no-frills, strictly musical product, this disc is simply packaged without any track information save for the general liner notes penned by John Collis. If you're in the market for a great party CD, this is one to get. Expectedly, it opens with "Get Down," and continues with his greatest hits "Superfly" and "Freddie's Dead," two funky classics whose riffs have complemented more than their share of hip-hop grooves.

The sound quality isn't mind-blowingly enhanced, but the "Groovemasters" series seems to be competently assembled (the James Brown CD from this series sounds good too). Mayfield's gently funkiness is well documented here but the absence of any of his excellent live material is certainly a pity.

The string arrangements and horns come out well, but personally, I'd have taken the liberty of adding some bass to the mix. Then again, that's what equalizers are for, right?

Mayfield's concern for his fellow man is al-

ways made clear without compromising the richness of his music, nor the indispensable beat making this hits release vital to both party scenes and at 5AM after the party... (Erik Twilight) ●

MC 900 Ft Jesus ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE SPIDER (American)

Named for a (never-created) Oral Roberts vision of a towering Christ that evangelist followers would give their faith (and money) to, MC 900 Ft Jesus, a.k.a. Mark Griffin has bestowed on us a jewel of an album. Formerly, MC created music from the simple beat box and sampler. Now, holding on to a few of those studio recording tricks, but adding live studio musicians, and visionary soft jazz-rock musical ideas, the result is one of the finest albums I've heard in a long time. Opening epic "New Moon," a 12 minute fantasy about a woman's high-speed highway adventure, resembles a 1950s Allen Ginsburg poetry reading with soft Indian and jazz accompaniment. "Stare And Stare," a Curtis Mayfield piece, led by stark bass, perfectly moody blues guitar and political lyrics that dream of brotherhood is worth the CD price alone. Some cool radio stations have picked up on some of the other tracks, "But If You Go," "If I Only Had A Brain" and "Buried At Sea." Musical qualities of Arrested Development and flute/World Music flavor of Rusted Root abound. Incredible effort, full of unique excellence, simply on musical merit. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Meat Puppets TOO HIGH TO DIE (London)

This is definitely one of the best albums of 1994! This Western trio just keeps getting better and better. *Too High* has some of the best stomp-

ing guitar songs I've heard in ages ("Violet Eyes," "Backwater," "Never To Be Found") as well as softer songs. And they all work; there's no filler here. Curt Kirkwood, you are a modern guitar deity. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Medicine SOUNDS OF MEDICINE (American)

WEIRD... but nicely haunting, gutsy and different as well as being well-produced, *Sounds Of Medicine* is danceable stuff led by the compelling voice of Beth Thompson. This six song CD of alternative, electronic dance music comes at you with a layer of vocals, a layer of bass and drums, and intricate, strongly wonderful passages of mysterious machine-made music. My favorite is the five and a half minute "She Knows Everything," a song in which Smashing Pumpkin's Jimmy Chamberlain plays drums and front man Billy Corgan re-mixed. "Zelzah" is an excellent, furiously tribal track with a lot going on and "Lime 6," which closes the EP, is a 16 minute epic recorded live in New Orleans, LA, February 1994. "Lime 6" is more desperate, depressing and gothic than the other tracks, with passages of gut-wrenching guitar feedback, slow deliberate beat, and Thompson's voice that comes across, well, desperate, depressing and gothic. Great s---, but Ace Of Base fans need not apply... (Alan Sheckter) ●

John Mellencamp DANCE NAKED (Mercury)

It's hard to believe that Mellencamp's first album, *Chestnut Street Incident*, sold only 20,000 copies in 1976. He has been a mainstay as a rock singer/songwriter/producer since 1979 with his first biggie (and its oh-so-long intro) "I Need A Lover." His straight-ahead American rock songs, his concerns about Middle America's plights (and long-time involvement with Farm Aid), his always tight band, and positive energy have kept the Seymour, IN musician popular as well as credible. He also acted and directed in *Falling From Grace*.

Dance Naked is nine tracks: passionate, twangy and rocked out in celebratory danceable fashion, accompanied with a basic, but completely ample guitar, bass and drums. Highlights are rockers like "The Big Jake," "Brothers" and his duet with Me'Shell NdegéOcello on the 1971 classic "Wild Night."

I was ready to give my heartfelt recommendation for this CD, but - as I hit 'stop,' the clock read a mere 29:12 for total playing time. Though putting out two new albums within a year is commendable, (1993's *Human Wheels*), charging a list price of \$16.98 for this EP-length CD is not. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Melting Hopefuls SPACE FLYER (Shanachie/Big Pop)

Jeff Sacks

Here's a pleasant 13 song CD of modern jangle from a band that is three-fifths a girl group. René LoBue is the most prevalent, providing clear and direct vocals as well as writing most of the lyrics and music. And the songs are filled with twentysomething girlish observations. Most songs deal with relationships. In "Gondola" a couple tries to agree on *anything*. "Pulling An Allnighter On Myself" describes a guy who broke a date, now sits at home, and an allnighter isn't the only thing he's pulling. Gentle, acoustic "Hanging" is a lovely song about a guy LoBue sees at a club, but can't have. Recommended. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Melvins STONER WITCH (Atlantic)

Here are 11 songs of dramatic hard rock from the grungy threesome. The lyrics growl, the guitars are mean and the drums kind of get you right in the chest. The Melvins were Nirvana's mentors, headlining several shows that included Nirvana on the bill from the late 1980s through 1990. That included a September 22, 1990 Seattle gig that drew 1500 and was marred by radical stage diving, microphone knockdowns and musician bumping. Dale Crover and Buzz "King Buzzo" Osborne have been there from the beginning, and even though Mark Deutrom may seem the latest in a revolving door of bassists, Buzz says that Deutrom has contributed more in a year than all the past bassists combined.

Co-produced by The Melvins and GGGarth Richardson (Chili Peppers, Rage, L7), this CD totally kicks ass, whether lyrics are serious or about things like a lunch date with royalty ("Queen"), or Tom Slick's nemesis from the *George of the Jungle* cartoon series. Some neat spacey feedback passages ("Magic Pig Detective," "Lividity") accompany the excellent power/grunge-rock. (Alan Sheckter) ●

THE MOON COINS OF SONTOLORE (ZBS Foundation)

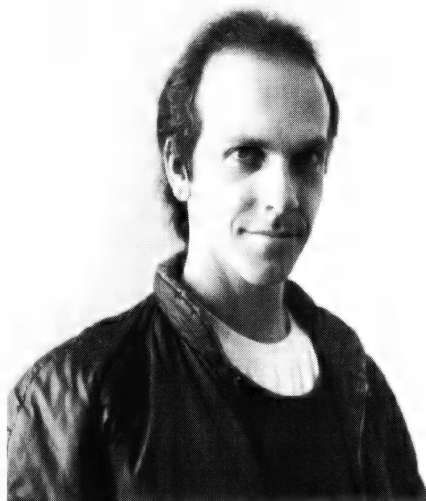
Ruby Four, the galactic gumshoe is the star here on this two CD audio mystery (along with friends Kapoor, And/Or, and Teru). Partially funded by the National Endowment For The Arts, The Ruby series has been the most popular for the ZBS Foundation. Her shrewd, unshockable personality and smooth, calm voice keeps you interested as she travels worlds past, present and future, meets aliens and through suspense and danger tries to solve the myth of Sonto Lore. Great for kids and adults. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Bob Mould POISON YEARS (Virgin)

As the former Hüsker Dü standout's band Sugar is riding unprecedented success on Rykodisc, Virgin has released Bob Mould solo material, much of which comes from his previous *Workbook* and *Black Sheets Of Rain* CDs. The last few



Adrian Legg



John Oswald

previously unreleased tracks on this 71 minute album are live, recorded May 14, 1989 in Chicago and are excellent, including "Poison Years" and Richard Thompson's "Shoot Out The Lights." Sure Virgin's trying to enjoy the residuals coming from Sugar's success. But since they're dealing with the high quality passionate grunge of Bob Mould, we'll let 'em slide. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Mountain Bus SUNDANCE (EVA Records, France)

What a find! This is the perfect CD to make a joke to a fellow Dead Head. Get your copy (it is a import record, sorry!), then invite a fellow Dead Head to listen to some outtakes of the Dead from the early seventies and put this CD in the player. You'll rave about that song "Rosalie", why on earth the boys didn't put it on *American Beauty*?, or the new arrangement of "I Know You Rider", slower, almost hypnotic with a feeling that is no more in modern music. What to say about the masterpiece of the album "Hexahedron", over 6 minutes of pure music, no vocals this time. After all this, explain simply to your friend that the group is not the Dead but a Chicago based group called Mountain Bus that in the early seventies (the album had been recorded for the Record Label Good Music, but it was really hard to find, and the vinyl used was not so good, my copy is almost worn by the use) and he will find subtle differences, like the vocals, or in the interplay of the guitar, or in the way the two drummers keep the time, of the bass player, opening a new way to listen to this record, starting like listening to a Dead clone band, and luckily finding that they are different and very enjoyable too. My favorite reissue for 1994. (Gianluigi Blasi) ●

Neither/Neither World TALES OF THE TRUE CRIME (Alive Records)

The thick and creepy moods, and cemetery-

friendly qualities of Wendy Van Dusen's recitations are enough to send chills down your spine. But couple that with the twisted idea of dedicating each song to a different world famous psycho (Son of Sam, Gacy, Manson, Dahmer, etc.), and you've a haunting and mysterious musical effort. Van Dusen is fascinated by these famous crazies, and the young San Franciscan certainly sets a grim and gruesome mood in each surreal song. Included is a small fold-out poster featuring the art of six mass murderers. There's even one song, "Hence The Night," that is "dedicated to the killer yet to come!" (Alan Sheckter) ●

John Oswald/Grateful Dead GRAYFOLDED: Transitive Axis (Swell/Artifact)

Imagine a dream, or something as colorful and elusive like that, but still wonderful. Imagine that you are walking through a luminescent rainbow between nothingness and eternity and all around you a myriad of flying things reflecting yourself and all the surroundings. Or imagine flying in outer space with only the help of an aural guide showing you the path through the stars and all you are and where you can go.

This is what I got from listening to *Grayfolded: Transitive Axis*, but as usual, everyone of us will get some different sensation from it. This is the first attempt of Swell/Artifact record label and it is a very pleasurable one. John Oswald picked (with the full collaboration of the Dead themselves) the definitive live versions of "Dark Star," featuring the Dead jamming onstage with themselves of 25 years ago and every stop in between. You can listen to the typical Jerry sound of the 70s and 80s jamming with the organ of PigPen and Tom Constanten, or the Wonderful Phil shine through the set (expecially on "The Phil zone"). From opening the shrinkwrap and reading the liner notes to the tracks titles (worth mentioning them "Novature (formless nights fall)", "Pouring Velvet", "In Revolving Ash Light", "Clouds Cast", "Through", "Fault Forces", "The Phil Zone", "La Estrella Oscura", "Recedes (While We Can)", all written by Skjellyfetti/Oswald, so the boys again used their collective pseudonym) to the final listening of the CD everything had been crafted perfectly and the result is the definitive "Dark Star" of all time. Swell/Artifact will release the second volume of the set called *Mirrors Ashes* in 1995 which will be a must buy for all of us that have listened to *Transitive Axis*. A perfect CD. (Gianluigi Blasi) ●

Jimmy Page & Robert Plant NO QUARTER (Atlantic)

Sure, hearing the same worn-out versions of "Stairway To Heaven" and "Black Dog" on the FM for 20 years has become total overkill. *No Quarter* though, is fresh as a daisy. The Page and Plant partnership is almost as legendary in rock as Jagger/Richards and Lennon/McCartney, and the two have never totally split, though their super-group essentially did in 1980. Two new songs are

here, both recorded in Marrakech, Morocco. That Moroccan visit influenced the tone of many former Zep songs. There are many from an acoustic London performance for MTV that we all know as *UnLedded*. Plant's voice is still excellent, Page's legendary guitar status has waned a bit, but Jimmy Page at 90% is way better than dozens of other guitarists put together at 100%. He delivers an excellent blues jam on "Since I've Been Loving You." Always known for dabbling a bit in British folk, it is certainly a quality present here along with Arab, Indian, reggae, blues and rockabilly traditions. Happily listen to "Thank You," "The Battle Of Evermore," "Gallows Pole," "Kashmir" and "Nobody's Fault But Mine." You'll fall in love with these songs all over again. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Palm Fabric Orchestra VAGUE GROUPINGS IN THE SLIP-STREAM (Carrot Top)

Lush, pretty, laid-back, quirky but not harsh, this largely instrumental album of many stringed instruments and others is pleasant music that is somewhat new-agey mother earthy, but not overbearingly so (just excuse the twee poem in the liner notes). I'm not quite sure of the connection to the band Poi Dog Pondering but they're mentioned in the notes. I liked the violin lilt of "Angelika Suspended" and the final song "Coda: Lover's Reprise" was sweet and gentle. This collection might be good to meditate to, get massages to, get laid to (after bathing with fruit-scented gels), and so on. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Pearl Jam VITALOGY (Epic)

The album title and inspiration for the CD booklet come from the 1927 Dr. E. H. Ruddick textbook of the same name. It's (the booklet) full of Eddie Vedder's hand-written lyrics as well as Ruddick's wacky advice and secrets of "Vitalogy," the science of attaining a longer and healthier life. I took to the CD right away, though some say it takes several listens. "Last Exit" and "Spin The Black Circle" open the album in a fast-paced almost punkish fashion. "Nothingman" and "Immortality" are excellent mellow numbers. "Better Man" is probably my favorite, ("She lies and says she's in love with him, can't find a better man"), although "Corduoy" is trademark Pearl Jam, with a rock sound like no other band. There are also some strange ones. "Aye Davanita" is a 2½ minute tribal jam, "Pry, To" is a 40 second ditty and the accordion-filled "Bugs" is weird, but a lot of fun. *Vitalogy* is certainly not a disappointment and lives up to the giant hype that currently surrounds Pearl Jam, and that's no small feat. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Liz Phair WHIP-SMART (Matador)

Liz Phair is remarkable. In fact, the top-rated radio station here, an all news station is switching to an "All Liz, All The Time" format. Just jesting, but her minimalist, dissonant approach to rock, along with her breath-heavy raspy voice is just the perfect blend for me today. She knows just when to fuzz-out the bass and distort the guitars, and though it's a fairly soft record, everything rocks (except the opening track where Liz monotones to a subdued "Chopsticks" in the background). Rockers "Cinco De Mayo" and "Supernova" have caused a buzz bigger than her first release, *Exile In Guyville*.

*Your kisses are as wicked as an M16
and you f--- like a volcano, and you're everything to me.*
- from "Supernova"

With a great grasp of contemporary human behavior and uncanny ability to write about it, Phair comes off as a friend that it's okay to tell secrets to. Other outstanding tracks include "Go West," "Whip-Smart," "Shane"... Oh, what the hell. They're all great! Liz takes the traditional female singer/songwriter tree and has built on it, a whole new branch. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Mike Pinder AMONG THE STARS (One Step Records)

Pinder is now and probably will always be known to the masses as original keyboardist/singer/songwriter and driving force of one of progressive rock's most progressive bands, The Moody Blues. Thirty years of experiences in and out of the limelight have brought him to this point. *Among The Stars* offers ten tracks of optimism by means of an easy-rock pace spiced with mellotron (The Moody Blues trademark keyboard), contemporary jazz and sophistication. Whether singing about personal enlightenment or a lullaby for a child, Mike Pinder still has that spirit that changed America 30 years ago. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Iggy Pop TV EYE: 1977 Live (Virgin)



Liz Phair

Stephen Apicella-Hitchcock

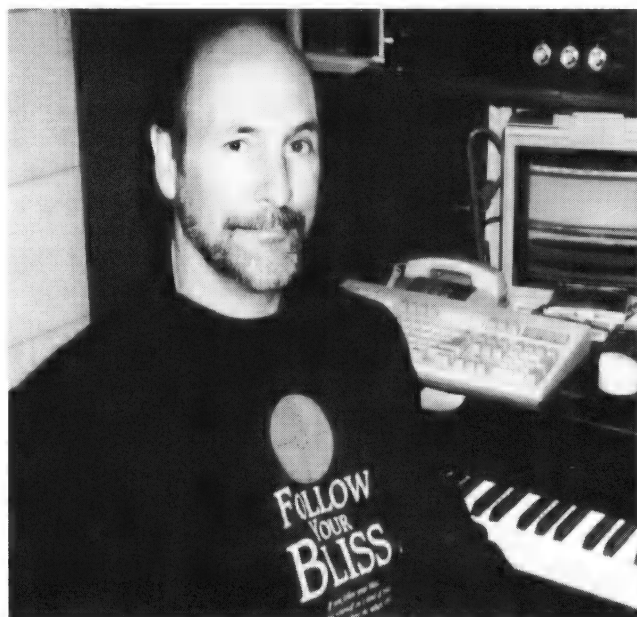
A live album, originally released in 1978, *TV Eye* is the only official U.S. album of live music from the outrageous Iggy. Recommended for historical and retro value, the 36 minute, eight song CD has 1977 performances from Cleveland's Agora, Chicago's Aragon and Kansas City's Uptown. Four of the tracks feature old pal David Bowie on piano. All tracks feature Tony and Hunt sales on bass and drums. Songs run the gamut from radical heavy noise ("I Got A Right"), to an Eric Burden & The Animals sound of "Sixteen," to the carefree punk of the Iggy/Bowie-written "Fun Time." Check it out. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Pulp HIS 'N' HERS (Island)

Remember the early 80s English romantic pop sound? The Human League? ABC? Spandau? Well, don't think that I'm about to cast off this pretty Sheffield quintet as mindless and lacking in substance. Singer and lyricist Jarvis Cocker wrote some fine songs here of relationships, love, hope and anguish including "She's A Lady" with super-nice layers of synthesizers and keyboards a la New Order. "Happy Endings" is an emotional ballad that Cocker sings with conviction. So yes, Pulp has a guitarist, bass player and drummer, but what makes their sound are Candida Doyle's keyboards. To be specific, her: Farfisa Professional II organ, Stylophone 350S, Steinway and Wurlitzer pianos and a Hohner clavichord. Audio layers of cool keyboards accompany and envelop the sound of each song very well. Not for heavy rock fans, *His 'N' Hers* is 11 tracks (and one bonus) of British pop, some peppy, some tranquil. Very praiseworthy. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Robbie Robertson & The Red Road Ensemble MUSIC FOR THE NATIVE AMERICANS (Capitol)

Still most famous for his 16 years with The Hawks and The Band, he kept to his word in 1976. He's moved on, and though The Band has played on, in a less successful capacity to this day, Robertson hasn't turned back. He has a successful career in film as well as writing and performing original musical material. Robbie was born in 1933 and raised on the Six Nations Reservation in Canada. His mother was of Mohawk descent. This album is based on the Robertson-scored



Mike Pinder of the Moody Blues

soundtrack to the TBS television documentary on the history of Native Americans, and allowed Robbie to explore his heritage. The Red Rose Ensemble is great, presenting mystical and certainly contemporary instrumentation, showing that Native American musicians aren't stuck in the past. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Rollerskate Skinny SHOULDER VOICES (Beggars Banquet)

I'm not sure why I find this Irish band's music so catchy, intriguing, and memorable. They have a strange sound, a lightly psychedelic, swirling pool of guitars and keyboards, tenor and falsetto voices, songs which veer from gentle rock to crashing noise. But I like it a lot. The lead track "Miss Leader" is one of my fave songs of 1994, so far. It's weird but not too off-putting. "Violence to Violence" and "Lunasa" are also cool. At times the band reminds me ever-so-slightly of early Pink Floyd, a bit of Lush too. But they certainly have a different sound, so let's see how time and the music business shape the Skinny sound. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Rolling Stones VOODOO LOUNGE (Virgin)

Hey, The Stones can change with time. Their old logo now has a spiked tongue. Seriously, they don't need to change. The current Stones album, an instant classic garnered praise not only in the traditional AOR world, but also saw lots of airplay and chart activity in the Stone Temple Pilots/Cranberries-saturated world of modern rock.

The main foursome, Mick, Keith, Ronnie and Charlie, along with Chuck Leavell and bassist Darryl Jones did a splendid job on this, The Stones 22nd studio album, (their first since 1989's *Steel Wheels*). It's raw, it's rock, full of bold, ballsy



Mark Seliger

The Rolling Stones

guitar, perfect drums and the entity that is Mick. Along with the rockers are ballads. One is Mick's harpsichord-filled "New Faces" and the wonderful Keith ballad (Ronnie on pedal-steel), "The Worst." A weathered Keith sings "I've said from the first, that I am the worst kind of guy you can be around." Maybe so, but *Voodoo Lounge* is a great place to be. (Alan Sheckter) ♦

Rob Rule **ROB RULE** (Mercury)

When you think of mainstream rock, do you think of unexciting, stale rock? Of stolid, unadventurous rock with melodic hooks? As I've grown older and both more jaded yet also more willing to not knock the mainstream so quickly (believe it or not), I've been more accepting of music that I would have previously scoffed at for its lack of weirdness. Why do I preamble thusly? Because Rob Rule to me sounds quite mainstream, not terribly adventurous, aware of trends and past winning sounds, yet their album has won me over because it's full of well-crafted songs, clean, catchy playing, pleasant vocals, and a good enough variety of styles. They remind me of many other bands, from the Spin Doctors to REM to Beatlesque noodlings. But not everyone can reinvent the musical wheel, so I sat back and enjoyed "Around Again," "Wayside" and the other songs. Be on the

lookout for Robbie Allen's very nice piano work. (Ellen Levitt) ♦

Santana Brothers **BROTHERS** (Guts & Grace Music/Island)

For Carlos Santana, this marks his 29th album since his self-titled 1969 debut. It is however, the first time he has recorded with other members of his family. The three main ingredients here are Carlos, brother Jorge Santana who was former leader of early 1970s Latin-rock band Malo ("Suavecito"), and their nephew Carlos Hernandez. The album is almost entirely instrumental and is excellent for any fan of the distinctive guitar excellence of Carlos Santana. Jorge and Hernandez complement that guitar and keep it from getting to cosmically free-form, while still providing a loose and improvisational structure. Nice rock beats abound as in "Brujo" and "La Danza." The six minute opener "Transmutation/Industrial" is a wonder of many moods. "Luz Amor Y Vida" is my favorite, with classic Santana emotional guitar work, and the final cut, "Morning In Marin" is a Jorge Santana solo that stands on its own quite nicely. The music here is "a celebration of brotherhood and the human spirit." And that should be no surprise with legend Carlos Santana in the mix. (Alan Sheckter) ♦

Boz Scaggs **SOME CHANGES** (Virgin)

Veteran musician Boz Scaggs is certainly a man of longevity, probably quite longer than you might think. His early career can be traced back to work with Steve Miller and The Marksmen in 1959 in Dallas! Perhaps most famous for "Lowdown" and "Lido Shuffle" in the mid-70s, Scaggs was musically inactive for some time in the 80s. *Some Changes* is only his second album in 15 years, but it's good. It's mature, easy-going stuff, with Boz's rich clear voice being the most distinctive element. Lotsa guitars and lotsa styles (rockabilly, tex-mex for example) keep the songs fresh, and as nice as it was to see Boz out with Donald Fagan's 1991 New York Rock and Soul Revue, it's nicer to see him make fine music on his own again. (Alan Sheckter) ♦

Son Seals **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH** (Alligator)

Connected with Alligator Records for over 20 years, this is the blues giant's seventh album for the label. Originally from Arkansas, but a settler in Chicago, Seals used some of his own bandmembers and also chose some of Chicago's



Santana Brothers

top sidemen for this album. His distinctive, passionate playing and singing are inspiring and easy to enjoy. There are several Seals originals as well as classic blues numbers like "Frankie and Johnnie" and "I Can't Hear Nothing But The Blues," which is dedicated to Albert King. A traditional sounding bluesman still making vital wailing and pickin' music in the nineties. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Jules Shear HEALING BONES (Island)

Bang-up songwriting and fine, but not overdone production highlight Shear's *Healing Bones*. With Rod Argent on keyboards (and a co-producer), Elliot Easton on guitars, Tony Levin on bass and Jerry Marotta on drums, the band is skilled and versatile. In some places, as on the title track, Shear produces a Jackson Browne-sounding essence. Others, like "Listen To What She Says" are pop genius. You get the idea that this team could easily write formula hits. But that wouldn't give them, nor us the listener as much pleasure as these heartfelt tracks. They also do a truly inspiring version of a song that L.A. trio The Walker Brothers had a Top 20 hit with, "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine (Anymore)." Oh, and also, two of the pages in the lyric-filled CD booklet are out of order, but I believe Island has corrected the problem. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Zoot Sims ON THE KORNER (Pablo Records/Fantasy)

This superb CD of classy, live cocktail jazz and swing was recorded live at Keystone Korner in

San Francisco on March 20, 1983. Sims, who gained notoriety in 1953 with his "Zoot Swings The Blues" track, generates wonderful melodies and improvisational jams on the tenor and soprano saxophones. He's backed on piano, stand-up bass and drums by the Shelly Manne trio. The digital re-mastered sound is absolutely incredible. You can hear the most subtle of notes as clearly as if you were in the room. Instrumental selections include "Pennies From Heaven," Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing" and Duke Ellington's "Tonight I Shall Sleep." Sadly, Zoot Sims passed away in 1985, but as is so many times the case, the music lives on.

(Alan Sheckter) ●

Frank Sinatra DUETS II (Capitol)

55 years after his first record with The Harry James orchestra, Sinatra offers 14 classics on this second CD of Sinatra duets (the first, his first studio album in ten years, sold 5 million copies). The 79 year-old Chairman sings with big names in the world of music, all on top of Frank's traditional orchestral arrangements. Even for rock fans, it's hard not to be captivated by this CD, which remains fresh as it changes from duet to duet. Some of Frank's singing partners are foregone conclusions, "Frank Jr., Lena Horne, Steve and Eydie Gorme) and others that are kind of surprising (Jimmy Buffett- "Mack The Knife," Chrissie Hynde- "Luck Be A Lady," Willie Nelson- "A Foggy Day). Certainly a record that closes the generation gap, even if the duet vocals were "mailed in" on tape, rather than actually singing in the studio with Frank. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Smashing Pumpkins PISCES ISCARIOT (Virgin)

Pisces Iscariot is a nice collection of stuff to chew on until someday, when we have a new studio Pumpkins album. Made up mostly of U.K. b-sides to previous singles and a few *Siamese Dream* outtakes, there are some great inclusions here that make me glad Virgin released this. The CD opens with a beautiful acoustic "Soothe"

and then slams you with the quickness of "Frail and Bedazzled," which is then followed by the slow fuzz-bass-filled, power-rock of "Plume." Three songs, three tempos, three styles. And the thing is, the band does well with all three. Other ballads include "Blew Away," "Whir" and Stevie Nick's "Landslide." Other full, rocked-out tunes include "Hello Kitty Kat," "Pissant" and Eric Burdon's "Girl Named Sandoz" (recorded at the BBC's John Peel sessions that Billy Corgan says is "probably #1 on our all-time worst experience list"). Dynamic band with lotsa moods. Explore them all. And together we can wait for the next stage... (Alan Sheckter) ●

Sonic Youth EXPERIMENTAL JET SET, TRASH AND NO STAR (DGC)

After the hard-rocking *Goo* and *Dirty* you pick up the latest Sonic Youth album, and you find it a somewhat quieter affair, but also a much more eerie, haunting, troubling set. I took to the album quickly, yet I find it hard to listen to over and over, except for a few of the lighter cuts such as "Screaming Skull" and the loopy nod to Carole King which starts off "Winner's Blues." "Bone" and "Bull In the Heather" get under your skin and remind you that Sonic Youth are not the easiest band on your ears. But they are worth the effort. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Stone Temple Pilots PURPLE (Atlantic)

No sophomore jinx here! Weiland and company have proved that the popularity of the amplified and deliberately-paced rock sound of their first album *Core* was no fluke. Reaching #1 on the *Billboard* album chart, *Purple* contains a



Jules Shear

Michael Halsband

few monster tracks. "Vaseline" and "Interstate Love Song" were #1 and #2 simultaneously on the Album Rock Tracks chart, and the mellow "Big Empty" was very popular, both for its inclusion here as well as on the soundtrack to the movie *The Crow*. The guys stretch out and experiment a bit too. "Lounge Fly" is a bit Chili Pepper-ish and "Pretty Penny" is an interesting acoustic number that reminded me of The Beatles' "Norwegian Wood." Solid and impressive second effort. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Syn MATTER OF TIME (Clear View Records)

If the Counting Crows had more balls and more creativity, they would be Syn. I did hear some similarities between the two bands; there's that mixture of sort-of hard rock with the folksy thing going on. But where Counting Crows wears on me (mostly because the lead singer is too adonoidal for my ears), Syn sounds pretty good. At times they start to tread on new-agey waters, but for the most part this is a solid rock and soft-rock album. The very pretty, Bread-like angst of "Please Be There" won me over, even though I wouldn't have found it hokey when I was younger. "Emily" is a solid rocker to check out too. The one sort-of embarrassing song is "Hey John," addressed to John Lennon, and which drops some of his lyrics. It wasn't terrible, but it did make me cringe a bit. Otherwise, a good album which could be marketed to the older folks, the alternative crowd, and the album rockers (from different angles). (Ellen Levitt) ●

They Might Be Giants JOHN HENRY (Elektra Entertainment)

I don't know what happened to these guys since the last time I heard them. I used to love their music, but I don't have much to say about this new CD. Nothing on it really grabbed me. I was honestly very bored by it. Sorry, I wouldn't rush out and buy it, but if you're a fan you should at least check it out. (Jeff Wampler) ●

Happy & Artie Traum THE TEST OF TIME (Roaring Stream Records)

Ah, yes; the brothers Traum. It's their first duet album in 15 years. Splendid record. Easy-going, bluesy folk offerings that are bathed in traditional American sound. Six are original. Others include renditions of "Betty And Dupree" and Dylan's "It Takes A Lot To Laugh...". Oh, and they have some help. Bela Fleck on banjo, John Sebastian and Howard Levy on harmonicas and Rick Danko on backing vocals. Perfect music for that down-home feeling you'd get at a small acoustic club with no cover, plenty of room, friendly folks and an old creaky wooden floor. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Trout Fishing In America

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE / MINE!

(Trout Records)

Ezra and Isaac are TFIA, with some percussion, keyboard and horn help. It's easy to tell the Arkansas duo apart. Ezra is 6'9". They've been together since 1979 and constantly tour the country doing shows for adults and shows for children. And here we have one CD for adults and one CD for children.

On *Who Are These People*, the duo offer 12 tracks where they showcase their fine vocal harmony and guitar/bass talents. "Count On Me" sounds like a mellow Rick Danko tune, and some others remind me of Gordon Lightfoot. Mixed into the mostly serious album, are small doses of TFIA's irreverent lyrics,

*Well you can count on your fingers,
And you can count on your toes,
Count the freckles on your freckled face,
Or the hair's on your daddy's nose,
But you can count on me 'cause I'll always be your friend*
- from "Count On Me"

Mine! is a children's album and TFIA is most well known for their witty kids songs and on-stage gags. The title track, "Mine!" is an often hard to teach lesson in sharing. Other crazy and creative numbers are "Boiled Okra And Spinach," "Five Little Ducks" and "Eighteen Wheels On A Big Rig."

Wonderful stuff. A delightful, G-rated assortment of kid-tested songs. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Various Artists EARTH SONGS: 12 Original Songs Honoring The Earth (Narada Collection Series)

Let's see... How do I explain this variety of contemporary instrumentals? I'll let 20th century poetry and jazz history expert Michael Ullman explain. "This collection revolves around that idea that poetry can inspire music, and that both poet and musician find some of their greatest inspiration in the natural world... The poets who are represented here (*ed. note:* Herman Hesse, E.E. Cummings, Lama Govinda) have tried to reproduce the sounds of the earth that they know. They in turn have inspired the music on this disc..." Some proceeds from *Earth Songs* go to The Land Institute and The Trust For Public Land. Very worthwhile and greatly inspiring. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Various Artists DEAFENING DIVINITIES WITH AU- RAL AFFINITIES: The Beggars Ban- quet Collection (Beggars Banquet)

A solid collection of songs by 16 once and present bands/solo artists signed to this label which began in London in 1977. The first nine songs are new tunes, all good, some excellent. I absolutely adored "Dark Side of Town" by British singer-songwriter G. W. McClellan, a poignant tale of love lost and regretted, sung to shimmering acoustic guitar. I especially was struck by this song because I'd heard some of his work before

and hadn't been too impressed by his talents. Now I'm a fan! There's also a tasty live Charlatans UK cut ("Subterranean"). Of the older tunes, I enjoyed re-hearing Tones on Tail's "Go" especially because I'd always liked that snotty, mechanical sounding tune but hadn't known who'd performed it. And Gary Numan/Tubeway Army's "Are 'Friends' Electric?" is still a fun, humorous yet creepy new-wave number. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Various Artists EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT 60'S MIND EXPANSIVE PUNKADELIC GARAGE ROCK INSTRUMENTALS BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK (Arf! Arf! Middleborough, MA)

A long title, a long album (27 cuts, totaling 77:30 minutes) and a seemingly simple premise: to give praise to obscure rock instrumentals of the mid to late 1960s. I won this album from WFMU in East Orange, NJ, and I'm glad they gave me this as a prize, because I probably wouldn't have given it a second glance in a music shop. This is wiggled out, sometimes laughable, certainly dated music, but it's loads of fun. Listen to the album for extended periods of time, and you'll think you're watching a cheesy old flick. Personal faves include the fuzzed out and organ riddled "Make Love Not War" by the Mussies; the Captain Beefheart's jazz meets raga-raggy rock of "Ceyladd Beyta" by the Ceyleib People; the freaky "Mind Destruction" by Oxford Circle; and many others. I didn't fast-forward the CD player once. So if you like reverb, fuzz, eerie organs, wacked-out guitars, and have a sense of humor, grab this disk. And it has entertaining, devoted liner notes to boot. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Various Artists JABBERJAW COMPILATION: Good To The Last Drop (Mammoth)

What do you do when you live in Southern California and you're sick of the usual apathetic rock clubs? Do what Gary Dent and Michelle Carr did; start your own! On September 30, 1989, Jabberjaw 3711 was born. Fueled on exotic coffee guaranteed to "put the get up in your go go, rev you up like a hot rod in hell," attendees can enjoy the club's art gallery, a video game or TV. But most of all, they get hot punk acts in the house. And that's what this CD offers. No less than 19 of Jabberjaw's performers contributed to this compilation.

The first track, "Magattraction" by Girls Against Boys jumps into high gear quickly with the sting of electric guitar and the kick of the drum and one can easily imagine being in the overcrowded, under-air conditioned, undulating dance floor of the Jabberjaw coffee house. Some of the tracks, like a live version of Helmet's "Turned Out" and Slug doing "Borax" are hardcore. Others, like the infamous Beck using, sitar, banjo and rap on "Cold Ass Fashion" (with lyrics like "smoke a

pack of whiskey with Jesus Christ" and "took out my eyeballs and put 'em in a condom"), and Teenage Fanclub's "Total Weirdness" are a bit more sedate. Other major players appear too, like Surgery, Jawbox, and that underrated band with the blonde guitar player, Hole, doing an irresistibly screaming alternate version of "Rock Star." Nineteen songs, live photos of each band in the CD booklet and the knowledge that proceeds from this collection benefit Jabberjaw add to the attraction of this not to be missed release. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Various Artists

KISS MY ASS: Classic Kiss Regrooved (Mercury)

Finally, a Kiss tribute album! We've already had tributes to Hendrix, Neil Young, Beatles, Elton John, REM and lawd knows who else, so it's fitting. Some of the covers here are killer, such as Lenny Kravitz's heavy, slightly funky "Deuce," Dinosaur Jr's murky take of "Goin' Blind," the loud and proud version of "Strutter" by Extreme. There are a couple of tasty surprises here too, such as the gentle Garth Brooks version of "Hard Luck Woman," which he casts in his mold yet it DOES work; and "Christine Sixteen" by the Gin Blossoms is fortunately not wimpy (or not too much). But "Rock and Roll All Nite" by Toad the Wet Sprocket is absolute crap and worse. This quartet has become quite annoying in general, and this takes the cake. And what the hell did Japanese star Yoshiki do to "Black Diamond"? It sounds like bad Liberace. If you like Kiss I recommend this album, just skip the cuts that make you want to barf. (Ellen Levitt) ●

Various Artists

L.A. HARDCORE VOL 1 (VRG Records/Drive Entertainment)

Beware! These 15 non-stop rave/acid house techno specimens will try to invade your brain. Only the strongest among you will be able to refuse their charisma. Impossibly quick tempos are the backbone of this machine music. Throw in computer-perfect, stimulating, riveting keyboards and electronically altered weird vocal bits like in the track "Panties" by Xpando and you're ready to jump in and dance. Other contributions include "Anthem" by D.J. Spinn and Brian G. which "is for the headbangers out there," "Beat Mixer" by Vitamin D, "Acid Core" by R.D. 2000, "Dominate the Remix" by Beatmistress and wired opening track, "Juice Dawg" by Smashing Atoms. If they ever made an aerobics video to this music, a five minute workout would be all ya needed! Good sound quality, good collection. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Various Artists

REGGAE FOR KIDS (Rush Associated Labels)

"A collection of music for kids of all ages," *Reggae For Kids* is great. It's a baker's dozen of children's classics, recorded in a splendid, upbeat Jamaican style. Hear Jamaica's most popular female singer J.C. Lodge perform a gorgeous "(Somewhere) Over The Rainbow" and Eek-A-Mouse does a nutty, funny reggae interpretation of "The Lion Sleeps Tonight," called "Safari." Veteran Gregory Isaacs contributes "Puff The Magic Dragon." King Yellowman does the most awesome "This Old Man" I've ever heard and Bunny Wailer is here to do a hip-hoppy reggae kids song "Back To School." Excellent, fun and certainly recommended too. Good stuff! (Alan Sheckter) ●

Various Artists

TRANCE PLANET (Triloka Records/Worldly Music)

The CD cover contains this definition for the word "trance": 1. A condition intermediate between sleep and wakefulness. 2. A dreamlike state. 3. A state of deep abstraction. Thus the stage is set for how this 14 song conglomeration will stir and influence you. The opening track is a stunning, uplifting song by musicians from Mozambique. Zakir Hussain is here with his playful,

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precise bongos in "Balinese Fantasy," as is Pakistan's Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan with an artistic piece called "The Game." There's a track by The Tahitian Choir, who are from a remote island in the South Pacific (more remote than Tahiti), a song from the Siberia/Mongolia border area, as well as one by Rossy, Madagascar's biggest pop star. His song "Valiha Tromba" is actually an unreleased outtake for Henry Kaiser & David Lindley's *A World Out Of Time*. Enchanting, mystical collection. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Warren G REGULATE... G FUNK ERA (Violator)

As I write this review, Warren G.'s debut album is in the Top 10 on the *Billboard* Top R&B Album and the overall Top 200 Album charts. He's got two single in the Hot 100. "Regulate," from the film *Above The Rim* is one. It opens the album and sets the Dr. Dre-like easy goin' gansta mood. Of course, Warren G.'s close friend and musical sidekick here is pal "Nate" (Snoop's brother) Dogg. "Regulate" plays overtop a sample layer that seems to come from Michael McDonald's "I Keep Forgettin'." The other gold single on the strong 12 track CD, "This D.J.," a mellow convertible cruisin' and chillin' slow rapper that shows off a constant booming bass:

*It's easy when you listen to the G-dub sound
Pioneer speakers bumpin' as I smoke on a pound,
I got the sound for your ass and it's easy to see,
That this DJ be Warren G!*

Smooth, infectious and catchy. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Crystal Waters STORYTELLER (Mercury)

I had mixed feelings about this latest offering by Crystal Waters, who gave us the left-field hit "Gypsy Woman (She's Homeless)" (ya know, "ladda di, laddi da"). Most of this album, when cranked up way way, is very good for the dance floor. But the dance beats get somewhat repetitive; she (or her producer) is using certain patterns too often! The softer, ballady songs actually shine through more. Waters pens songs which reflect typical topics as well as modern urban life in a fairly on-target way, especially with "Listen For My Beep," which should be a message for some of you out there ... (Ellen Levitt) ●

Victoria Williams LOOSE (Mammoth/Atlantic)

Victoria Williams music is irresistible. Famous for being a multiple Sclerosis sufferer, her friends (including Pearl Jam, Lou Reed, Michelle Shocked and Soul Asylum) contributed on the highly acclaimed recent benefit album for her, *Sweet Relief*.

Feeling better now, Williams comes through with a stellar collection of homespun tunes. The music ranges from Appalachian-type porch songs ("When We Sing Together"), to the uplifting vibe

of single "You R Loved," to a splendid version of a song Louie Armstrong made famous, "What A Wonderful World," and even a welcome version of her "Crazy Mary" that Pearl Jam had covered. With one of the sweetest voices around (she also contributed a poignant "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas" on Atlantic Records' *So This Is Christmas* promo CD), Williams is also a fine songwriter. Like the woman herself, *Loose* is easy-going, but plays out with a lot of heart. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Sonny Boy Williamson GOIN' IN YOUR DIRECTION (Alligator)

Thanks to today's CD audio quality, thanks to Alligator Records' dedication to traditional American blues, and most of all, thanks to the most celebrated of the blues harmonica players, Sonny Boy Williamson. All 15 tracks have Sonny Boy on harmonica and he sings most of the songs as well. They were recorded from 1951 to 1954, mostly in Jackson, MS, home of The Diamond Record Company (who gave Sonny Boy a \$10 signing bonus in December, 1950). Some of these songs were R&B hits at the time for Diamond's Trumpet label: "Goin' In Your Direction," "Cat Hop," "Gettin' Out Of Town" and "From The Bottom" (with BB King on guitar). Classic, simple blues with a lot of heart. Great liner notes, too! (Alan Sheckter) ●

X-Ray Spex GERMFREE ADOLESCENTS (Caroline)

X-Ray Spex were one of the snotty-teen bands of the first, golden days of British punk rock. They were best known for their chubby-checked singer Poly Styrene, who wrote really perceptive lyrics which humorously critiqued various aspects of modern life, and for their constant use of the sax. Sax in punk rock? YEAH. Anyway, this album has lots of their oldies but goodies; these still sound great today. True, there is a much musical similarity between several of the songs, but this was punk, and not prog rock, babes. I especially enjoy "Warrior In Woolworths," "Oh Bondage Up Yours!" (their Brit hit), the very catchy "Identity," the honesty of "I Am A Poseur," and practically all the others. They were just kids, and they made some really good stuff. Aww, I'm getting nostalgic for high school.... (Ellen Levitt) ●

Jah Wobble's Invaders Of The Heart TAKE ME TO GOD (Island)

Bassist/keyboardist/vocalist/songwriter Jah Wobble has further developed his dazzling troupe of world musicians to create a beautiful, one-of-a-kind album of spiritual, musical art. A follow-up to 1992's *Rising Above Bedlam* (which included Sinead O'Connor singing "Visions Of You"), *Take Me To God* includes The Cranberries' Delores O'Riordan singing a beautifully buoyant "The Sun Does Rise." Wobble, an influential veteran of



William Claxton

Victoria Williams

the British music scene, worked with John Lydon way back in the 1970s to start Public Image Limited. The world and Wobble have come a long way, as evidenced by the elegance, heart and sentiment of his latest work. There are some Spanish, French and African lyrics and influences here (the majority are in English) on an album that in Jah Wobble's words, is "a supersonic jet where the other albums were more like prop planes." Very crafty and enjoyable. (Alan Sheckter) ●

Buckwheat Zydeco FIVE CARD STUD (Island)

Stanley "Buckwheat" Dural, Jr.'s brand of cajun squeezebox boogie has been evolving for a long, long time. Though from Louisiana, Buckwheat played funk and R&B, backing Joe Tex on keyboards and forming his own band, The Hitchhikers. In the late 1970s, he joined famed king of Zydeco, the late Clifton Chenier and his band. There, Buckwheat developed his love for accordion, taking the traditional bayou sound and adding a contemporary rock presence to it. Today, he is still the *only* zydeco artist with a major label contract.

Let's namedrop a little to further spark your interest. The whole album is produced by Los Lobos' Steve Berlin. Lobos frontman David Hidalgo lends guitar and vocals to fine opening track, "Hey Baby." (That one was actually a #1 hit for Bruce Channel in 1962). Legendary Mavis Staples does a rousing vocal duet with Buckwheat on the traditional "This Train." The oddest contribution is the guitar and vocals of Willie Nelson on a song that Willie wrote, "Man With The Blues." There's also a never-before-released Van Morrison song and six other Buckwheat Zydeco originals. Not a bad one in the bunch. (Alan Sheckter) ●



Photography by Alan Sheckter

**Frente, The Devlins
Theater of Living Arts
Philadelphia, PA**

July 25, 1994

Review by Alan Sheckter

Australia's delightfully friendly Frente headlined this quite palatable bill at the TLA. I was told by several folks, however, to be sure and catch the openers, The Devlins. So I did.

These four fellows from Dublin, Ireland, who in early 1994 did an extensive tour opening for Sara McLachlan, did a fine job here, playing an eight song, 40 minute moody and melodic set of tunes from their current CD, *Drift* (see CD reviews). Their arrangements are fairly simple yet direct and satisfying with nice layers of jamming that complement honest lyrics. Left-handed Colin and right-handed Peter Devlin and company, whose sound can broadly be described as pop (with plenty of room for entrancing acoustic and soft electric jamming), performed ballads like "I Don't Want To Be Like This" and their single, "Someone To Talk To." More upbeat songs, such as first single "I Knew That" and "Everytime You Go" bopped along nicely. The Devlins seem 'on the bubble,' poised for great popularity in the near future. Colin and Peter are already very popular with some of the younger fans, evidenced by unusually high-pitched squeals and ovations by some of the teenage girls.

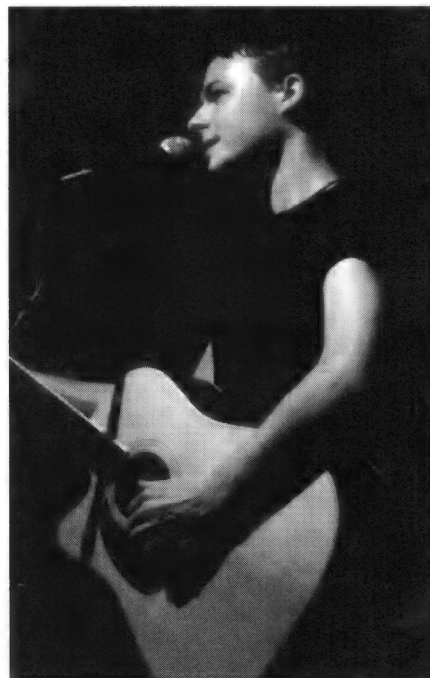
20 minutes later, it was time for Frente, who brought to the stage very little equipment: bass, guitar, drumset, a few monitors and a microphone for front-girl Angie Hart. They seemed a bit overwhelmed by the near sellout, very enthusiastic crowd. This was their first American tour, sparked by their current *Marvin The Album*, and singles "Labour Of Love" and "Bizarre Love Triangle." Guitarist, sometime vocalist and well, basically the leader Simon Austin seemed most comfortable on stage, smiling profusely and was a friendly figure, with his almost bald head and super oversized shorts. He absolutely holds the title of "most guitar picks used in a set." A stage hand stuck at least a dozen picks to his micro-

phone and had to add about three dozen more over the 75 minute set. Austin is an earnest, capable guitarist, laying down serious or merry electric passages, depending on the mood of the song.

The crowd *really* came to see winsome vocalist Angie Hart. The 22 year old with the delicate Australian-accented voice was adorable on stage. She's thin, wore a horizontally striped knit top and jeans, and short-cropped strait hair with cute little white berets by her temples. She talked extensively to the attentive crowd, many times fidgeting with her hands behind her back.

The bulk of the songs the band performed were from the current CD, with some newer and older ditties thrown in. A couple of songs were played as an acoustic duo, including New Order's "Bizarre Love Triangle," a song which the fans did an impromptu Bic lighter thing which prompted Angie to stop and charmingly plead, "Now put those silly things away." After a set of tunes you could whistle and skip to, one of the encores was a neat version of Dolly Parton's 1978 hit "Here You Come Again." Speaking of covers, the end of "Lonely" flowed into a chorus of Barry White's "Can't Get Enough Of Your Love Babe."

Great G-rated pleasant pop songs that simply



Colin Devlin



Angie Hart of Frente

made my day. They made someone else's day, too. Up at the stage a mom chaperoned her two daughters. Her seven year old, who sat on the corner of the stage sang along with almost every song, and was visibly thrilled when Angie knelt down to greet her. That really defines Frente's wide appeal. A real fun, easy-to-take show.

Devlins set: Alone In The Dark / Almost Made You Smile / Everytime You Go / I Don't Want To Be Like This / Someone To Talk To / Necessary Evil / I Knew That / Drift (thanks to The Devlin's soundman for the list)

Frente's set: ? / Most Beautiful / ? / Testimony / Sameless / See-Believe / Labour Of Love / Lonely / "30 second ditty" / No Time / Dangerous / Bizarre Love Triangle / Discipline In Deep Water / Accidentally Kelly Street / "a teeny weeny song" / Ordinary Angels. encore: Here You Come Again / Cuscutlan (thanks to Wendy DiAddezio of Devon, PA and Susanna Hummer of Berwyn, PA for the list)

**Diamanda Galás with
John Paul Jones
Irvine Auditorium
Philadelphia, PA
November 13, 1994**

Review by Alan Sheckler

Take perhaps the most beautiful but seldom used theater in Philadelphia. Located on the University of Penn. campus, it has a huge, ornately painted dome ceiling, pipe organs and several little balconies. Couple those classy surroundings with international vocalist, composer and three and a half octave singer/shrieker Diamanda Galás and you're in for an experience no less thrilling than a Disney ride. Add to the scene Led Zeppelin-founder and man with one of the most impressive resumes in the business (from work with McCartney, Donovan, Eno and The B.H. Surfers to multimedia work for a Mercedes project and composing *The Secret Adventures of Tom Thumb* animation), and you have the means for an exotic, emotionally intense piece of performance art. A drummer was a third force and added well to John Paul Jones' strong bass passages.

Galás has garnished attention performing and exploring the limits of the human voice since her "Litanies of Satan" b/w "Wild Women With Steak Knives" was released in 1982. She can sing a blues tune, then quickly turn those bluesy wails into freeform, blood curdling, shrieks and hollers. Galás alternated frequently between vocals only and singing while playing a very competent blues, gospel and abstract keyboards.

Jones kept a steady and intricate bass line through most songs, sitting at the pedal steel guitar for others. His shining moment came during the short but stunning lead at the start of the barely recognizable encore of "Communication Breakdown." While some in attendance (10-20) retreated immediately after the opening Galás warbling wails, most of the super hip (young goths, U. of P. students, yuppies and aging hippies) crowd hung around. They looked deeper and found, as I did, that when all of the elements were put together, an awesome, one of a kind performance had enveloped them.

Galás didn't introduce any songs, or mention the new album, which would've made the crowd feel a bit more involved and comfortable with some of the abstract goings-on. I imagine few knew that one of the selections "You Gotta Move" was an Elmore James blues number, and "Dark End Of The Street" was made famous by Percy Sledge. Galás haunting horror version bared little resemblance. Probably the best thing upon reflecting on the evening, was the absence of Zeppelin fans screaming "Black Dog" and "Whole Lotta Love." For that, I was grateful.

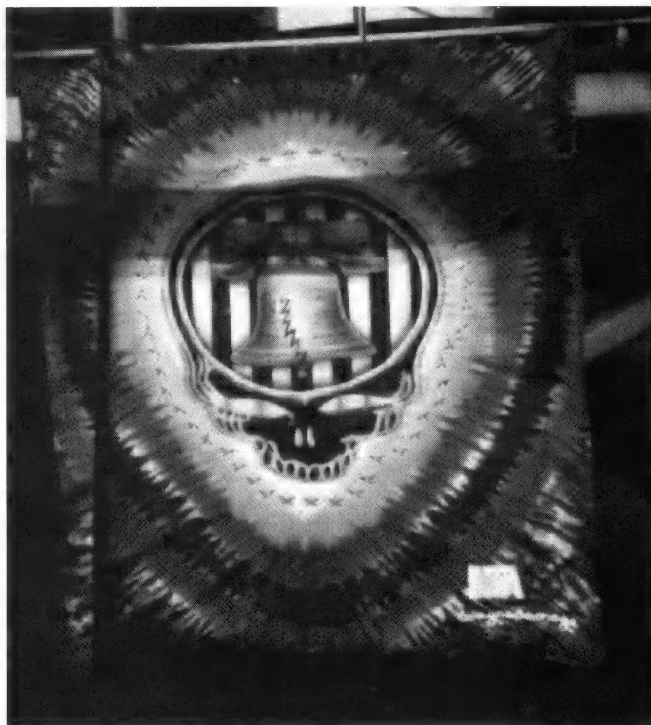
Song list: Skotoseme / Do You Take This Man / Dark End Of The Street / You Gotta Move / Tony / Let's Not Chat / Last Man Down / Baby's Insane / Hex / The Sporting Life / You're Mine e: Communication Breakdown (thanks to the soundman for the list)

Grateful Dead CoreStates Spectrum Philadelphia, PA October 5-7, 1994 Review by Alan Sheckler

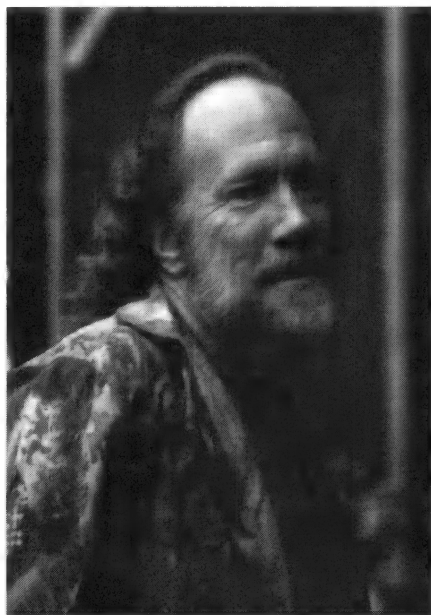
Way back on December 6, 1968, The Grateful Dead performed their first show at the Spectrum,

appearing at the Quaker City Rock Festival with Steppenwolf and Iron Butterfly. October 7, 1994 was the band's unprecedented 50th appearance at the hall. It is by far the most shows performed in the building. Next most prolific is Springsteen (27), Billy Joel and Yes (25), Aerosmith (19), Elton John and Neil Diamond (18) and Van Halen (17). Couple that with the fact that The Dead have also done five shows at the Philadelphia Civic Center, two at JFK Stadium, four just out of the city limits at the Tower Theater in 1976 as well as the Electric Factory in 1969, Drexel University Auditorium and opening for Hendrix at Temple University Stadium in 1970, (and three more this March), and they've amassed well over 60 shows in this town.

To commemorate the 50th Spectrum show, a short ceremony was coordinated by Spectrum management and The Dead's Dennis McNally. Proclaimed respectfully by ex-Bay Area resident and popular Philadelphia DJ and Dead Head Pierre Robert, a beautiful tie dye banner from Not Fade Away Graphics was lowered from the rafters. It had the famous Alembic skull (or "skull and lightning" if you like) with the Liberty Bell replacing the lightning bolt. 50 stars surround the skull on this gorgeous banner that hangs amongst other Hall of Famers Julius Erving and Bobby Clarke.



Hanging banner for 50th Grateful Dead performance at the Spectrum

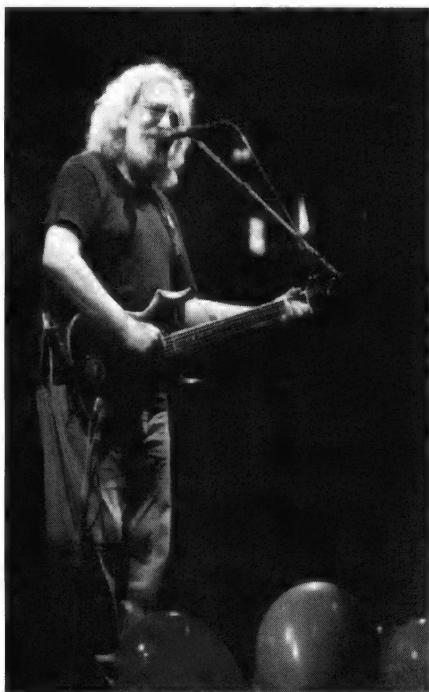


Vince Welnick of the Grateful Dead, 7/17/93

All three shows had special segments of excellent song selection and superior playing as well as hulls and soft spots. And no friends, they didn't repeat a single song in three shows. When the band trotted out on stage for the first show, dozens of balloons covered the stage (they came from the crowd, not the band). Co-frontman Bob Weir waved the always present Steve Parrish over to pop one. Then another. Then Parrish began to walk away and Weir would point to another one, and another one. Finally, Parrish looked at him as if to say "What the f---?" Weir patted him on the back as he, Parrish and Garcia all laughed. They opened with a crisp "Jack Straw," followed by "Friend Of The Devil," during which bassist Phil Lesh sheepishly cartooned at himself as a harmless beach ball bonked him square on the head. Usually Weir breaks out an acoustic guitar once a night, and for this run of shows, he showcased it on "Eternity" the first night, "Easy Answers" the second and Marty Robbins' 1959 hit "El Paso," the third.

Highlights of the Wednesday, October 5th show included the second set pre-drums selection. It opened with a blast with the powerful (former Pig Pen-led) oldie "Midnight Hour," followed unexpectedly by the finger-picken' "Cumberland Blues," although the latter wasn't as smokin' as it should have been. A fine "Playin' In The Band" jammed on while old San Francisco Fillmore/Avalon poster images moved about on the large round screen behind the band. Their dreamy, somewhat heavenly arrangements of screens and lovely colored curtains around the stage area supply a nice ambiance enhancement, even in a hockey rink. Problem is, ya better sit in the center, even in the back. You really can miss a lot if you are on the side.

The timing and precision of The Dead's light show is still unparalleled as are the presence of several spotlight operators in special chairs over



Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead 10/5/94

the stage. Their Mac fractals and morphing program images on the main screen are impeccable too, often resembling the world's best and most complex screen saver. Also notable at the first show was Garcia's choice to stay on-stage and jam with the drummers, cutting his mid-second set rest very short. He only left for a couple of moments. An inspired version of ballad "Standing On The Moon" and return of Dylan's "The Mighty Quinn (Quinn The Eskimo)" as a rousing encore were also notable.

The second show's first set was a bit on the subdued side with standouts being opener "Half-Step Miss. Uptown Toodeloo," the new Phil tune "If The Shoe Fits" and Weir's always rousing version of "When I Paint My Masterpiece." The second set cooked. The crowd pleasing combo of "China Cat/I Know You Rider" opened the set, Weir's "The sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday" and Garcia's "I wish I was a headlight on a northbound train," bringing the house down. Vince's contemporary selection "Way To Go Home" was next. A real treat, the very popular, never performed in Philadelphia (at least not in 24 years, if then) "New Speedway Boogie" was offered, Jerry enjoying both the opportunity to kick out several extended jams along with classic vocals. That flowed into "Truckin'," which was basically a sing-along for 19,000. "Wharf Rat" was distinctly crisp and slightly upbeat from its usual plodding pace.

And the final show, the big one, the 50th - a killer opener? Nah. Five minutes after the unveiling of the commemorative banner, the band came out on-stage and did not acknowledge it one bit. They simply opened with a satisfactory but uneventful opener "Feel Like A Stranger." I don't know why I was surprised. By now I should know that The Dead rarely speak from the stage or go out of "the lines they have drawn." They do what they do, apparently feeling that all they need to say and communicate is contained in their songs. Though it's impressive that it's more or less true,

it's also a bit disappointing that there was no acknowledgment, even after approximately *one million* (60 shows X approx. 17,000 for each) tickets have been torn for The Grateful Dead in Philadelphia.

Back to the show (and off my soapbox). The first set (as do most of their sets), included several musical styles. The jazzy jamming of "Feel Like A Stranger" was followed by the mellow noodling of "Sugaree," blues and slide jamming of "The Same Thing," the electrified country twang of "Brown Eyed Women," and also included spirited, psychedelic versions only the Dead can emot in "Tennessee Jed" and set closer "The Music Never Stopped."

The second set pre-drum selections were all modern day choices. "Victim Or The Crime," the brand new positive and springy "Samba In The Rain," "Foolish Heart" and "Corrina" were rolled past our brains, fitting together quite nicely. Post-drums included Weir's fine treatment of The Stones' "The Last Time," and McCartney's "That Would Be Something," followed by a favorite of both young and old, "Morning Dew." Garcia really layed on the vocals at the end on the "I guess it doesn't matter anyway" part, repeating it with spirit again and again leaving the crowd in awe. After the long resendo of the powerful ending jam, the last note crashed down. A final "Johnny B. Goode" encore sent us on our way...

October 5- Set 1: Jackstraw/ Friend Of The Devil, Wang Dang Doodle, Jackaroe, Queen Jane Approximately, Lazy River Road, Eternity, Deal. Set 2: Midnight Hour/ Cumberland Blues/ Playin' In The Band/ Uncle John's Band/ Drums/ Space/ I Need A Miracle/ Standing On The Moon/ Sugar Magnolia. e: The Mighty Quinn (Quinn The Eskimo)

October 6- Set 1: Half Step/ New Minglewood Blues/ Fenario/ If The Shoe Fits/ When I Paint My Masterpiece/ Ramble On Rose/ Easy Answers/ Don't Ease Me In. Set 2: China Cat/ I Know You Rider/ Way To Go Home/ New Speedway Boogie/ Truckin'/ Drums/ Space/ The Other One/ Wharf Rat/ Good Lovin'. e: Liberty

October 7- Set 1: Feel Like A Stranger/ Sugaree/ The Same Thing/ Brown Eyed Women/ El Paso/ Tennessee Jed/ Music Never Stopped Set 2: Victim Or The Crime/ Samba In The Rain/ Foolish Heart/ Corrina/ Drums/ Space/ The Last Time/ That Would Be Something/ Morning Dew. e: Johnny B. Goode

H.O.R.D.E. Festival Mann Music Center Philadelphia, PA August 28, 1994 Review by Alan Sheckler

The third annual Hordes Of Rock Developing Everywhere descended upon Philadelphia's medium-large size shed, The Mann Music Center. In a season where Floyd, Lollapalooza and Woodstock '94 had come and gone, this late August Sunday show was kind of an 'end of the summer/return to college blowout' for many.

This was certainly a unique event. Aside from the main stage which boasted a lineup of The Allman Brothers, Blues Traveler, Big Head Todd and God Street Wine, as well as a second stage offering Rusted Root, The Authority and The Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies, there were approxi-

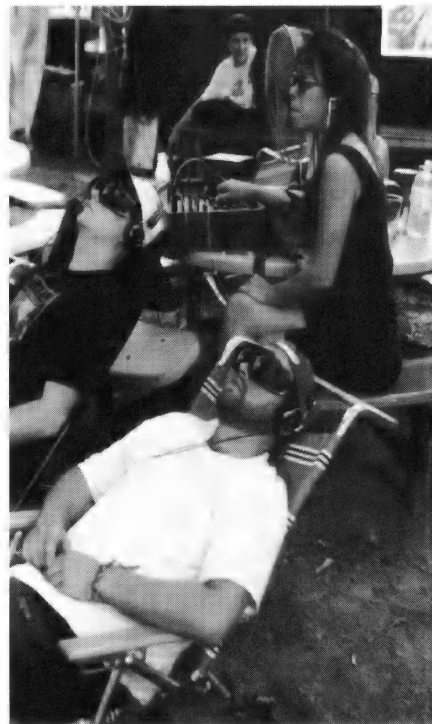
mately 25 vendors.

The second stage was set to one side of a large level area that rests atop the amphitheater's sloped lawn. The vendors formed a long semicircle as they lined the upper reaches of the lawn. Vendors/ public awareness tables included Artworks (original T-shirts), Jungle Juices & Iced Herbal Quenchers (Smart Drinks) and Soho, New York's Synchro Energizer (one could get their brain tuned with five minute/\$3.00 energizer sessions. Bob Weir and Ram Dass have been quoted about it). There were also Guatemalan/tye dye/ dead head vendors as well as various food booths and jewelry/accessory tents.

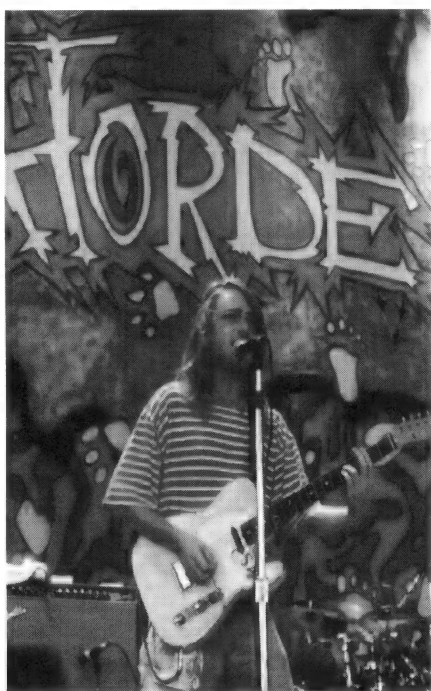
I strolled in at about 2:00, an hour before God Street Wine was to take the main stage. There were possibly 1000 people inside and 5000 more tailgating in the grassy parking lot. All day folks would slowly file in arriving at a strategic time based on how much one wanted to see before the legendary original southern rockers, The Allman Brothers Band. I leisurely wandered about up at the top, and I still don't know if I saw Cycomoto Goat or Little Sister on the second stage when I first arrived.

Just before 3:00, the guards let all the folks that were there fill up the seats down in front for God Street Wine. The band did a fine set, the five piece group reminiscent of Phish and The Allmans with their peppy improvisational guitars. They played in front of a gorgeous purple, blue and green H.O.R.D.E. curtain with a tall blue rhino backdrop hanging to its left and a tall blue elephant backdrop hanging to its right. It was nice to let folks with poor seats (or general admission lawn seats), sit in the front. Then, when people came for their seats later, the early birds gallantly relinquished them. Regarding this gesture, I was reminded that San Francisco's Bill Graham Presents were partial promoters of this show.

Back up on top again, I meandered over to the



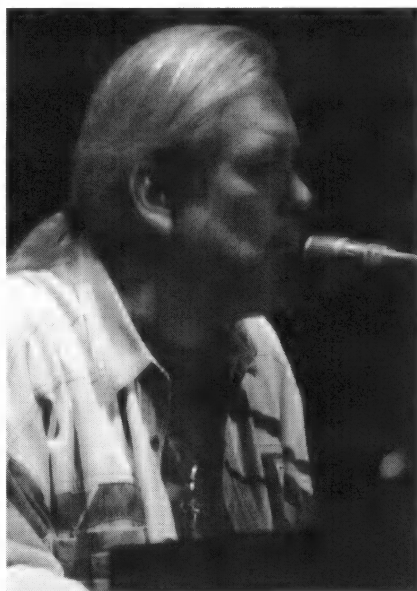
Fans enjoying the Synchro Energizer



God Street Wine

bright yellow Jimi Hendrix "On The Road Again - University Tour 1994" tractor-trailer that had painted on it a huge image in purple and white of Jimi. Inside were several door-sized reproductions of old Jimi photos with narrative descriptions. At the back of the trailer was "The Electric Church," which was in reality several pipes that acted as an infrared motivated sampling machine. If you put your hand over the pipes, they outputted "Foxy Lady," "All Along The Watchtower" and other favorites.

I went back to the main stage for Colorado's Big Head Todd (Todd Park Mohr) & The Monsters (bassist Rob Squires and drummer Brian Nevin). The trio played for about an hour, led by saxophonist/pianist turned guitarist and lead vocalist Todd. Their set included "Bittersweet," "Circle,"



Gregg Allman

Zeppelin's "Tangerine" and "Sister Sweetly." They were good, but needed more of a sparkling charisma to really win over the crowd. I, however, welcomed their non-rock star persona.

Up at stage two again, I watched some of the raucous, rockin' of The Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies. Everyone was having fun frolicking around as there was plenty to see and do and buy. By the time 6:00 rolled around, a large core of fans were settling into their seats in preparation for Blues Traveler and The Allmans.

Guitarist Chan Kinchla and mouth harpist extraordinaire John Popper, lead Blues Traveler. The East Coast band has done years of successful well-received large club dates, traveling in the same circles as other "Grateful Dead - The Next Generation" bands like the Spin Docs, Solar Circus and Phish. Their relentless jamming highlighted by Kinchla's scintillating guitar jams and John Popper's powerful blues jamboree harmonica somehow rose to higher and higher energy levels. Popper is a large, interesting figure on stage, coming out with a wide-brimmed hat and a ten pocket hunting vest from where many useful baubles and items (flashlight, keys, clock, chains, wallet) were hung. Popper also played guitar at times and Dickie Betts' son Duane Betts jammed with the band for a session. Blues Traveler jammed for almost two hours in front of a huge red and blue swirling backdrop that featured a gigantic image of their famous joint smoking cat mascot in the center.

As we went back to the top for refreshments one last time before the headliners came out, I was happy to have caught my favorite small stage band of the day, Rusted Root. The Pittsburgh band sound somewhat resembled modern day David Byrne, the seven piece percussion/ guitar/flute driven band doing songs from their *When I Woke* CD including the infectious "Send Me On My Way." They were chock full of talent and really caused a large crowd to gather, pleasantly serenading us in front of the "Welcome Fellow Creatures" backdrop that hung behind the second stage. Unfortunately, I had to cut my enjoyment of Rusted Root short in order to get ready for the big boys, Chairmen of the H.O.R.D.E., The Allman Brothers.

Gregg Allman, Dickey Betts, Warren Haynes, Jaimo & Butch Trucks were definitely "on." After opening with a song from the current *Where It All Begins* CD, they quickly established their musical muscle and superiority with versions of "Statesboro Blues" and "Blue Sky," as long and as fine as any version done in the past 20 years. Warren Haynes and Dickey Betts stand at the top of the heap of the Southern electric and slide guitar players. Haynes is now entrenched as an Allman mainstay and Betts, looked lean and mean with the trademark long hair, Marlboro Man face, sleeveless denim jacket, visible tattoos and large cowboy hat. Gregg Allman was also healthy and in good form, singing as well as jamming robustly on the piano, organ and coming out front to play guitar a couple of times. Duane Betts also jammed on guitar from time to time. Other songs from the current LP were included like "No One To Run With," as was old blues number "The Same Thing." Classic Allman Brothers tunes rearing their heads were a supercharged "Jessica," a 30 minute "In Memory Of Elizabeth Reed" and perhaps the recipient of the biggest ovation of all, "Midnight Rider." Endurance was unquestionably



John Popper of Blues Traveler

displayed as the band can seemingly jam and play forever, smoothly sharing their progressive rock talents with us. As the Rolling Stones have shown everyone that they are still a force both live and on record in 1994, The Allman Brothers can't be ignored as they legitimately have done the same thing.

The whole event ran like clockwork. Oh yeh, and the ticket price for ten bands and a side-show - \$28.00. Hear *that*, Eagles tour promoters?



Big Head Todd

**Jefferson Starship, Valentines
The Fillmore
San Francisco, CA
February 14, 1995
Review by Netta Gilboa**

I had no idea who the Valentines were when I decided to go to this show. The idea of being in San Francisco on Valentine's Day appealed to me and so I asked my friend Kevin to pick me up a ticket and I hopped on a plane for a few precious days off.

The first thing I saw when we entered the building was a basket of apples with a sign that said "Take one - or two." I don't generally like apples but I took and ate one anyway. It was a very subtle way of reminding audiences that the building had been run by Bill Graham, a promoter whose concerts ran so long in the 1960s that he often fed the crowd breakfast or snacks.

All along the walls were framed photos of the musicians who had played for Bill Graham. There were lots of pictures of Janis Joplin, Jerry Garcia and Jim Morrison taken by the names most associated with old photographs of these artists like Herb Greene and Gene Anthony. A few were outtakes of famous photo sessions and the Fillmore was the first place I had ever seen them. Upstairs is a snack bar which sells nachos, pasta, wings, baked potato, and cheese steaks. It fills up quickly with people who want to gaze at the Fillmore posters on the walls. Each one is there in order, including ones from the reopened Fillmore and the earliest ones which are in awful shape. Down the hall is a bar which houses even more framed photos. Here, however, all of the musicians are captured live in concert. A few more rooms and this would be a museum, but instead it illustrates the recent history of Bay Area music while at the same time providing live shows.

We headed downstairs and Kevin pointed out that one wall had lost its balcony in the earthquake and was now hidden behind a red velvet curtain that never moves. A screen there shows moving photos and liquid light designs. There's another one in the center of the stage and one can get lost watching the screens instead of the bands.

An opening band whose name I never caught came out and played some original tunes and familiar covers. I remember hearing the female, Robin, sing the Dead's "Loser." The Valentines were playing their second gig ever and band members included Bobby Vega, Bob Weir, Vince Welnick, Prairie Prince and Henry Kaiser. Robin and Danny from the opening band joined in at times. Weir and Welnick were clearly playing for love not money, as the Fillmore holds only 1000 people or so. It's probably not possible to see a bad show at the Fillmore, where the sound, view and lights are all superb. "Cream Puff War" was an unexpected surprise and probably would have been worth the plane fare alone.

The Jefferson Starship have a new female vocalist and Marty Balin has rejoined them since I last caught a show. I heard a number of songs I hadn't seen in years and even got to see Peter Kaukonen play with them for the first three songs. Some of the tunes played were more poignant in this building than I had ever seen them played live

before. It was the first time in a long time I can recall attending a concert where the building made the evening special. They also performed a new song called "Papa John" which was dedicated to his memory.

The Valentines probably won't perform regularly but they should. If they play anywhere near you, go. They rocked so hard that the floor moved as people danced. You can expect no more from an opening band, even one with seasoned members.

Valentines set: Crazy Love/Greatest Story Ever Told/Queen Jane Approximately/It's A Man's World/Ain't That Peculiar/Cream Puff War/Good Morning Little School-girl/Playing In The Band/Play With Fire -> Spoonful -> Play With Fire/Take Me To The River/Too Much

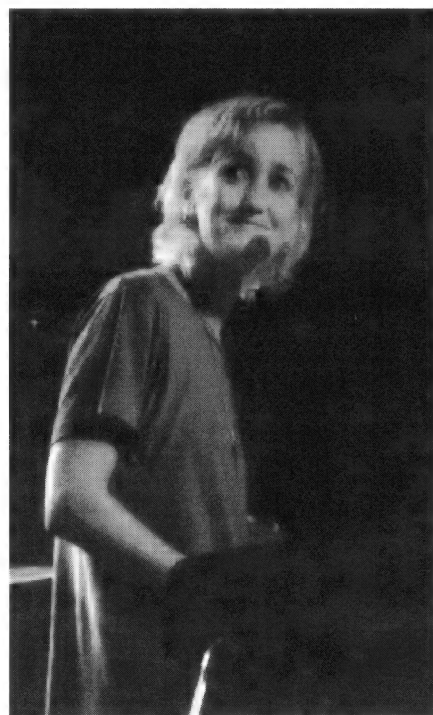
Jefferson Starship's set: Miracles/Somebody To Love/Seeking For The Light/Today/Count On Me/We Should Be Together/I'm On Fire/Lawman/Wooden Ships/The Ganja of Love/Shadowlands/Comin' Back To Me/Hearts/Dark Ages/(rest with Henry Kaiser on guitar) Other Side Of This Life/Midnight Hour/Crown of Creation. e: Papa John/White Rabbit/Volunteers

**Luscious Jackson, Cake Like
Trocadero
Philadelphia, PA
September 16, 1994
Review by Alan Sheckler**

Luscious has opened for The Beastie Boys (drummer Kate Schellenbach was an original Beastie), Bettie Serveert, Urge Overkill and good friends - The Breeders. Now the four fresh and fashionably unfashionable females of modern urban funk have stimulated enough interest to headline their own tour. And their show was great fun. Musically unique and full of positive personalities on stage, Luscious Jackson gets a big "thumbs-up" from li'l-ol-me. There was an opening act,



Lucious Jackson's Gabby Glaser at Lollapalooza



Lucious Jackson's Vivian Trimble

though...

At 8:00, Cake Like, a New York group, made up of three amiable, post-college-girl-next-door types performed a fine 35 minute, nine song set. Their music consisted of slow, dissonant arrangements with entrancing tribal drumming and some passages of mild thrash. Some songs, like "Abraham Lincoln," had a Sonic Youth sound to them. Their ominous and slightly numbing essence was enjoyable. They received good crowd response, and I hope they gain more notoriety.

Luscious Jackson came on at about 9:00 to a full and ardent house. Bassist/lead vocalist Jill, guitarist/vocalist Gabby, keyboardist Viv and drummer Kate acknowledged the crowd with smiles, waves and a couple of words with the folks down in front. A male DJ was also visible toward the rear of the stage. They started with drum-heavy "Pele Merengue," an upbeat, groovy number short on lyrics but great at setting an energetic, partying mood. The New York foursome (well, three out of four), absolutely kicked it out with a sound and attitude all their own. Their combination of New York City funk, hip hop, mild rap and subdued alternative modern rock is a neat formula (as if they pre-defined a "formula"). And of course, actually experiencing the reality of their unique sound is far better than my attempts to describe it. Songs were taken almost exclusively from their current *Natural Ingredients* and 1992 EP *In Search Of Manny*, including "City Song," "Angel," "Strongman" and "Rollin'." The attitudes are real. Not angry women, just real people. The girls are friendly on-stage, (short-cropped keyboardist Viv smiled throughout the set), welcoming happy moshers to climb on-stage, quickly nod to or shake hands with the girls, take a bow and swan dive back into the grooving dance floor. At one point, while the sampling machine did most of the work in the back, Kate came down from her drumset and the girls formed kind of a chorus line with a couple of proud female audience partici-

pants. Luscious had such a friendly aura, and they were also clearly in control of the chaos. There were no real security guards at the stage, just the Troc's Sloan, who more often than not gently helped young ladies climb on-stage and lightly prodded exuberant males to jump back in the pit after a few seconds. There was joyous energy and a little pot smoke around, but no one appeared over-the-edge. The kids who did climb on-stage respected the band. Those folks who threw a kind word to one of the girls (who actually would slickly return the kind word, even during a song), knew their place and exited quickly. Not once did anyone try to grab Luscious' instruments, mike stands or bodies. One stagediver did jump off with the band's setlist stuck to her sneaker. A kid in the front row kindly passed it back to Jill - in two pieces. No problem.

Many times, a group that relies on samples on their record can't translate into a credible live act. Luscious Jackson was very credible and terribly innovative. I hope they "keep on keepin' on," on their own terms.

Luscious Jackson's set: Pêl Merengue / Energy Sucker / Bam Bam / Daughters of the Kaos / Strongman / Here / Let Yourself Get Down / Life of Leisure / City Song / Rock Freak / Angel / Deep Shag / Rollin' / Keep On Rockin' It / Surprise. (thanks to the man at the soundboard for the list)

**Nine Inch Nails,
Jim Rose Circus Sideshow,
Marilyn Manson
CoreStates Spectrum
Philadelphia, PA
December 11, 1994
Review by Alan Sheckter**

Trent Reznor and Nine Inch Nails have been



Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails

around for some time now. They've created a stir with their demonic emotion-driven brand of modern industrial rock. "Setting the rock 'n roll trend for the next ten years," some have said. They've toured extensively over the last couple of years, playing the small club circuit, then moving on to the medium-sized halls and theaters. In 1994, NIN was heard on Top-40 radio. "Closer" spent well over 20 weeks in the *Billboard* "Hot 100" and wound up #12 *Billboard* on the "Hot Modern Rock Tracks" chart for the year. NIN's most recent album, *Downward Spiral* was *Billboard*'s #57 album of the year, reaching a peak at #12. I, like thousands of others was seeing them for the first time.

Opening the show was an angry threesome known as Marilyn Manson. I had heard of the stir they created in Utah. Apparently, the city of Salt Lake City wouldn't let Marilyn Manson open for NIN due to previous behavior and nudity situations at previous concerts. A Mormon bible was allegedly ripped up that night, however, when Trent invited the lead singer on-stage. Marilyn Manson is a three-man outfit who go for shock value as opposed to talent. The keyboardist went out of his way to look demented as possible and the guitarist had the requisite brightly colored hair. And Marilyn, well, had stringy hair, a choker, black nail polish, long face and is apparently androgynous. They spewed, shrieked and taunted for about 30 minutes.

I was looking forward the Jim Rose's Circus Sideshow. They'd become somewhat legendary after their Lollapalooza 92 appearance and video that was spread around afterward. Jim Rose has developed, basically, an old-fashioned freak show and brought it to a rock audience. Though toned-down for this big-time family-type concert, there was no frontal nudity or body fluids involved, but parents chaperoning teen Reznor fans must've been shocked to see knives walked on, razor blades swallowed, glass chewed, raccoon trap snapped on a hand, a human dart board, a scorpion in the face and weights suspended from sensitive body parts. I thought it was fascinating, and what later would be a raging mosh-pit was now a bunch of transfixed faces, both from the crowd and security.

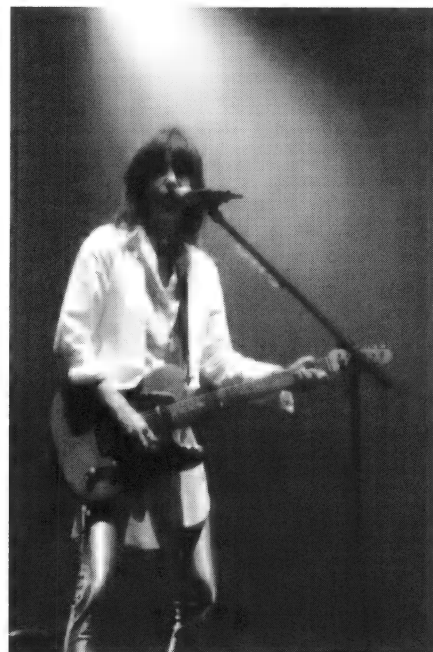
Just before Nine Inch Nails came out, the photographers terms changed. Due to the increasing excitement and the huge popularity of Trent, and due to the fact that the whole sold-out general admission floor was squashed into space of the front half only, we had only two songs in which to squeeze our shutters. It was a madhouse. The natives in the mosh-pit were getting restless, excited and vocal. When a preliminary curtain was raised leaving the silhouetted figure of Trent behind it, the place went nuts. That doubled when he came out to a driving on-

slaught of technical hard-core. I'd never witnessed so much equipment-breaking, equipment-tossing, and overall I'm-gonna-perform-like-it's-my-last-show-ever attitude. For that alone, Reznor should be applauded. As the Garcia Band song lyric goes, "Anyone who sweats like that must be all right." Apparently, he breaks this many instruments *every* night, and a crew member just does a lot of guitar-fixing. The music? Well I found the deep industrial instrumental passages to be excellent - stirring and powerful. Reznor's vocal antics were also a key tool in the presentation. I did find myself wishing for the occasional ballad. I still don't know if that's my age coming through, or a real need for a more multi-dimensional show. The sold-out house was absolutely enamored with songs like "Down In It," "Head Like A Hole," "Happiness In Slavery" (which ended with a guitar kamikaze) and "March Of The Pigs" (after which he dove into the audience). The multitudes were not happy until the first encore, "Closer" where they all got to sing "I want to f--- you like an animal" with Trent. Then, it was okay to go home.

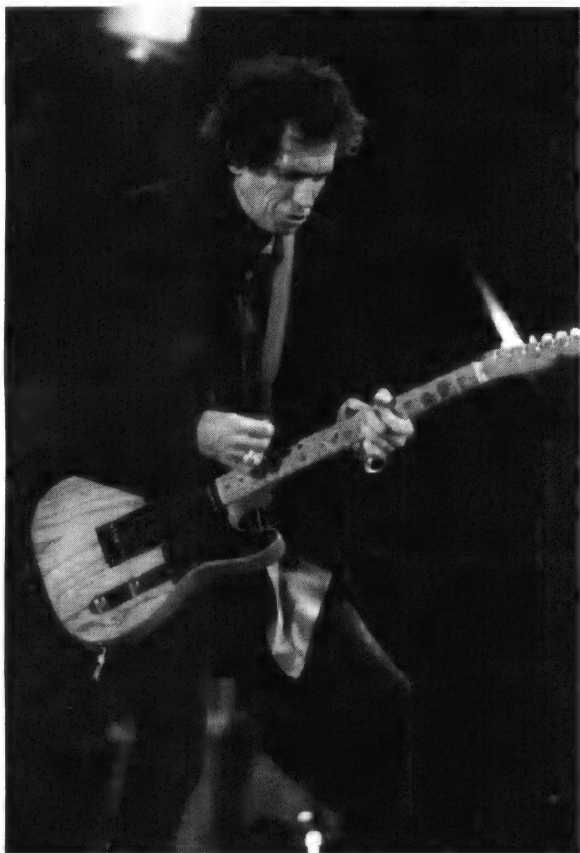
**Pretenders, Material Issue
Tower Theater
Upper Darby, PA
October 21, 1994
Review by Alan Sheckter**

Boy, time *does* march on, doesn't it? It seems like only yesterday that Chrissie Hynde, the pride of Akron, OH broke out in the then-fledgling world of modern rock. Now, at 43, lead singer/songwriter/guitarist Hynde, in support of the *Last Of The Independents* LP, still leads a cohesive touring rock band. This was The Pretenders second visit to Philadelphia in only five months.

Chicago trio Material Issue opened the show. Led by vocalist/guitarist Jim Ellison, they did a



Chrissie Hynde



fine, 50 minute set of American party rock. Though not overly spectacular, the band moved from tune to tune, one of the finest being the excellent "Kim The Waitress" found on their current live EP, *Goin' Through Your Purse*. Also included were "The Fan," "Funny Feeling," "One Simple Word" and "What Girls Want." Material Issue is an amusing ensemble reminding me of Cheap Trick and The Knack, fun rock 'n roll not to be taken too seriously.

At 9:00, led by Hynde, who wore a long sleeve white shirt and silver tights, and wielded a weathered baby blue guitar, The Pretenders were greeted quite enthusiastically by the almost-full house. With original drummer Martin Chambers behind her, Chrissie wasted no time in getting to the music. "Are you ready for us?" she asked. "We're ready for you." They kicked right into an excellent and energetic opener — the popular "Night In My Veins." I was mildly surprised that there was no moshing, even in the general admission "room to move" area of the floor.

Even 12 years after the death of original guitar player extraordinaire James Honeyman-Scott, it's hard not to compare the current guitarist, Adam Seymour to him. I'd give him an eight on a scale of one to ten, shaking and twisting his guitar seemingly to squeeze out of it the maximum possible sound. The bass and keyboard players were excellent and Chambers added quite a bit of personality, pizzazz and skin-pounding, as well as back-up vocals. But the bulk of attention belonged to, as it always has, Chrissie Hynde. Though The Pretenders had several lean years in the last ten, Hynde is one of the few with the chutzpah to survive to loss of half her band (Honeyman-Scott

and original bassist Pete Farndon). Hynde, with her trademark just-a-little-too-long bangs over her eyes offered career-spanning crowd pleaser after crowd pleaser, augmented by fine new selections. She can be a rock 'n roll bad grrrl as in 1979's "Precious," or a sweet, soaring balladeer, as in the poignant love song "I'll Stand By You" and the old song The Persuaders made big, "Thin Line Between Love And Hate." In between, were many (21 songs in all) uptempo, interestingly arranged bouncy yet hard-edged pop songs. The band ran through such favorites as "Talk Of The Town," "My City Was Gone," "Don't Get Me Wrong" and "Kid," after which she said, "Isn't it great to have Martin back?" The big ovation answered the question. A new song was "dedicated to all the PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) members. Smoking versions of "Message Of Love" and "Middle Of The Road" were offered, the latter beginning with lots of drum antics and containing

the familiar Hynde harmonica segment. Excellent set, and really - a lot of fun. And though the sound at The Tower, shall we say, sucked, The Pretenders certainly didn't.

Pretenders' set: Night In My Veins / Talk Of The Town / Last Of The Independents / ? / My City Was Gone / Don't Get Me Wrong / Revolution / ? / Chain Gang / Money Talk / Kid / Thin Line Between Love And Hate / ? / ? / Message Of Love / Middle Of The Road (with drum antics) / ? e1: I'll Stand By You / Precious e2: Stop Your Sobbing / Brass In Pocket

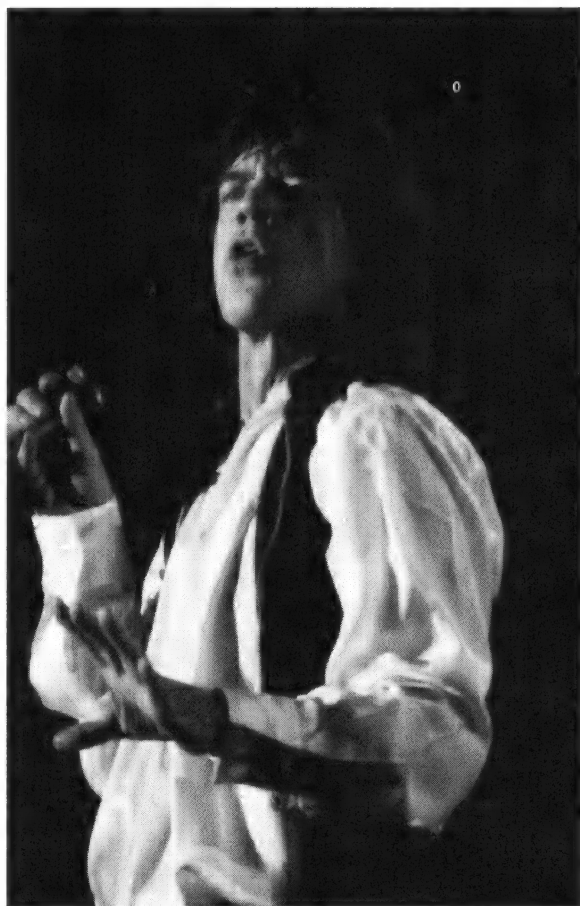
**Rolling Stones,
Blind Melon
Veterans Stadium
Philadelphia, PA
September 22-23,
1994
Review by Alan
Sheckler**

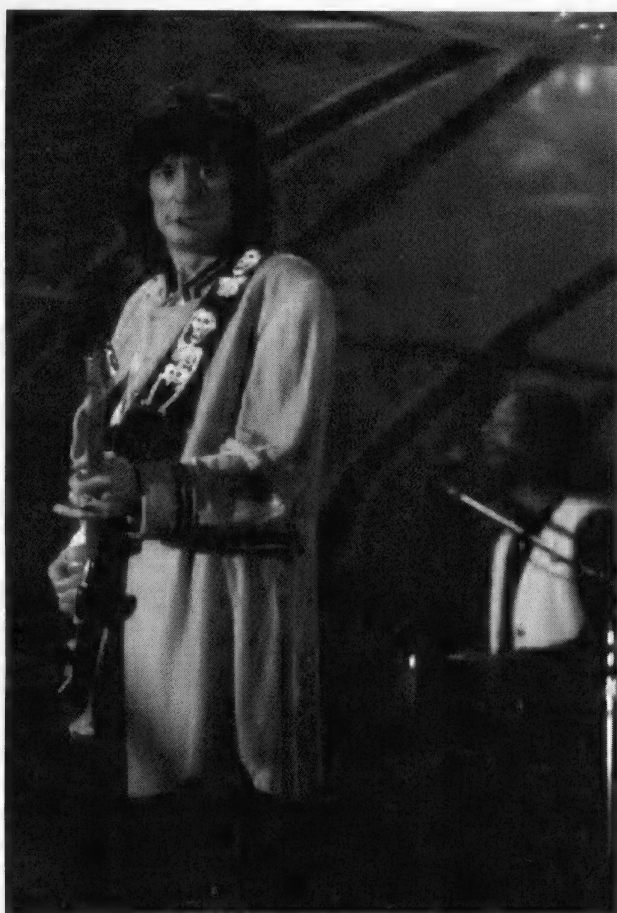
Let's start out with superlatives like peerless, consummate and incomparable, and go from there. An incredible 31 years since their first tour, 30 dates with The Everly Brothers and Bo Diddley in the fall of 1963, The

Rolling Stones and their "Voodoo Lounge" tour, their first in five years, marched into Philadelphia. They aren't geriatrics who need to be propped up and take frequent rests. They are a first-class, first-rate ass-kickin' band with a technologically up to date show. In fact, I came away with the utmost respect for The Stones, as they are *still* the measuring stick to which all other large touring acts can compare themselves. At 51, Mick Jagger is in better shape than almost any performer I've ever seen. What made it even more amazing was the wicked hand Mother Nature dealt for the Stones' opening night performance.

It rained. No, it didn't just rain, it was a full-fledged, wind-driven Noreaster, a term for a large East Coast storm that grabs moisture from the Atlantic Ocean and throws it back inland, where Canadian and Gulf Of Mexico air are colliding. While the back half of the stage was somewhat covered (drummer Charlie Watts and keyboardist Chuck Leavell remained rather dry), the frontmen (Jagger, Richards, Wood and Darryl Jones) played, sang and ran back and forth soaking wet. I and many thousands of others in a crowd that ranged in age from six to sixty were covered in plastic from head to toe.

Oh yeh, Blind Melon was there, too. Playing an unmemorable set, it was obvious that they'd be a better gig to see at a small theater than a cavernous stadium. Lead singer Shannon Hoon, spent a lot of time on the ground, swooshing water around the stage and rolling in puddles like Curly of The Three Stooges. By the time The Stones came on, one had totally forgotten that there was even an





Ron Wood of the Rolling Stones

opening act.

At 9:45, it was time. As huge flame jets shot out from the top of the giant 90 foot chrome stage, Mick, Keith, Ronnie and the rest ambled out and jumped into their first American single (reaching #48 in 1964), "Not Fade Away." Mick sported a long white jacket and black hat, resembling a classy pimp, a look Mick has often sported. The next night, he'd come out in an expensive black leather jacket. Keith wore jeans and a casual black sportjacket and Ronnie, a long red coat (the next night- a long beige one). On his Gibson, he had a beautiful, wide black guitar strap with white skeletons on it. He also showed that he has truly perfected the art of smoking cigarettes and playing a super lead guitar in the pouring rain. Boom, they changed gears, easing into 1972's "Tumbling Dice." The Stones sounded hard, crisp and perfect. Jagger, confident of the equipment and band behind him, made use of every inch of the 220 foot stage, sashaying about with more moves than an Eric Allen 95 yard interception touchdown run previously made in the same stadium. Next up was new powerhouse "You Got Me Rockin'." It became apparent that the new songs weren't just filler in-between the hits, they were a welcome and integral part of the show. 1979's "Shattered" was next, Mick providing excellent vocals with Wood and Richards nailing it with their stinging guitar work. Charlie, of course, didn't miss a beat. Mick then took off his sopping wet coat, whipping it back and forth like a bull fighter before tossing it backstage to reveal a vest, tie and white shirt. He approached the mike and almost

skipped a song as he said, "Okay, we're gonna do a new one, it's called, uh...what? Oh, we'll do one from *Exile* first." It was "Rocks Off" which was followed by *Voodoo Lounge*'s "Sparks Will Fly."

Behind the band were two state of the art diamond vision screens, sometimes showing split live footage, sometimes showing different filmclips to accompany the music and sometimes showing absolutely stupendous 3D virtual reality animation, often featuring The Stones' tongue logo in all sorts of movements. A nice, flashy Xmas light effect nicely accompanied "Sparks Will Fly." "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction," with a monster Keith guitar solo followed. Keith looked healthy, spirited, and played with the utmost professionalism, always kindly bowing and tipping his hat to the crowd after they responded to him. Mick acknowledged the wind and the rain saying stuff like, "I feel a bit wet in me knickers" and "I know it's kind of soggy, but I know it won't dampen your spir-

its."

The Stones did 23 songs in all, not shortening the show at all in the storm. There were the expected "Brown Sugar" and encore "Jumping Jack Flash," and the unexpected "Memory Motel" (Mick on piano, Keith crooning "She's got a mind of her own and she knows how to use it"), and Keith's "Before They Make Me Run." Other highlights were Jagger's introduction of the band, where Charlie Watts got a standing ovation, "Honky Tonk Women," which was augmented by lots of old soft and hard-core porn video images interspersed with shots of Shirley Temple, Marilyn Monroe and women in the front rows, and also had a fine Chuck Leavell piano solo.

The last six songs were flawless and powerful. A wall of entertainment few, if any could match. The lead single of *Voodoo Lounge* "Love Is Strong," already vintage Stones music, was performed in front of several giant inflatable floats. Next was perhaps the climax of the show. It was a screaming version of "Monkey Man," led by Mick and vocalist Lisa Fisher. With excellent dancing and shrieking vocals more powerful than Floyd's "Great Gig In The Sky" or The Stones own "Gimme Shelter," cries of "I'm A Monkey" brought the house down.

The second show was similar (but rain free), with only three selections changing, making the setlist just a smidge better. "Memory Motel" was traded for an all-time favorite "Wild Horses," "It's All Over Now" from the first night turned into "Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)" and in Keith's spot, "Before They Make Me Run" was

switched to "Happy."

Song for song, The Rolling Stones proved who's still tops. At 50+ years old, their reputation as "the world's greatest rock 'n roll band" is very much intact.

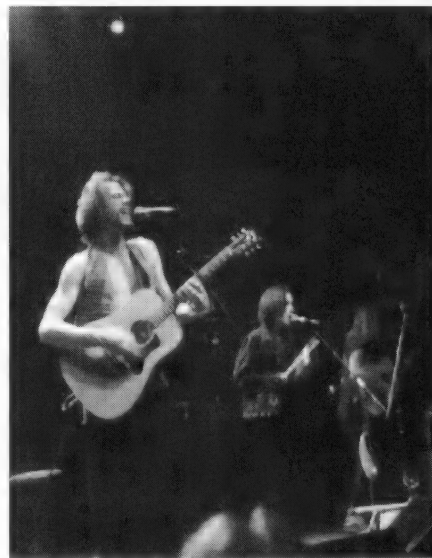
Rolling Stones' Set: Not Fade Away/ Tumbling Dice/ You Got Me Rocking/ Shattered/ Rocks Off/ Sparks Will Fly/ (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction/ Beast Of Burden/ *Memory Motel, **Wild Horses/ All Down The Line/ I Go Wild/ *It's All Over Now, **Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)/ Miss You/ introductions/ Honky Tonk Women/ *Before They Make Me Run, **Happy/ The Worst/ Love Is Strong/ Monkey Man/ Street Fighting Man/ Start Me Up/ It's Only Rock 'n Roll (But I Like It)/ Brown Sugar. e: Jumpin' Jack Flash

*=1st show, **=2nd show

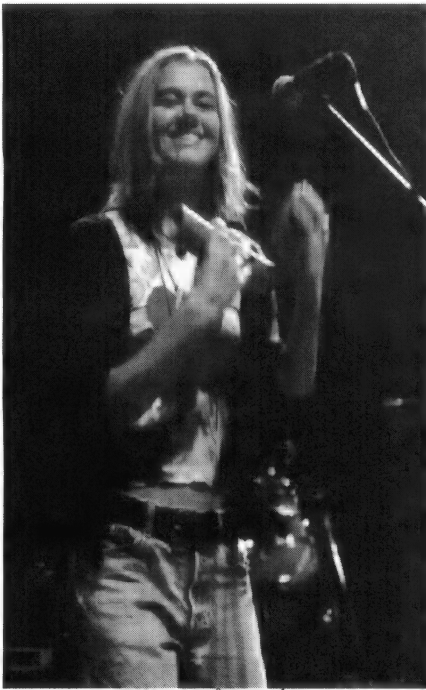
Rusted Root, Dag January 24, 1995 Theater of Living Arts Philadelphia, PA Review by Alan Sheckter

I, as many others around the country became familiar with Pittsburgh's eclectic Rusted Root when they appeared at the 1994 H.O.R.D.E. festival with the Allman Brothers, Blues Traveler and Big Head Todd. This wasn't the run of the mill angst-filled, sonic-guitared band. No, the seven-piece ensemble is a celebration in acoustic guitars, traditional percussion sounds, voice and dance. Together, they achieve a "one-ness" with the crowd that makes them the cream of the crop of what I call "The Grateful Dead - Next Generation" bands. Now, with the current album *When I Woke* and an appearance on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* causing a commotion, The Root embarked on their own tour, including their first appearances on the west coast. The 850 person capacity theater was a solid sell-out. First, however, the bohemian twenty-to-fortysomething crowd was treated to opening band, Dag.

Led by Bobby Patterson, a legitimate heartthrob, the girls tell me, the North Carolina-formed five



Rusted Root's Glabick, Berlin, Buynak



Jenn Wertz of Rusted Root

piece band, surprised the crowd with their completely unique new-rock-meets-70s-funk sound. Go see 'em. Think of your favorite Sly & The Family Stone song, put some modern rock to it, add Patterson's falsetto and you'll enjoy letting the funky waves wash over you...

Fifteen minutes later, the assemblage was ready for Rusted Root. There was an instant spark of joy when the band broke into opening number, "Martyr," the audience dancing with abandon to The Root's hypnotic rhythms. Their most successful song, "Send Me On My Way" was next, highlighted by John Buynak's wooden flute jams. Michael Glabicki is kind of the commanding figure, singing lead vocals and joyously playing guitar. Backup vocalists Liz Berlin and Jenn Wertz (Jenn came on-stage with a cup of hot tea, not the normal rock 'n roll beer) add lots of dimensions with several tambourines, bells, spoons and even a washboard. A bassist, conventional drummer and bongo-and-other-percussion player round out the septet. Other songs performed included "Drum Trip" and "Ecstasy," "Cat Turned Blue," "Food And Creative Love" and "Back To The Earth." Rusted Root turned a Tuesday night out into a special event.

Rusted Root's set: Martyr / Send Me On My Way / Lost In A Crowd / Cat Turned Blue / Big Bird / Rain / Food & Creative Love / ? / Tree / Crues Sun / Primal / Laugh As The Sun / Drum Trip / Ecstasy e: Back To The Earth / Scattered.

**Yes
Spectrum
Philadelphia, PA
August 26, 1994
Review by Alan Sheckter**

Way back on February 16, 1974, this then 14 year old reviewer saw Yes at the Spectrum. In those days, the band, propelled by *The Yes Album*,

Fragile and *Close To The Edge*, were very heavy hitters in the world of seventies progressive radio. And the ticket price for that sold-out show: \$5.50.

20 years later, several things have changed in the world of Yes. Most noticeable to me was this: Even though Philadelphia has always been a huge supporter of Yes, and the band has a fine current LP, *Talk*, and even though the show was on a Friday night, there were *maybe* as many as 10,000 people there in the 19,000 capacity arena. Another thing that also always seems to change with Yes is their personnel. This time it was identical to the 1983-1988 lineup and included Jon Anderson, Chris Squire, Alan White, Trevor Rabin and Tony Kaye.

They promoted a true quadraphonic sound. The hype before the show was that Yes would broadcast an FM frequency from the stage, and if you brought a Walkman to the show and tuned it in, the sound in the arena would be accentuated by the separate FM sounds. Very few people wore headphones, and while the idea was cool, it was kind of forgotten by the end of the show.

Jon, the voice of Yes, sang wonderfully, played a bit of acoustic guitar and small hand-held percussion instruments, and also exhibited an angelic, transcendental appearance with flowing long hair and a white outfit that was a cross between a bathrobe, toga and judo uniform. He also was a bit spiritual, making comments like, "I know for sure that our souls are eternal" before starting into a stirring "Your Move" which jumped into a driving, rocked-out "I've Seen All Good People." At another point, when introducing "Real Love," Jon relayed the idea that "Earth music, music and the sky, music that surrounds us every day, *that* music is real - real love."

Chris Squire, the only original member of Yes (who formed in London in 1968) who has never left the band, was a commanding presence on bass. He's a big man in stature and musical output, taking lead riffs several times, most notably during "Heart Of The Sunrise." He wore big knee-

high mukluk boots and stomped around, many times stomping over to guitarist Rabin or turning his attention to the folks in the front rows.

South African guitarist Trevor Rabin did a splendid job on guitar, although his breathing patterns were probably a bit stressed by his two-sizes-too-small black leather pants. He did all the traditional guitar riffs you would expect and added his own flair to extended guitar passages.

Drummer Alan White, in Yes since 1972, did a fine job as the solo drummer. Tony Kaye's keyboards were also more than satisfactory, hitting all the right notes at the right times. Kaye was actually the original keyboardist, before the more famous and celebrated Rick Wakeman.

The band displayed fine customary layers of sound, accented visually by a nice multi-tiered stage setup that included a screen/backdrop with moving artistic slides and patterns, and smoke machines. The first four or five songs were okay, with 80s FM-classic "Rhythm of Love" receiving a big ovation. Then the band and the crowd seemed to come alive with classics like "Owner Of A Lonely Heart," an extended, dreamy "And You And I" and "Changes" where Trevor sang lead sounding almost like Jon Anderson. The last two songs of the set were from the new album, but were definitely winners as they were performed.

The encore started out as expected with a rousing "Roundabout," but flowed into Hendrix-like riffs of "The Star Spangled Banner" and finally into half of "Purple Haze."

A good show and Yes is not washed up, though guitar virtuoso Steve Howe and expert keyboardist Rick Wakeman were surely missed.

Yes' set: Perpetual Change (instrumental introduction) - > The Calling / I Am Waiting / Rhythm Of Love / Hearts / Real Love / Changes / Heart Of The Sunrise / Owner Of A Lonely Heart / And You And I / Where Will You Be? / I've Seen All Good People / Walls / Endless Dream. Encores: Roundabout / Purple Haze (thanks to Adam Zion @cellar.org for the list)



Trevor Rabin, Jon Anderson, Chris Squire and Alan White (on drums) of Yes



The Allman Brothers Band 7/31/93 Stowe Mountain Performing Arts Center, Stowe, VT. For this date, the Allmans were the headlining act of the roving H.O.R.D.E. Festival. What sets this tape apart from other ABB shows of 1993 is that it is the first performance without Dickey Betts, who was arrested the night before. Backstage after the show we were told by band liaison Kirk West that Betts was hospitalized, stricken by a recurring stomach ailment linked to booze and nerves. The news the next day revealed the truth: he was arrested for drunken misconduct. Joined by Blues Traveler's John Popper on harmonica and Aquarium Rescue Unit's Jimmy Herring on guitar, the Allmans were phenomenal. Taped from the tenth row with a Sony D-6 and a Nak CM-300 mic, these tapes are as good as audience tapes get.

The show opened with "Statesboro Blues" and "Stormy Monday." With each subsequent tour since 1989's reunion, Gregg's voice has gotten stronger, and he carried most of the load in Dickey's absence. An

early highlight included an inspired "Dreams" which had guest Herring engaging in some nice fretwork with ABB-regular Warren Haynes. During "Elizabeth Reed" the band really kicked it out. Gregg's Hammond solo was extended, Jimmy Herring's guitar work was jazzy, and Big John Popper completely redefined the song with an amazing harp solo reminiscent of jazz master Toots Thielemans.

This two-hour plus show ends with an abbreviated "Whipping Post." There are many masters out there of this and all Allman shows as the band now allows recording. The entire H.O.R.D.E. line-up was also subject to many microphones. (L. Peryer, Jr.)

BBM (Bruce Baker & Moore) 6/5/94 Brixton Academy, London This passable audience tape is from Jack Bruce's latest musical venture. Teaming up with Cream stable mate Ginger Baker, and Gary Moore he returns to his rock roots. Bruce has done this several times in his career, with Robin Trower in BLT, with Leslie West for West Bruce &

Laing and the *Theme* album and then with Cozy Powell for *Over The Top*.

This tape opens with a radio ad for the concert before going into the concert proper. They play eight new songs from the new album and a smattering of Cream classics. "Naked Flame" comes across superbly and highlights how great guitar playing is more than loud fast cords. "Rollin' & Tumblin'" gives Jack an excuse to show his harmonica skills and some vocal ad libbing! None of Jack's solo work is represented and possibly this is one more for Gary Moore fans than Jack Bruce ones.

Hopefully this venture will allow him enough impetus (and money) to return to his solo work. (Adrian Clarke)

Dave Brubeck 3/16/80 Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, MI Since the jazz realm has contributed so much to the popular music covered in this magazine, it's important to note one particularly pertinent legacy: the tradition of concert recording. This tape is a 2nd generation audience recorded by a then college student (Brubeck's typical listener) with an unknown deck.

Brubeck is caught here less than a year after his landmark 1979 Newport appearance. Displaying the dexterity that has made him a perennial favorite, the material featured here is more rockin' swing than bop or improv. Late in the tape, Brubeck and Co. are joined by an unnamed harmonica player for some hot licks. This tape is not widely circulated, but ask and you shall receive. (L. Peryer, Jr.)

Miles Davis 6/28/91 Fabrik, Hamburg, Germany Make no mistake, this is not Vintage Miles. Recorded shortly before the trailblazing trumpeter's death, Miles is just punching the timeclock here. My copy of this is a 3rd generation FM and the sound is flawless. I requested this one not quite knowing what to expect. Backed by an able band, the music Miles makes here is more in a pop vein than jazz. This can be said of



Allman Brothers Band

Kirk West

most of his '80's output.

While the line-up is a mystery to me, the combo features some fine players. Especially noteworthy are the guitar and sax players. Davis himself only solos on occasion and has a flat tone throughout. The songs that he refrains from are actually the best. Not bad, not great, but worth a 90 minute tape. (L. Peryer, Jr.)

Bo Diddley 1966 Avalon Ballroom, San Francisco, CA (25 minutes) This is a short soundboard tape of one gem of a performance. The great but often overlooked Bo Diddley outdoes himself here, playing a truly trippy concert, which sounds, for lack of a better description, organically psychedelic. The subtle, quirky approach Bo and his band take to playing his well known material sounds darker and far murkier than his records. After the opening "Gunslinger," the band spaces out on "Eastern Thang," a jam rivaling such contemporaries as QMS or Paul Butterfield's in intensity and imagination.

During "Eastern Thang," the band plays a slower Diddley back-beat while violin solo coasts over the rhythm section. The music falls and Bo urges the audience to clap along while he raps about composers. The guitar playing, which I'm not 100% sure is Bo's, can be compared to the late Cippolina's in style. It meanders over the rhythm, maintaining an eerie backdrop to the more rock-sounding guitar solos.

A great duet of "Oh, Baby (I Love You)" is another highlight of the tape. Bo seems to be partying while detailing the loss of his woman, and the back-up singer is great.

There are cuts between the songs, so I am not sure if this is an incomplete tape of a longer performance, but I have never heard of more than 25 minutes being available. This recording presents a more inventive side of Bo Diddley while affirming he was still playing some of the steadiest rock 'n roll on stage at the time. The quality is about what one could expect of competent sixties board tapes. The bass is a little weak, but the balance is pretty good, and the instruments and vocals are pretty clear. There is some hiss on my copy, but I'm not sure how much better dubs of this would get. Maybe someone with access to the original tapes could release them officially on some eventual Bo Diddley rarities release...? (Eric Twilight)

Tracks: Gunslinger / Eastern Thang / Great Granddaddy / Hey, Bo Diddley / Oh, Baby (I Love You) / Everybody Needs Somebody To Love

Graham Central Station @ SNACK Benefit Concert 3/23/75 Kezar Stadium, San Francisco, CA (60 minutes) While tapes are

available of everyone else who appeared at this concert (Santana, Neil, Band, Dylan, etc.), this tape is fairly obscure. After creating some fine bass riffs, including the brilliant "Thank You Fallettinme Be Mice Elf," Larry Graham left Sly Stone to form his own band. I haven't heard anything about this group other than they fizzled out before too long. This is a rocking gig, even if the similarities between Graham's band and contemporaries Bootsyz's Rubberband are uncanny. The bass spurts of funk filth for sure, but Bootsyz sounds a little dirtier.

Assuming the role of conductor, Larry and company call out "all aboard" for the Central Station and the band dives into a soul number during which other singers join in, to help round the sound. While Sly's influence is unmistakable and the band sounds a lot like Bootsyz's Rubberband, the timing (early 1975) leads one to wonder if these players were all sort of checking out each others' acts and simultaneously teaching and learning. For instance, the "Release Yourself" refrain sounds familiar and much like the riff for P-Funk's "Bop Gun," while another riff is almost identical to Frederick Knight's 1972 single "I've Been Lonely For So Long." Neat, huh? Scratching riffs, even at times for the whole song, was hardly new in 1975 (although no one wonders if it was nearly as common as it has become), and to take Graham Central Station to task is unfair, especially given the overall looseness they are cultivating here. Sly Stone wasn't doing too much himself at the time (lost at the "gram-Central Station?") and Graham Central could certainly get the party groove underway. Following the funk, one song boogies into the next and the band doesn't quit. Those funk-out bass and guitar splashes ooze out sporadically and "People" finds the band in full swing.

Larry Graham implores the crowd to "get on up and release yourselves" during one jammed-out piece which is unfortunately cut, but continues on the other side. The last song sounds like a finale and it seems unlikely the band would have played longer than an hour.

The concert was of course broadcast, so the recording is very good, but not perfect presumably due to the lack of available dubs of this show. The recording sounds rather compressed and dubbed at at least one point with Dolby noise reduction or something. It runs for almost an hour and is certainly worth seeking out if funk or musical fun appeal to you. (Eric Twilight)

Annie Haslam Band 3/5/94 Towne Crier, Pawling, NY Annie Haslam is the former vocalist for the prog-rock group Renaissance. Although never meeting the commercial success of Genesis or Yes, Renaissance made some

great music and has a loyal following. Trade in their live tapes is very active.

This show is Annie's first in a while as she spent 1993 battling an unspecified illness. Performing versions of Renaissance songs "Prologue," "Carpet of the Sun," "Mother Russia," and "A Trip to the Fair," the band showed their technical mastery. On Annie's new material they perform tight pop songs without sounding like a karaoke machine.

Recorded on a small portable Aiwa deck, this first gen audience has a remarkably stable sound. No doubt the intimacy of the venue helped. Tapes of the bands next two performances, 3/12 and 3/18 from the same source exist. Similar sets, although the new songs improve with each gig. (L. Peryer, Jr.)

Hot Tuna 4/29/94 The Stephen Talkhouse, Miami Beach, FL 160 minutes Since opening its doors in 1992, The Stephen Talkhouse in Miami Beach has become the venue of choice for South Florida stops by Hot Tuna and solo gigs by guitarist Jorma Kaukonen.

And for good reason. The Talkhouse is a real intimate place, with a capacity of about 250, a great sound system and an ambience that lets the musicians feel at home and do their stuff. The type of place that had Jorma tell the crowd at their 1993 New Year's show that the Talkhouse was one of his favorite rooms in the country.

This longtime fan — some 50 or so Tuna/Jorma shows over the past 22 years, not to mention flights with the Airplane — has always been impressed with the boys' concerts at the Talkhouse, and this show was no exception. But this time there was an extra bit of magic thanks to Pete Sears, who has assumed keyboard duties with the band — by far the best keyboard player they've ever had. It's ironic that Sears, a longtime mainstay of Jefferson Starship and their primary bass player, would wind up playing keys with Hot Tuna — which, after all, was once the instrumental nucleus of the Airplane. He adds a great melodic touch, keyboard color and an extra added dose of energy to the sound.

These days, Tuna is a quartet — with, of course, Jorma and Jack Casady, fellow band leader and bassist extraordinaire — Sears, and Michael Falzarano on rhythm guitar, occasional mandolin and vocals. The show kicked off with the familiar pair of "Hesitation Blues" and "Walkin' Blues," and from the start it was clear that a high energy night was in store. A few tunes later, Jack led the group through some hot instrumental passages in "I See the Light"

and "99 Year Blues," the latter marked by a thundering bass solo. A bluegrass "Crossroads," with Michael on vocals and Jorma on electric table steel, livened things up quite a bit, with an ample share of audience hooting and hollering. With Jorma switching over to his Telecaster, the first set closed in an electric fashion with "Long Lonesome Highway" and the Jimmy Reed classic "Baby What You Want Me to Do."

In the second set, Pete got a chance to show off his accordion chops on "Let Us Get Together" and "Candyman," which featured Jack's trademark solo. The set had several instrumental numbers — "Embryonic Journey" and "Do Not Go Gentle" — plus one of the most beautiful versions of "Water Song" I've ever had the pleasure to hear. Before the number, which has not been in regular rotation the past few years, Jorma commented that he heard it on Muzak in Columbus, Ohio. It's true — this reviewer has also heard it on Muzak in Miami stores, the original version of *Burgers*. How times have changed! Switching back to his electric axe, Jorma charged through a triple salvo of "Hit Single #1," "Junkies on Angel Dust" and "Ode to Billy Dean." They wrapped things up with Jorma on table steel guitar and Michael on vocals with that tune of holy roller healing, "Pass the Snakes."

The addition of Falzarano and Sears has ushered in a new era for Hot Tuna, one marked by more stylistic and instrumental variety. But a few old time Tuna freaks (myself included) have commented as of late that Jorma and Michael (especially Michael) are not mixing up the material as much as they used to. There's some truth to this; Hot Tuna has an enormous catalog of material to draw from, and we'd like to see some more variety in the sets. Nevertheless, on almost any given night, Hot Tuna has a knack to make musical magic with its incredible virtuosity and improvisational excursions. And after 25 years and countless incarnations, this was another one of those great nights. (Todd Ellenberg)

Set 1: Hesitation Blues, Walkin' Blues, I'll Be Alright, I See the Light, That'll Never Happen No More, 99 Year Blues, Stop Breaking Down, Bring It On Home to Me, Big Fish, Crossroads, Trouble in Mind, San Francisco Bay Blues, Long Lonesome Highway, Baby What You Want Me to Do.

Set 2: I Know You Rider, Vampire Women, Do Not Go Gentle, Embryonic Journey, Good Shepherd, Ice Age, Let Us Get Together, Candyman, Water Song, Hit Single #1, AK-47, Man for All Seasons (Junkies on Angel Dust), Ode to Billy Dean, Till Tomorrow Comes, Let's Stick Together, Pass the Snakes.

Bob Marley & The Wailers 12/6/76 National Heroes Park, Kingston, Jamaica (80 minutes) This is a most interesting find, and not the easiest one at that... a complete re-

cording of the historic "Smile Jamaica" concert (not to be confused with the 1988 benefit).

This was one of Bob Marley's most famous concerts, better known for the violence and shootings surrounding the show than for the music itself. Days before the free concert, Bob, Rita and The Wailers' manager were shot after apparently having been told the concert ought not have gone on. In defiance of the gunmen, Marley arrived at the last minute to play the concert.

The first 20 minutes of the tape contains what sounds like a broadcast from JBC, Jamaican radio. The program is interspersed with interviews, news reports and live songs from both the concert and the murder attempt which preceded it. There is some interesting (pro-Marley) discussion about the Jamaican political situation at the time and the prevailing violence associated with the general election. The live footage includes parts of "War," "Rebel Music" (featuring some wild guitar playing) and the full "So Jah Seh" which ended the concert. Fans will most definitely want to listen to the broadcast as well as the tape.

The source tape begins with "War," and it seems Bob has picked the track list carefully for this show, as "War" slides into the most appropriate "No More Trouble" and "Get Up, Stand Up." This must be about as raw a performance as Marley ever gave, and the tension on stage and off is quite evident, partially due to the audible rowdiness at the concert. The spontaneity of the gig is apparent, and the unique song list makes a fascinating listen. Most of the songs are strange renditions, such as the medley of sorts opening the show and the uptempo early versions of "Smile Jamaica" and "Keep On Moving" which is sung with lyrics pertaining to the recent going's-on in Bob's life.

The crowd sounds enthralled with Marley's concert and this is probably the only live Marley tape on which much of the audience can be heard chanting along with "Rastaman Chant." This song of perseverance is another most appropriate selection, particularly following his account of having to flee ("Keep On Moving"), and another plea for peace in "Jah Live." Like a number of songs on the tape, "Rastaman Chant" unfortunately cuts prematurely. Although it sounds like an audience recording, I think the tape is likely from the soundboard or professionally recorded (e.g.: by the JBC). There is a film of the concert, parts of which have been used in documentaries, but I doubt there is a complete video floating around of this. There are glitches,

drop-outs and the like throughout the tape, which are obviously a nuisance, but I doubt many fans of Marley will let that deter them from hearing the concert. Definitely required listening! (Erik Twilight)

Tracks: War -> No More Trouble -> Get Up Stand Up -> Positive Vibration / Smile Jamaica / Rat Race / Trenchtown Rock / Keep On Moving / Want More / Them Belly Full / Jah Live / Rastaman Chant / Rebel Music / So Jah Seh

Ike & Tina Turner Revue 1/71 L'Olympia, Paris (45 minutes) This is a rocking tape! Despite Ike's extraordinary character flaws, he and Tina created some of the hottest soul of the sixties. This live tape may overlap with their official live album, but after the third song, a German sounding radio announcer (who refers to Tina as "the human bombshell!") comes on announcing the concert as a recording from Paris.

The tape starts off sounding rather muffled for a broadcast, but the quality clears up and improves dramatically during the third song, after an excellent cover of Sly's "Everyday People." Ike emcees the gig, introducing Tina and the Revue and hyping the show just as Bobby Byrd used to for James Brown. When the radio announcer is done, the concert resumes with "Come Together," which is great and "Proud Mary" which sounds like their released version. The concert intensifies during the next song which sounds something like "Love Like Yours Don't Come Knocking Everyday," but I presume the proper title is shorter. This is Tina and the Ikettes at their best and they sing beautifully together.

Tina introduces the next song, telling the crowd they are going back, "to the beginning... the blues..." at which point we get to hear Ike at his best. He plays some smoking guitar passages with the band backing him, and the jamming goes over the top, prompting Tina to conclude "Every now and again, that happens..." Killer versions of "Respect" and "Honkey Tonk Woman" follow, but the latter cuts out. I can hear surface noise which sounds like vinyl during the quieter parts, which obviously arouses some suspicion, but the announcer leads me to assume the tape is a broadcast. Not possessing a copy of the album doesn't help (hey, my resources are limited!), so caveat emptor, but since it's only a half tape which is very much worth hearing, give it a shot and tell me it's not lifted off their live album with a DJ dubbed on midway through the tape and again at the end. (Eric Twilight)

Track list: Honey What's Wrong / Everyday People / Do It Right-Little Latu Loupe De Loupe / Son Of A Preacher / Come Together / Proud Mary / Love Like Yours... / Lord Knows... / Respect / Honkey Tonk Woman (cuts).

LOLLAPALOOZA 94

August 1, 1994 / FDR Park / Philadelphia, PA

Photos & Review
By Alan Sheckter

There were two main topics of conversation to come out of this year's Philadelphia visit from the carnival they call Lollapalooza. One was the attendance, 43,061 (*Billboard*, 8/20/94), making it the largest crowd ever in the four year history of the traveling musical festival. Courtney Love was the other. After it all went down, her unscheduled appearance was the big news item of the day.

This was the second edition of Lollapalooza to visit Philly. In 1993, a naked Rage Against The Machine startled and shocked the Philadelphia crowd and press. This year, guitarist, singer and Kurt Cobain widow Courtney Love surprised all by performing briefly just before headliners, Smashing Pumpkins. It was her first Lollapalooza appearance. Thoughts of Cobain and Nirvana were visibly apparent all day. And here's why - before Cobain's April, 1994 suicide, his band Nirvana was evidently going to be the headliner for Lollapalooza 94. Nirvana T-shirts could be seen all through the audience. At 5:30, just before The Breeders' set, the PA played Nirvana's "All Apologies" and the cheers were louder than for some of the live acts. Some of you older music fans might be cynical and may minimize the importance of Cobain, his music as well as his place in culture, but on September 24, 1991, when *Nevermind* was released, popular music and culture would never be the same. But enough about that - for now.

FDR Park, a.k.a. "The Lakes" by the locals is a tree-lined grassy park with a large field in the middle. Beautiful, tribal, colorful, psychedelic overhead banners greeted us as we walked in.

Once inside, it became apparent that "The Village" area of the festival was larger than in 1993. 1994's edition of The Village was called "The Mindfield," and included such attractions as The Chameleon, a giant two-armed rotating virtual reality ride/interplanetary battle.

There was a long strip of international, eclectic food booths and there was a large circle of cultural awareness stalls that also garnered a lot of attention. Some of them were: FAMM: Families Against Mandatory Minimums (to prevent cases where a simple LSD possession turns into a 10 or 25 year sentence due to the weight of the paper the poor hippy's acid was on), The Feminist Majority (Keep Abortion Legal), Lifebeat (The Music Industry Fights AIDS) and Cannabis Action Network.

The revival tent, or formally "The Reverend Samuel Mudd's Little Armageddon & Spoken Word Revival" featured road-poets such as Reggie Cabico and Liz Belile, offbeat wacky spoken word/acoustic acts and once in a while, a open forum tagged "Oprahpalooza." Local sassy verbal goddess Maggie Estep was my favorite, with her stunning, hard-hitting satire. She could silence a gaggle of drunk, rude catcalling construction workers.

There were also a couple of mist tents that one could walk through to cool off (eventually, they were turned off and people used them for shelter from intermittent rain showers).

In addition, there were technological/computer attractions such as a slew of Macs, hooked up to the Internet, others networked to two terminals backstage that allowed you a "virtual

backstage pass" to talk to participating band members, and others with *Photoshop* running, where you could see an image of yourself and one of your friends, and morph them together.

Oh yeh, then there was the music. There were again two stages. The second stage got underway with the twangy country/rock of Palace Songs at about 1:00 PM. That stage also featured The Verve (led by Richard Ashcroft, whose neck veins bulge during his passionate screams), Girls Against Boys (who did a cover of "Under Pressure" and used *Lawrence Welk* bubbles), veteran act The Flaming Lips, and one of my favorite new bands, the four girls who call themselves Luscious Jackson. They have a completely unique alternative/female/urban/rap sound, and did a great, well-received 40 minute set including "City Song" and "Strongman." Their audience grew larger and larger as a) people wanted to get closer to the awesome music they heard and b) many people fled from the depressing anger coming from Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds on the main stage at the time.

Speaking of the main stage, this is where the bulk of the attention was. It got off to an ugly start at about 1:30. I was sorry I was up so close to witness it, but I should've seen it coming. Before anything took place on stage, the mosh pit was large, crowded and primed for action. Remember, this is a city where sports fans boo its biggest stars, its mayor and even Santa Claus, and where they throw snowballs at the Dallas Cowboys. Well - these kids' parents trained them well in their bad habits. The Lollapalooza organizers had a great idea of preceding the announced openers The Boredoms with a short "blessing" of chants by orange-robed Tibetan Buddhist Monks. Now, I've seen Tibetan Monks perform at a homeless benefit in a church cathedral in New York City and it was a moving experience. This turned out to be a bad move, as Philadelphia greeted The Monks with a "playful but crazed" ten minutes of screaming, moshing and plastic bottle and trash throwing at the stage. The Monks' manager came out on stage and said some-



One of many ways to enjoy Lollapalooza

thing like, "We thought we'd present The Monks to you because they are an endangered culture. Frankly though, I'm worried about you."

Osaka, Japan's Boredoms screamed, groaned and exhibited passages of instrumental anarchy. The crowd wasn't familiar with their act, but appreciated their volume and earnest attitude. The Boredoms came and went pretty quickly, and it was now time for the main stage to really get in swing.

The irresistibly raunchy, grunge/metal queens L7 took the reigns of the Lollapalooza stagecoach and steered it through some rough road, but always moving boldly ahead. The foursome consists of Suzi Gardner (who wore red masquerade glasses and stood by a huge, artificial snowman) on guitar, Donita Sparks (Urge Overkill medallion) on electrifying V-shaped guitar and vocals, Jennifer Finch (Hanes jockey shorts on her head for a while) on heavy, rich bass and Dee Plakas (sporting dyed red hair) on rocked-out drums. They gave the young, frantic fans up front something to chew on as they brazenly performed songs from their *Bricks Are Heavy* and current *Hungry For Stink* CDs, like "Fuel My Fire," and their most commercially successful song to date "Andres," which was immediately preceded by a "Happy Birthday" to Suzi. Rain began to fall around mid-set, but L7 made one of the most indelible marks of the day.

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, who've been around for ten years were next. Nick was the frontman on moody, dark, screaming, gloomy vocals with a six man band behind

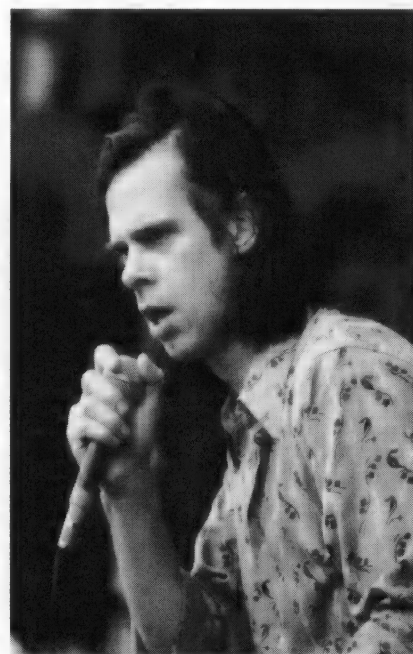
him. It was a fierce, unmerciful 45 minute set, some songs coming from their current *Let Love In* CD.

Three-man hip-hop group, A Tribe Called Quest, a band whose third album *Midnight Marauders* made *Billboard's* overall Top 10, were next up and their innovative set was well received. Q-Tip, Ali and Phife Dog did 45 minutes of jazzy, funky, and bass-laden hard-hitting rap.

At about 5:30, The Breeders came on and it was getting crowded. Late arrivals had been filtering in and there were approximately 25,000 around the main stage alone. The Breeders were perhaps the most "audience-friendly" act of the day, making lots of people happy after such harsh acts Nick Cave and The Boredoms. The band, led by a smiling Kelley Deal and sister Kim on guitar and vocals, was quite accessible. They did popular FM alternative/pop favorites "Divine Hammer," "Drivin' On 9," "Saints" and worldwide modern rock song of the year for 1993, "Cannonball." Their fine set also included "I Just Wanna Get Along" and songs from 1990's *Pod*, like "Hellbound."

Next it was time for a trip on board The Mothership with the legendary George Clinton and the P-Funk All-Stars. The man has been around for almost 30 years and took early R&B sounds and basically created "funk," evolving from the 1960s Parliaments into a 40-member group called Funkadelic. Clinton's current touring conglomeration consisted of approximately two dozen folks from a white wedding dress-wearing male guitarist (there were three guitarists, four bassists), to a lead vocalist Garry Shider who appeared with a sheik's veil on as well as dancers, horn players, keyboards, drums and a slew of vocalists. Clinton was still the commanding presence with beautifully colored garb and an artificial mane of white, yellow and red.

During the break between Clinton's set and The Beastie Boys, I strolled all around "The Lakes," saw and shared raisins with friends Matt and Jim, met two new friends from a local Delaware band (Swurl), ran into my publisher eating Thai sticks (chicken kabobs, not those kind of Thai sticks), and then unexpectedly ran into another friend. Well, she's not really a friend, but I've felt close to her at times. Thing is, I thought she'd be 3000 miles away. But walking through the outer parts of the crowd near the almost packed up second stage was an upbeat, lovely Courtney Love, stopping to chat and sign autographs for the few people who noticed her. She was quiet, polite and friendly. I hung out for a few minutes, telling her only, "It's nice to see you here." She returned a smile and I walked away, greatly



Nick Cave

moved and inspired from the surprise encounter. I'm an admittedly jaded concertgoer, seeing hundreds and hundreds of concerts over the years and I'm rarely moved. The surprise of seeing Courtney in Philly of all places, waltzing through the crowd was pretty wild. But knowing her great losses and how many of the kids at Lollapalooza idolized Kurt and Nirvana, it felt like running into Yoko at a John Lennon memorial ceremony. I turned around and looked over. She had made her way over to the second stage to talk with one of The Tibetan Monks, who wound up closing the second stage with chants, treated much better than they



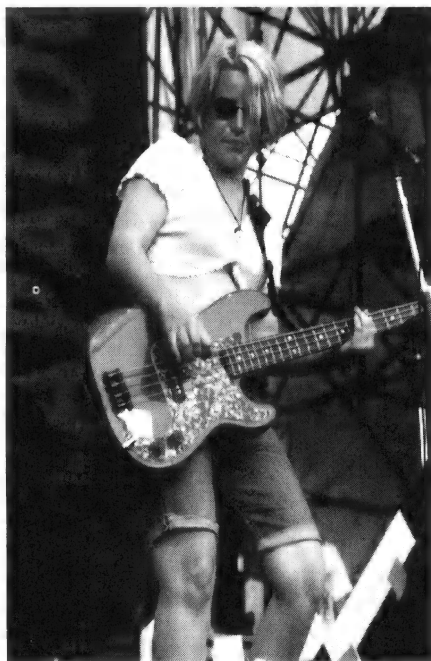
Kim Deal of the Breeders



A candid shot of Courtney Love

had six hours before.

But the beat went on. The main stage was now featuring those zany Beastie Boys. I was not looking forward to their set, having been turned off to them ever since I first heard them on the FM whining, "You've got to fight for your right - to PARTY." The Boys have certainly widened their focus, musicianship and live set. They alternated, amazingly enough from frenzied rap and thrash numbers, some coming from their current *Ill Communications*, to funky, very soulful, excellent medium-tempo jams. They were frantic and punkish sometimes, and classy at other times, using piano, organ, drums,



Jennifer Finch of L7

guitars and sampling. They were *not* annoying, childish and rude. Well, maybe a little bit, but I'd say they performed a great set (plus encore).

One more act to go. At 9:30, the photographers gathered at the stage one last time in anticipation of the headliners, Smashing Pumpkins, but the 43,000 were treated to a surprise that I should've seen coming after my close encounter two hours previous. The crowd up front and we in the pit were surprised to see a single figure come out with a Fender guitar, cigarette, and a short white ruffled dress. Appearing quite beautifully with pale skin, bright blue eyes, blond hair and red lips, she politely introduced herself to us as

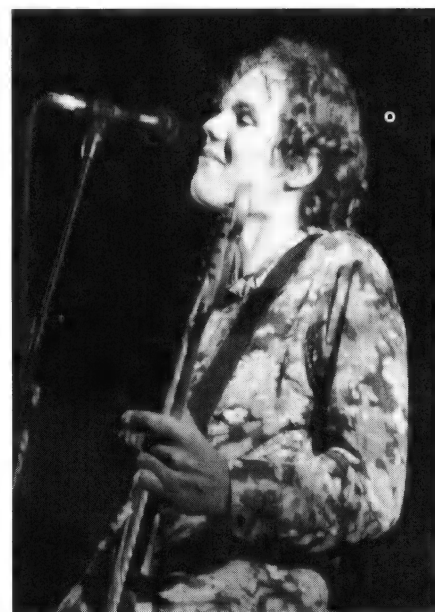
Courtney, and performed two songs. They were "Miss World" and "Doll Parts" from her band Hole's current *Live Through This*. She was a bit off-key on the guitar, and perhaps a bit tipsy, but she kept her sh— together (although getting a little misty), asking for a moment of silence for Kurt. The crowd mostly complied, broken only by cries of "We love you Courtney" and "You're beautiful Courtney." She bid the crowd goodbye, saying "Thanks, now Billy's gonna come out here and not suck." She was referring of course to Pumpkins' frontman and old pal Billy Corgan. Oh, and one more footnote to Courtney Love. Do you know who her father was (is)? Any Dead Heads reading this article? Her dad is Hank Harrison, author of *The Dead: A Social History Of The Haight-Ashbury Experience*, the first widely circulated book on The Dead. And, according to *Spin* (May 1994), Courtney the toddler can be seen in the extended family group photo on the back of The Dead's *Aoxomoxoa*.

But back to Lollapalooza. The Smashing Pumpkins: Corgan, D'Arcy the fine bassist, James Iha the sizzling guitarist and Jimmy Chamberlain the earnest drummer finally took the stage. Anti-rock superhero Corgan (he doesn't look or talk like a rock star), greeted the crowd after Courtney's surprise appearance saying, "Welcome to Planet Sad, I'll be your host. And thanks to the illustrious Courtney Love for the short set." That done, they blasted into a strobe-filled, high-decibelled opener. The Pumpkins did everyone's faves from their 1993 multi-platinum *Siamese Dream* including radio friendly "Disarm" and "Today," as well as "Silverfu—" and "Rocket." They also performed tunes



The legendary George Clinton performs

from their earlier albums. A bit out of the ordinary and nicely eccentric, Billy paused several times talking to the crowd in a way that kept them attentive. He spoke of fads and how silly they are: "My heroes don't wear their baseball caps on backwards." He also apologized for his cranky mood at their November, 1993 appearance in Philadelphia (see *GA Spring*, 1994 issue). Their set finished around 11:00 PM, the multitudes slowly filing out after a long, long weary, but happy successful day of music and fun. ☐



Billy Corgan of the Smashing Pumpkins

WOODSTOCK '94. GENERATION NEXT or DID THE SONG REMAIN THE SAME?

Woodstock '94 has come and gone. 350,000 descended upon, lived at and then made an exodus from rural Saugerties, NY in mid-August. My comrade Elise Brown, who is a very popular figure at Philadelphia's commercial-free AAA-formatted WXPN radio, handles publicity for the station as well as presides over a bright and entertaining midday radio show. She got "the Woodstock bug" and attended the 25th anniversary of the big party. Enjoy her responses below to the questions I wanted to ask most.

-Alan Sheckter

Greatest musical moments - The thrill of Nine Inch Nails' first song after they emerged from the mosh pit covered in mud; the sound and vibes were breathtaking...the all-out energy of Green Day's set (both on and offstage)...Melissa Etheridge's musical tribute to Janis Joplin gave me goosebumps...Dylan's dignity.

Worst musical moments - Crosby, Stills & Nash's and Orleans' sappy seventies songs seemed completely out of place...Spin Doctors proved to one and all that they're totally lame...Reg. E. Gaines' brother had no business attempting to copy Hendrix on guitar. (There were more, but you asked me to limit these to three!)

What band(s) do you think should've been there, but were not? Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains, Counting Crows.

What band(s) were there, but shouldn't have been? Orleans, Spin Doctors, Blind Melon.

How was the sound system? Actually, it was very good!

Did the festival have a "community spirit?" If so, how did that "spirit" compare with 1969? It had more of a communal than community spirit, mainly due to the mud and the massive collective pot buzz. But no, we were not standing on the edge of a new era.

What was the most imaginative way you saw someone staying dry? People camped in stream beds actually tried to construct mud "dams" to keep water out of their tents. Any attempt to stay dry in any way was completely futile.

Were most people prepared with "extra" clothing, camping and rain gear, etc.? I don't think anyone had "extra" gear; too few had any gear at all. My 4-person group was prepared, because we're veteran campers and festival-goers.

Describe the most outrageous rip-off you encountered. All food concession prices were ridiculous, as were cases of Budweiser at \$40 each. Even though my ticket was free, I think they should've been priced closer to \$100 each.

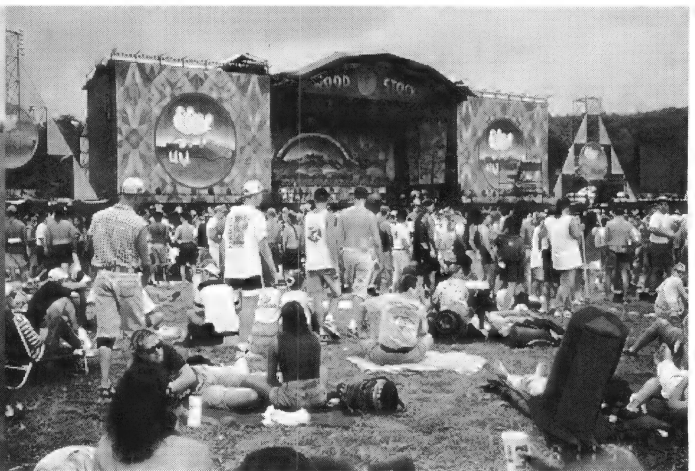
What was the best bargain you encountered? Great cheap roasted chicken on the last night during Peter Gabriel's set.

Describe the coolest T-shirt or outrageous outfit you saw. Red Hot Chili Peppers' light bulbs and Anthony Kiedis' Hendrix outfit. Much cooler than anyone in the crowd.

Speaking of outfits, how common was nudity? It was prevalent, and I took pictures, but I didn't take my clothes off. I noticed that a lot of women took their tops off during Aerosmith's and Red Hot Chili Peppers' sets.



An encouraging sign then and now



Friday, the day before the mud

Jill Galbraith

FOLLOWING IN THE ENTREPRENEURIAL FOOTSTEPS OF WOODSTOCK II COMES A SEQUEL MADE IN THE SMOKE-FILLED BACKROOMS OF HEAVEN, SO GRAB YOUR LOVE BEADS AND PICKET SIGNS AND GET READY FOR...

10 DAYS OF RAGE II

LAST AUGUST, THE DEMOCRATS ANNOUNCED THAT THEIR 1996 NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN CHICAGO, SITE OF THE INFAMOUS "POLICE RIOT" OF 1968!

AS THE '96 CONVENTION TAKES PLACE AT THE NEW UNITED CENTER, ASPECTS OF THIS HISTORIC EVENT WILL BE RE-ENACTED ALONG THE LAKEFRONT AS A...

PICNIC in the PARK

RELIVE THOSE EXCITING DAYS OF "PIGS & FREAKS" WHILE PARTICIPATING IN FAMILY-ORIENTED FUN LIKE...



YIPPIE SURVIVORS TOM HAYDEN AND RENNIE DAVIS WILL KICK OFF THE SHINDIG AS THEY JOIN ACTUAL PARTICIPANTS FROM THE ORIGINAL CONFRONTATION IN AN OLD-TIMER'S MATCH-UP DUBBED

DAYS OF AGE!



THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WATCHING!

(ON PAY-PER-VIEW)
SO CONSPIRE TO
ACT NOW!
BECAUSE SPACE WILL BE
LIMITED!!!
(YES, THERE WILL STILL BE
NO SLEEPING IN THE PARK!)

©1994 JIM SIERGEY

What was the wildest place you saw someone sleep? On top of the portable toilets and in the gravel in the middle of the water areas.

What were the most prevalent drugs you saw? Marijuana was most definitely the drug of choice; followed by ANY kind of alcohol, either mixed with Pepsi or straight out of bottles/cans.

Describe the person you encountered who was the most FUBAR (f---ed up beyond all recognition). He looked anywhere between 40 and 80 years old, but from a past century; a tall stovepipe hat, long beard and only wearing jeans hang-

ing down around his crotch, falling and rolling in the mud and barely able to stand.

Would you have attended Woodstock '94 if you had a crystal ball and knew how the festival was gonna

turn out? Absolutely. The music made it all worthwhile.

Will you go again in 25 years?

I dunno - I'll be thinking about that one for the next 25 years.

In a spiritual sense, what feelings did you come away with?

I felt total exhilaration in fulfilling a personal dream and re-learning that music can be magical. But I came away empty and sad in the sense that this is not the generation that's going to save the world - rampant apathy (or blatant inconsideration of others) regarding trash, keeping pathways open, and sharing "space" still bothers me, and will for some time.

Other first hand Woodstock comments from friends of **Gray Areas: Greatest Musical Moment** - Metallica got the crowd swingin' and the mud flingin'. (John Fisher, student and cook, 20) **Worst Musical Moment** - The rave music they played all through the night. (Jill Galbraith, waitress and adventure-seeker, 30) **Bands that should've been there, but were not** - Stones, Dead, GnR, REM, U2 **Bands that were there, but shouldn't**



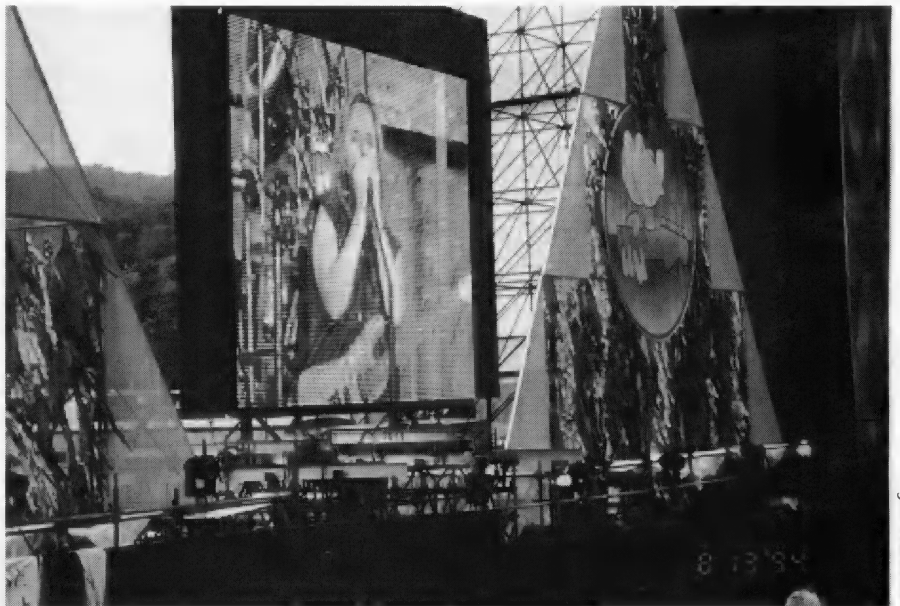
Green Day members after the famous mud fight

Jill Galbraith

have been - Salt n Pepa, Metallica, Porno for Pyros **How was the sound system?** A unanimous thumbs-up. **Way of staying dry** - Trash bags, trash bags, trash bags (Amy Cahill, Lab Technician/Nurse, 20+) **The most outrageous rip-off?** Woodstock money. You had to buy it in lots of \$10 and \$20 with no refunds if you didn't spend it all (Mike Cassel, maintenance worker, 21) **Best bargain?** \$1 pretzels at Jamesway (Amy), Getting in for free (Karen Spencer, student, 17) **Outrageous outfits** The mudsuits: people covered with mud from head to toe. (Jill) **Common Drugs** LSD, mushrooms, XTC, cocaine (aside from pot and alcohol) **Most "FUBAR" person** A guy we met in the parking lot who just got out of jail that day was dressed in a mail-man suit, singing and dancing on cars (John), A man by the entrance wearing only a diaper and sleeping in the mud, holding his whiskey (Amy) **Would you have gone if you knew how it would turn out?** Almost a unanimous "Yes." **Feelings you came away with** - It was definitely an "experience," with or without Jimi Hendrix. (Jill) ☐



Jill Galbraith



Melissa Etheridge, bigger-than-life

Jill Galbraith



Jill Galbraith



Tent city

Amy Cahill



Pole-sitting for fun and/or protest

Amy Cahill

GETTING GRAY WITH PHISH'S MIKE GORDON

BY NETTA GILBOA & ALAN SHECKTER
PHOTOS BY ALAN SHECKTER

From the moment we launched Gray Areas, people began clamoring for us to print an interview with Phish because the band allows fans to tape their live concerts. Literally dozens of people offered to try to get an interview on our behalf and got nowhere. We finally tried ourselves. It's a shame we were somewhat unfamiliar with the band's history, and the interview shows it in places, but we both came away from it as lifelong fans. If you don't know much about Phish, here's your chance to learn about them with us.

The following interview was conducted on board Phish's tour bus which had a 27" TV, a stocked fridge, Bose speakers, comfortable sofas, a wall clock, a table with a lamp held to it by velcro and no memorabilia present except for a 1994 Phish datebook. We were lucky

enough to be invited to join Mike for dinner too. We had chicken, string beans and noodles while Mike, who is a vegetarian, had soup, salad and hot vegetables. The interview took place at a University of Delaware concert in 1994. In between the interview and dinner we sat in on the band's 50 minute soundcheck and afterwards we watched their concert. Another band member, Trey, had injured his leg and we watched him stay seated for the entire soundcheck and hobble around on crutches backstage. However, at the show that night Trey stood up the entire time. We were impressed. Phish give their all at their shows and do innovative things such as bring audience members onstage, jump on trampolines, etc.

GA: How did the band start and how did you settle on the name Phish?

MG: We met at college, in dorm rooms, 11 years ago. I don't remember how the name Phish came about except the drummer's name is John Fishman. Spelled differently, it probably comes from that. His nickname is Fish.

GA: What would you describe as major musical influences?

MG: That's a rough one. I wouldn't know where to start, because we listen to all different kinds of music. We listen to jazz from every decade, rock, I listen to mostly bluegrass myself and some punk. Trey knows a lot about classical music and studied classical in college with an emphasis on Stravinsky, I think, modern classical. Everything else in between. So, I don't know, I couldn't say major, I don't think. We all listened to classic rock in high school.

GA: It's a sum total of everything?

MG: Yeah.

GA: How would you describe your live show?

MG: Such open ended questions! Well, we like it to be very spontaneous. We like not to know what the best moments of the show are going to be ahead of time. Sometimes they are musical, hopefully... often musical. Jams that happen or parts of songs that just happen in a new way. Some of the songs have sections which are very open-ended and some are written music so they vary in how much room there is for the spontaneity to happen. But then there's the other things that aren't musical, like the things that happen. I don't know what happens.

GA: Trampolines?

MG: Yeah, that's not so spontaneous cause we've been doing it for five years and it's choreographed and we haven't changed the choreography. So that would be sort of the stock answer and it would be really wrong. Because to say that the trampolines are spontaneous, it would be spontaneous if we decided to have them brought out at a moment that wasn't the normal songs that we do the trampolines on. It would be more of a novel stage antic.

GA: I heard one night you guys went up to the balcony and did the encore from there. Now that's spontaneous!

MG: Yeah! Did we do that here? I think we might have done that here. No, I don't think that was here.

GA: I don't know. I read it on the Internet. Did you play this particular building?

MG: Yeah, it was great actually. I think it was just once, we might have come back, but there was one time anyway that was I think when we played there, it might have been a year ago or two years ago, it was the biggest venue that we had played in by ourselves. Which means it would have had to have been two years ago. We thought that it would be bad because it would be echoey sounding. To our surprise it was very good sounding. The monitors were also set a little bit differently on stage, we were trying something new, but it ended up being a good sounding room. And that makes a big difference, it's one of the indicators of a



Mike Gordon

good or a bad gig, I would say, the acoustics.
GA: As well as the audience.

MG: We try to play to the sound of— well, the audience is generally good. It's really our own following wherever we go, it doesn't vary too much...well it does vary, but we can count on some great people coming, because they generally do. So that doesn't change as much, but the room situation does. I mean we try to play to the acoustics of the room, if it's particularly echoey hopefully we play less notes ideally so that each note can ring out.

GA: You have an unusual relationship with your audience, which is something we wanted to focus on at length. How would you describe that?

MG: We like to have it be a communication thing where we're really feeding off the audience energy, and I guess any band would do that but we really try to emphasize it. There are some little game-type things that they take part in, which is more symbolic of the relationship in general. I mean, like we'll play a couple notes and it'll be a little cue for everyone to do something, like fall down. Also, we personally answer all the fan letters that come in. Though the mail is growing, we're trying to answer a lot of the letters personally. The audience rapport is very important.

GA: Has it been there from the beginning?

MG: Yeah, I think so. Maybe it's even grown better over the years as we've become com-



Phish

fortable with our communication within the band we're able to focus on outward sources.

GA: And also as more people know the songs. It's easier to feel a relationship to a group rich in longevity like the Beatles or the Rolling Stones than it is to somebody who has one record out.

MG: That's true.

GA: Tell me about Phishnet. Do you guys ever read it?

MG: Not regularly, but some people that we know that are involved in the Phishnet send us packages and printouts so we get to check it out now and then. Some band members don't ever look at it. I actually get a kick out of looking at it. We didn't have anything to do with setting it up and we're not supporting it in any way, except that someone that works for us is involved with it. Sometimes it seems like it's over-analytical, it's just people looking at the same information, the lyrics or whatever issues are up from so many different angles that it's exhausting to think about. And it gets pretty emotional too. Some people hated the album that just came out, others liked it. Other times it's just really informative, like, "Oh this is something we could really be doing better, let's talk about it at band practice..." and, "Oh, they said this on the Phishnet, so we should work on that." It's fun, we're going to do an online conference, I think, soon. It's been postponed a couple of times. Well, it'll probably be on the Internet. But we know the person that wrote the software for it. We'll have it for computers, and probably, it'll just for about two hours. We'll talk to people. I don't know how it'll work in terms of which questions get answered.

GA: You can't predict anything that happens on the Internet in advance. Trust me on this.

MG: Okay, so that's what it'll be like. Unpredictable.

GA: It's like trying to decide if this bus was moving, whether it's going to hit a bump we would notice in the next half-hour or not. We could all bet and we might all be wrong.

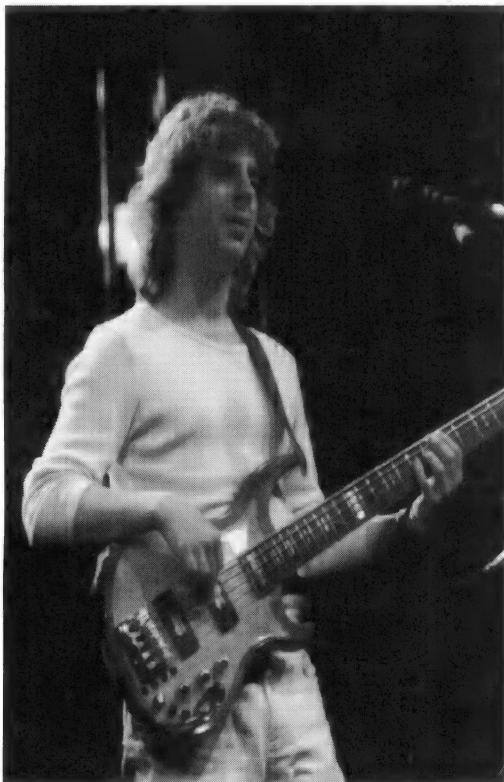
MG: Maybe people could just address their questions to different band members, or something, and there will be lists of the questions. We can say "I'm going to answer that one" and we can pick it out and put it out and anyone who wants to can read the answer. I don't know. It'll probably be confusing.

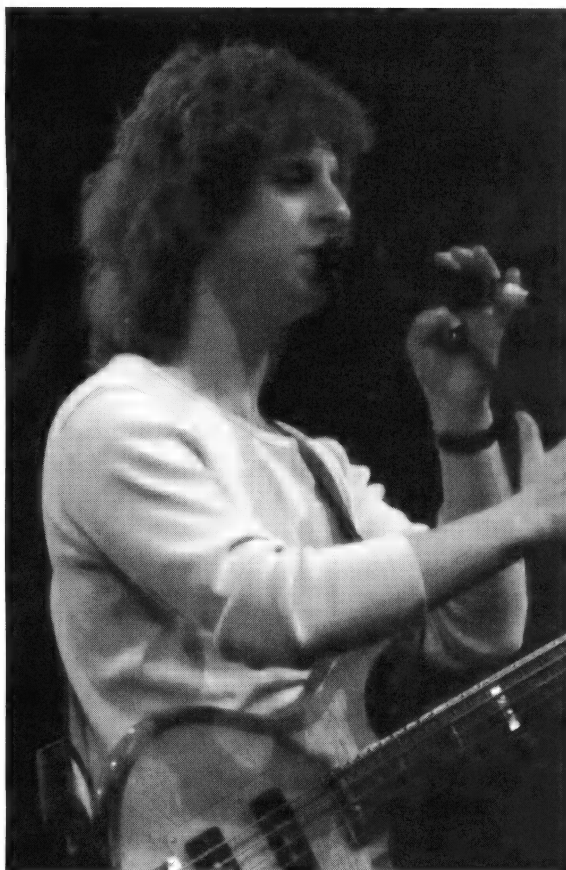
GA: It'll definitely be confusing! Some of the questions will bore you. Some of the questions will be amazing and then you can talk for two hours about them, but that's the Internet, the nature of the beast.

MG: What if you want to get the answers to questions you didn't ask? But I'm sure they have it figured out.

GA: How many people in the fan club?

MG: The mailing list is fifty thousand. We haven't called it a fan club yet, because first of all a fan club usually implies that there are people that...I guess it implies that the band isn't involved, like it's an organization outside the band that's supporting the band. Whereas we're pretty involved. We help write the newsletter and we answer all the letters. There are people working for us. There's actually now an intern that, I mean not to keep talking about this issue, but he stamps and addresses all the letters, all the cards going out, responses, school letters. We try to stay personally involved. But it's all people that have called themselves, or signed up to be on the





mailing list. The newsletter is called *Doniac Schvice*, which means nothing at all. And it goes out to fifty thousand right now.

GA: Do you have any idea how many calls your hotline has received?

MG: No, but there's a computer that keeps track. There's three lines.

GA: Are they busy pretty much all the time?

MG: Yeah, there's usually a couple calls on it. I couldn't tell you, they could tell you at the office, but I'm not sure. It's pretty busy. Last night was a gig that wasn't in our newsletter calendar and it wasn't sold out. It was the first gig on the tour that wasn't sold out.

GA: It was in between New York and here, right?

MG: We had Amherst, first, and that was sold out, it was actually in Virginia.

GA: You're one of the only bands that sells tickets mail-order. How does that work?

MG: I don't know if I know how it works except I know we've been wanting to do it for a while. I guess the Grateful Dead have had some success with it. I just know there's some people that tour around and like to go to a lot of shows and so it's difficult for them to...actually you know, I know we've been doing the taper section.

GA: That's the next question!

MG: I don't know if we've been selling nor-

mal tickets.

GA: It's really nice if you live in Alabama and you want to go see Phish in California and New York.

MG: Especially since the shows tend to sell out. Well, yeah, and that too. And since they sell out people don't have to wait in line all night, and that sort of thing. Which happened in a couple places. I got a letter from a handicapped person who couldn't wait in line and she was saying we should do something special for her.

GA: You definitely sympathize with that as soon as one of your band members hurts his leg! (ed. note: lead guitarist Trey Anastasio had a broken leg at the time) It becomes a very definite reality, handicapped access. That was the next thing we were going to ask you about was the taper's tickets. Do you know off-hand what the rules and regulations are?

MG: Actually, you should get a copy of our postcards with some stock answers that we personalize and one is about the taper tickets, taper sections.

GA: Did you have a lot of band meetings about those policies, or did someone just came up with an idea and it worked?

MG: We have a lot of band meetings, but there's so many issues to talk about that we just, our manager devised a system. Probably with the booking agent or whoever, there's a certain amount that are sold through the mail, I guess. There's a taper section and people can get them. I know that all the taper tickets for the first month of the tour or the first few weeks sold out, so I don't know what other people did that wanted the tapers. I think there might have been like a hundred tickets. That's just a guess, though, seems like a lot, actually. I don't know, maybe that was just for a couple of the big shows. I know that it's nice of Eleckra to allow us to do it. When we were looking for a record deal we insisted on that because word of the band has always spread through tapes and word of mouth and also since we try to make each show different it encourages us to play differently each night.

GA: And also to play better when you know people are actually sitting there taping it.

MG: Actually there's probably not much in our consciousness about it, we can't really see that far back anymore. Ever since the

beginning of the band, or ever since we started touring, it's been part of the organization.

GA: Was that because people came to you and said we want to tape, or because you had some experience with the Dead scene?

MG: In our early days in Burlington, actually, some people started taping. I guess because they perceived the spontaneity thing that would change from night to night. It implies that each experience is unique, if you know they're going to tape it. The first time we toured, actually the first time we went to Colorado on a tour, which was our first tour, they'd already heard of us, they already heard our music and it was years before we had a record. Even now—

GA: Was that '85 or '86?

MG: Yeah, more like '87 or '88. So that's just seven years ago. We've been touring for seven years. But they had heard of us through the tapes.

GA: Do you think you would be as popular now without the tapes?

MG: Maybe, but probably not as popular. The word of mouth is important, so maybe that would have done it.

GA: Have you had any problems with anybody releasing bootlegs or counterfeits?

MG: I heard of, actually, a bootleg CD. I haven't even told anyone about it, and I didn't see it myself anyway. No big problems. Well, it depends what you define as a problem. I think we've had more problems with bootleg t-shirts in the parking lots. Counterfeit tickets are a problem and the counterfeit ticket agencies - we're trying to crunch down on. You know, people that list their ads in the papers, saying that you can get Phish tickets, call this number. Not just Phish tickets, but tickets in general. And then they're selling tickets with huge, illegal prices. It's not even legal, and they're doing it. So we're going to try to crack down on that. I heard about, in New York, a \$150 scalped ticket outside, that seems like a lot. Bootlegs? Well, sometimes - someone shot some video when we opened for Carlos Santana in Shoreline Amphitheater in San Francisco we used a little bit of it for some promotional video thing we did. But someone got the whole video tape, as soon as it gets out there's like a tape-tree on the Phishnet lots of people have it. I just made a couple videos actually, and one of them—an MTV video for us, I directed—and a different one, but I've been told not to let anyone have copies because it'll get out. The same with the album, when we released the album most Phish-heads, if you would, Phishfans, had the album, had heard it already before it was out in the stores because we released promotional copies to Eleckra people or

you know, to the media and record stores and Phish-people got it and started taping it and they were critiquing it and saying how much they hated it before it came out. More than half of them liked it, but people that hated it really hated it. One guy said, "this is like a musical nightmare, my favorite band is being crushed to oblivion."

GA: And that really sticks with you. You can get a hundred compliments, but that one bad one will—

MG: No, it's okay.

GA: And besides, if you go back and read all the reviews about all those great Beatles and Stones albums you'll see people said the same sorts of things when they were new. One musician said it's like a new pair of shoes, in a lot of people that first couple of days in a new pair of shoes they pinch, they hurt, you don't like them, years later they're your favorite.

MG: Trey and this woman, Shelly, that works for us looked back a year ago onto the Phishnet, when *Rift* was coming out. People were saying the same things, like oh, no, they've sold out the band is over.

GA: And you certainly see that whenever bands add new members, which you've been very lucky about.

MG: We had one member change a long time ago. But not when the band had really come into form.

GA: We have a few more questions about tapes. So you mentioned that you think that tapes overall have helped the record sales?

MG: No, not that they helped the record sales, but they've helped the band. I don't think they've helped the record sales but I don't know that they've really hurt the record sales that much either. They've helped the concert sales, they've just helped people's awareness, and just it's nice to let them take something away from it, I mean have a souvenir, I guess, from the concert.

GA: Plus it paves the way for places you haven't played yet, like if you want to do a world tour, go into countries like say, Croatia, Bosnia.

MG: But we're not ready yet, I mean there aren't that many tapes over there.

GA: You might be surprised.

MG: Maybe, but we feel like we're not ready to even leave the country again until our album starts doing well in Europe. We went to Europe once. We're going to take it the other route, rather than the grass-roots route, we're going to try to get some album sales where we get some air-play.

GA: The band has a reputation for meeting fans and being exceptionally nice to them. Many people, as soon as they have a record out or as soon as the record becomes successful don't want to meet their fans.

MG: Sometimes you don't even realize, like if it gets to...it hasn't for us except certain days knowing that like if you want to relax, if you're walking down the street or something, and you can't. You lose your niceness without realizing it sometimes. Sometimes I've been rude and wish I could relive the situation. But in general, I still like to walk out into the audience like after a bunch of people have cleared out and there's still some left, to go try to find a friend or something. Or just go to talk to people, or walk around the building. The tour manager said, or someone in our crew was saying I shouldn't, because it hurts the mystique of being a musician. And it's also a security issue. But yeah, they're nice people, our fans. And we're nice people so why not talk and get some feedback.

GA: How about groupies on the road?

MG: Most of us have girlfriends that are steady, so there really aren't a lot of groupies. There's some people who like to travel around a bunch and they could be groupies if we wanted, it's just that we're not really the groupie type. I suppose we could be that too, but currently we're pretty mellow.

GA: There are some bands, of course, that are known for having members in them that prefer a different girl every day, or ten of them.

MG: We have followers that are into the music and are serious about the concert.

At the same time, it's definitely a sexual thing. When the music is good it's got a pulse to it, and at the end of the night we don't want to go to sleep or anything, we're all excited and so that might be...I mean I can see the appeal of having a bunch of groupies around.

GA: Not to mention someone to stroke your ego when you feel like you have had a bad night, or the manager has yelled at you or whatever.

MG: I guess so. I don't know if that would really help though on a bad night. It wouldn't be genuine enough. It would more be like. Thoughts are popping into my head. I have a girlfriend and she just flew home this afternoon actually, she was on tour for a few days. It would be mutually using each other, probably, one because you respect their music and posture and the other because you respect their availability and cuteness or whatever it happens to be. Actually, the truth of the matter is, Fish doesn't have a girlfriend now and he really likes to talk to people, he's just a talkative person so he talks to girls. But what he likes to do is *talk*, have long conversations all the time.

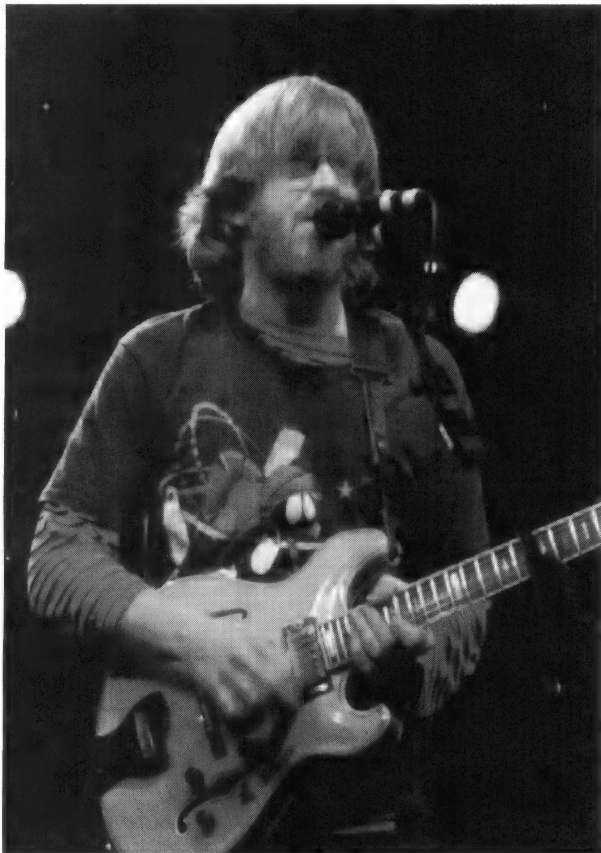
GA: Who have been some of your favorite musical guests to play with? You guys have played with almost everybody.

MG: You mean like people on stage?

GA: Or people you haven't played with yet that you want to?

MG: Bela Fleck we had, he's great. We wanted to make a tape of the people who sat in last spring through the tour from one year ago. We had artists, the Spoonman, this guy from the northwest that plays spoons. He's in a video now, for Soundgarden. Yeah, he was great actually.

There's a guy up there from the same region, called Baby Gramps. He's kind of like, well, they call him Popeye on Acid. He probably doesn't take acid, actually. There was this guy from Albany, the Sun Fiddler, who was really good and really fun to sit in. He sticks in my mind for some reason. I wish I could remember his name. I can look it up in my dressing room. We had a bunch of



Phish's Trey Anastasio



Licensed Phish T-shirt

guests on the album actually, and we'd like to get some of them on stage. The Tower of Power, Ellis and Kress, Jonathon Frakes from *Star Trek* played on the album. I think he'll probably come out on stage, he's very excited about it. All kinds of people. We just did some gigs with six horn players, some friends of ours. Let's see if any others come to mind. I'm sure I'm forgetting some really cool ones.

GA: It's always like that, tomorrow when it's too late you come up with oh, I should have mentioned them. How about people you haven't played with yet?

MG: We want to try to get Aaron Neville to sing a song. Actually our tour manager said that k.d. lang should be in. He used to do k.d. lang and thought we should try to get her out. I don't know, there are a lot of people we'd love to have sit in.

GA: So, pretty much more than most bands, you're open to anybody who wants to come sit in.

MG: Well, yeah, we don't try to do it a lot. I guess the opportunity doesn't come up a lot, really. We don't really want to bring a section like an extra section on tour or anything. We find if we're not doing our own thing...if we always had a lot of people sitting in it would be distracting, I think. We wouldn't be on our own course as much. It's just the four of us most of the time. On the other hand, there's a bunch of people we'd love to have sitting in. We were going to have the guitarist from Pearl Jam, he never did, some unexpected people. Oh, you know, probably the best example is Sugar Blue, the

harmonica player.

GA: He's great. I met him a decade ago.

MG: I met him in Chicago, in some little bar.

GA: I met him in Chicago, too. It was probably the same bar.

MG: Could have been. There was no one there and we had a night off. I'd said you should come down next time and I got his number and I called him and he came down. It was incredible.

GA: He just released a record, on the Alligator label.

MG: He and his wife were really nice to us and we had a really great time. He sat in, we sang some songs.

GA: Let's talk a little bit about growth. Do you worry about the rate you are growing at? You sold out 8,000 tickets for the Beacon Theater in 35 minutes.

MG: It's been a very gradual rate, so I'm not really worried. Every year it's been a very gradual increase. We started selling tickets, each year slightly bigger places slightly faster selling the tickets. It's a good rate, the rate is slow.

GA: The new record, *Hoist*, entered the *Billboard* charts at number 34. Did that surprise you?

MG: I don't know what a lot of the charts mean. There's so many charts.

GA: 34 is good.

MG: It didn't surprise me, since we knew we were making an album of stuff that was more acceptable for radio and for the mass public than our previous albums. The record company was really behind us, and they told us that they were very happy with the album and so I knew it was a good thing from the way they were talking about it, so that was good.

GA: One more question before we get to the other one. Why did they make you change the name? I heard it was supposed to be *Hung Like a Horse*.

MG: I wonder where this information comes from.

GA: Rumors.

MG: I've never heard that name before. That's another bio, boy, that's funny. We had other ideas for names—

GA: Like?

MG: Let's see, *Riker's Mailbox* was one, but that became a song. *Woof* was going to be a name, with a picture of an owl.

GA: That's good, you should use that next time.

MG: Yeah, I was just thinking that. (at this point Mike was interrupted and called to soundcheck) So what percentage did we cover?

GA: The only questions I have left were: I wanted to talk about the different process of recording things before you played them

live, and I want to talk about some songs.

MG: I want to eat and start practicing pretty soon after sound check, but we could do a few more minutes then. I don't think I'm supposed to leave you on the bus.

GA: (continues questions over buffet dinner consisting of soup, string beans, pasta, chicken, etc.) Why the decision to use a different recording process for the newest record?

MG: We'd never tried it before. For the other records, we always felt in the studio that we were going to do a second rate version, because we knew how great it could be on the stage. We wanted to do the opposite thing where the songs hadn't been written and the songs would come about in the studio, and we knew we'd done the best version so far that we could possibly do. It would have special energy and the arrangement could be made for an album. We wouldn't feel like we had to cut it in half or something to get it to sound right on an album or be radio playable.

GA: So this is the first tour that you're playing the material off the new record? Is it different now for you to play the songs?

MG: Actually that one we were just working on is pretty difficult...no, it's been fun, making live versions of them.

(The interview continues with lots of loud background noise as dozens of other people eat and talk, the occasional crash of plates dropping and waiters coming by)

GA: Any particular significance to that one?

MG: I have no idea actually. I do sing the harmony, though. Just more strange lyrics from Tom Marshall, Trey's friend.

GA: How about "Scent Of A Mule?"



Bootleg Phish T-shirt

MG: That is one I wrote. They were just silly lyrics that I had started. Decided to do a silly version on tape for the other guys to hear. It was sort of controversial because we wanted to be less silly on this album. If it's about anything it's probably about passages, there's a threatening situation that is happening that is averted in a peaceful way.

GA: How about "Game Henge?"

MG: I'll let Paul field that question. Paul's our sound man, guitar builder...he's actually building us a building right now as we speak.

GA: For rehearsals?

MG: Yeah, and a workshop. We always have three grand pianos we practice with. I don't know too much about "Game Henge" since it was Trey's project, about fifteen of our songs, ten or fifteen, are from the musical. It was a senior project we were thinking of doing, eventually releasing an interactive CD with a story, music combined.

GA: Hopefully by then the formats will be compatible so you'll only be releasing one. How about "The Man Who Stepped Into Yesterday?"

MG: "The Man Who Stepped Into Yesterday" is the same thing, actually. That phrase has been used for two versions. One, it is the title of the Game Henge saga, and two, it is a song which has nothing to do with it, and that song is a combination of a musical interlude called "I'm Going To Get My Head Sharpened" and a Jewish prayer - it's a little medley that has nothing to do with Game Henge. I don't know which you were referring to.

GA: I asked some of your fans for input on questions and they said the copies floating around of "The Man Who Stepped Into Yesterday" are abymissal and they were wondering if it was ever going to be released again legitimately.

MG: I guess what they mean is "Game Henge" the story, there was a tape that Trey made of the project, that people got copies of.

GA: So any plans to release it are on a backburner?

MG: Yeah, we just don't have enough time to do everything we want to do. We were going to do it this summer, but we're not.

GA: How does the song writing process work? Do you each come up with songs?

MG: Usually it's Trey and Tom writing songs. Tom sends Trey stacks of poetry and Trey takes some, works it into musical format, then calls Tom back and he reworks the lyrics. I've written some, but not really enough to say that I have a system down. I've just written a few songs.

GA: Do they come from within and easily write themselves, or do you work with them?

MG: Hopefully they come from within. No

matter what the process is, the process is work, so it's both I guess. You know, like any craft you have to do it every day. You write ten songs a year then maybe one of them will be a good song.

GA: Unless you're Joni Mitchell.

MG: It could be, but she probably has a process like that too, like a lot of things she works on that never make it.

GA: David Crosby bitches that he couldn't live with her because he'd come home and ask what'd you do today, dear. "Oh, I wrote an album." And he'd struggle for months, if not years, on the same song.

MG: Were they a couple? I didn't know that. So no wonder she did their cover art.

GA: She actually had relationships I believe with all four of them. I know for sure three of them. "Willy" she wrote about Graham Nash. "Our House" is about David Crosby. "Case of You" for Neil Young. I forget which one is for Stephen.

How about non-musical hobbies?

MG: A little bit of motorcycle riding and chess playing.

GA: Chess on the computer or chess by hand?

MG: Actually Paul and I are the only two that have played a chess game while riding motorcycles. Pawn to queen five. I do some writing, some reading some riding, sometimes I build electronics gadgets, and film-making. Did our video.

GA: I was just going to ask you that, do you intend to be more involved in the video aspect?

MG: Depending on how much time I have, yeah.

GA: The industry kind of demands now that every time you release a record, you put out videos.

MG: Well, we never had one before and we never wanted to, but now we have one.

GA: Did you debate about whether to do one, or did it beoame unavoidable?

MG: Yeah, the debate continued. But the basic decision was we were going to do one because the time was right.

GA: Are you happy with it now that it's done?

MG: Yeah, pretty happy. We'd give it a 2 1/2 stars out of four. I directed it, but I agree with the rest of them that there's potential for something better. Actually this film *Tracking* about the making of the album is, though



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low quality, it's top rate. In terms of the way it came together.

GA: Any plans to put out a live video?

MG: Maybe a live album, I don't know, I'm sure some people would like it, but no plans right now.

GA: (We chat for a few minutes with Paul, also seated at the table, who Mike describes as the oldest member of the organization. We end up discussing the sound at the legendary Warfield Theater) But even a beautiful place can have bad sound on the night you were there, and cause you guys headaches, no? Just because it's legendary doesn't mean it's going work for you on that day.

MG: If it's legendary it usually works for us. We've been working hard over the years and making advancements and trying new things and getting used to different rooms so. Yeah, I think we all got used to the sound issue.

GA: Until they get too big when they hit the 70,000 seat stadiums, then you've got different complaints.

MG: They're usually outside so the sound just has to be bigger, not that we're going to hit them. Usually outside it can be easier to get a good sound because there's less echo.

GA: Also depends on whether it's raining and windy, weather conditions apply. One last thing that I was intrigued by when we came in: you guys have two computers running and a fax machine. A fax machine, I suppose, most band have in the hotels, but I was surprised by the computers. Do you know what they use them for?

MG: All sorts of things I guess, I think they're for the financial and general stuff. They are IBM compatible PC's. We have some Macs too.

GA: Well, I notice the show is about to start and we don't want to hold it up. Thanks for your time, and for dinner! We'll make sure you get copies when the issue comes out.

MG: Thank you. ▣

I Buried Paul In Cranberry Sauce!

By Adam Gorightly

One of my best experiences from high school was during one summer session, when rebels without a pause—like yours truly—were forced to attend summer school to make up ‘incomplete’ courses. It was a biology class taught by this bushy mustachioed, sort of younger Albert Einstein lookin’ psychedelic relic who turned me on—and the others in the class—to the various mysteries abounding in Beatles recordings. What biology had to do with hidden messages in the Beatles music, I’ll never know.

One day he started the class by saying, “Now for something totally different,” and brought out his collection of various Beatles records, such as the notorious *White Album*, (which Manson used for divine guidance to lead him on his Helter Skelter rampage). Also *The Magical Mystery Tour*, *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and their last LP *Abbey Road*.

First—procuring his copy of *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts*—our teacher (Mr. Whatever-His-Name-Was) pointed out to our astounded, marijuana reddened eyes, the various allusions upon the cover that suggested Paul McCartney was dead. (This stuff is pretty much common knowledge to hardcore Beatles fans, so bear with me, my devoted readership.) As you may know, on the inside jacket of the album, Mr. McCartney faces backward as the rest of the boys face forward, an obvious sign of McCartney’s demise to anyone with awakened eyes. Then opening up *The Magical Mystery Tour* album, Mr. Whatever-His-Name-Was displayed the portrait of the Fab Four dressed in white tuxedos, each wearing a red rose, except Paul who wore a black rose in his lapel, symbolizing the darkness of the grave. Like, heavy duty. Next, the last of the photographic evidence was presented. The front cover of *Abbey Road* showing our four long haired Liverpoolian drug addicts walking single file across a street crosswalk, in a funeral procession march, Mr. McCartney with bare feet, which the Teach said was how the French or—some other foreigners—bury their blue beloved dead. In the background, also, on a car’s license plate, the plate read 27 IF. Get it? Twenty seven if he hadn’t died in the horrible wreckage of some automotive tragedy that peace-loving acid-head John Lennon sang about in the song “A Day In The Life.”

Then, removing the vinyl spheres from their protective sleeves, he put *Magical Mystery Tour* on the turntable, to the last part of the tune “Strawberry Fields.” As the music died down toward the end of the song Mr. Whatever-His-Name-Was cranked up the volume, and these ominous words spoke through the speaker like a ghost from beyond: “I buried Paul,” said John Lennon’s distinctive voice, though in a *Playboy* interview in later years he denied it, saying he’d actually said “Cranberry Sauce.” (Yeah, right.) The next vinyl sphere he plopped onto the turntable was the *White Album*, and the most experimental piece of Beatle music ever written “Revolution #9.” Mr. Lennon claimed to have composed and produced this avant garde cacophony with the aid of acid and Yoko Ono one proper psychedelic English night. Placing needle on vinyl, Mr. Whatever began with his hand spinning the record backward over the part of the song that had a male British voice saying “Number Nine, Number Nine” repeatedly. But what the voice said backward were these hauntingly cryptic words: “Turn me on, dead man. Turn me on, dead man” over and over again, like repeatedly rolling a rotting corpse over in it’s worm-filled grave. This absolutely blew my mind!

During the year of our blessed Lord, 1967, when all this happy horses—started circulating about Paul McCartney being dead and impersonated by God-knows-who, my older bro’ Curtis and I were walking home one night as the sun began to set and darkness gathered quickly like it does on those hot California summer nights. And as the ghosts of darkness gathered flesh about me, Curtis told me all about how Paul was dead; about the secret messages hidden in the photos on *Sgt. Pepper*, chilling me to my young seven year old bones; that skeleton inside me, whispering, “Death, death, death.”

In *Big Secrets*, William Poundstone conducted an in-depth analysis on the hidden messages in Beatles music and backward masking, per se. Apparently Poundstone (who, it would appear, had a lot of spare time on his hands) listened in great detail to all the Beatles songs supposedly containing these rumored hidden messages, including—that cluttered cacophony cast in vinyl—“Revolution #9,” John and Yoko’s psychedelic masterpiece, the result of—as before stated—ingesting handfuls of LSD-25 tabs

and spending the wee hours with scattered tape loops feeding them backward and forwards through reel-to-reel machines while simultaneously fornicating in the full moon midnight madness. Poundstone analyzed separately each track of this song backward and forwards, finding several interesting snippets, none of which—according to Poundstone—were actual instances of intentional backward masking, but simply inadvertent accidents that found their way to vinyl by sheer dumb luck. The Lennon’s fed backward into their tape machines snippets of voices—and other weird sounds and recordings—more out of random sampling, than by any planned design. (In fact, this was probably one of the first uses of sampling.) This led many to believe that these messages were deliberately inserted; a la backward masked subliminals. One example of this (backwards played forwards) is of a high strung voice screaming, “Let me out! Let me out!” Many took this to be an allusion to Paul McCartney in his totaled Astin-Martin, screaming for help as he lay dying in the wreckage.

But the most well-known and mind-blowing thing to be found in “Revolution #9” is the “Number Nine-Turn Me On Dead Man” phonetic reversal controversy, which Poundstone says is a quite common reversal, adding in his analysis that there was nothing done special in the recording process to have made this phenomena occur. Anyone—Poundstone goes on to explain—who records their voice, saying, “Number Nine” and plays it backward will achieve the same effect; that of, “Turn me on, dead man. Turn me on, dead man.”

Another “McCartney is Dead” rumor was supposedly to be found in the segue between the songs “I’m So Tired” and “Blackbird” from *The White Album*. Here John Lennon’s backward voice was rumored saying, “Paul is dead miss him, miss him, miss him.” Poundstone played this segue backward and was unable to determine exactly what it said, or if—for that matter—it was even Lennon’s voice doing the backward babbling. As it goes with much of this so-called “backward masking,” the final interpretation is always in the ear of the beholder. If you listen closely and long enough to anything, and try hard enough, you can eventually make yourself believe it’s saying whatever you subconsciously want it to. I lis-

tened to this "I'm So Tired" and "Blackbird" segue after ingesting a thousand mg. of L-Glutamine and two cups of extra strength espresso, and I thought one of the words I heard sounded like "Beezelbub." And what does this prove? Well, not much more than the so-called backward masking snippets taken by Evangelist talk show hosts from Led Zeppelin and Black Oak Arkansas and Electric Light Orchestra tunes that they interpreted as saying "Satan, I love you!" and all kinds of other anti-Christian stuff, though if you listen to these songs without religious talk show hosts interpreting them for you, about all you'd hear is a lot of of non-intelligible incoherent mumbo-jumbo where occasionally you catch something that sounds like a word or two strung together between a bunch of mush-mouthed nonsense.

Another of these colorful rumors swirled around "I Am the Walrus," Lennon's surrealist masterpiece that fused Lewis Carroll and James Joycean imagery in a magical and sometimes macabre landscape of "yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye," influenced no doubt by Lennon's massive intake of LSD during that period. Some suggested at this time that the initials from "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" alluded to LSD.

At the end of "Walrus," a cast of zany voices are heard chanting. Poundstone analyzed this chant and came up with the following: Part of the chant was "Goo goo goo joob" taken verbatim from Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. Another chant appears to be "Oom pah, oom pah." A third part of the chant is "Everybody's got one," that has been interpreted by some through the years as "Everybody smokes pot." This last interpretation is perhaps just more of the drug scare paranoia that hit its zenith in the late sixties when Jack Linkletter's daughter went for her infamous swan dive, and the likes of John Lennon paid the price by getting busted for a miniscule amount of hash residue and ended up spending a better part of the next decade fighting these charges while under constant government surveillance.

In listening again after several years to the ending of "I Am The Walrus," I would have to agree with Poundstone that what they are chanting is "Everybody's got one," though it's just as easy to hear "Everybody smoke's pot." Especially after you smoke pot.

As for the ending to "Strawberry Fields," Poundstone contends that the cryptic words rumored as saying "I buried Paul" are, in fact, "Cranberry Sauce" the very same post-Beatle propaganda disseminated by Lennon and McCartney. Personally, I think Poundstone's all wet on this one, folks. I just

listened to the "Strawberry Fields" ending five times in a row and it sure sounds like "I buried Paul" to me. Maybe Mr. Poundstone is part of this conspiracy after all. If that's the case, then who is this McCartney imposter who has been posing as Paul all these years?

Sure, he looks like Paul. But the comparison ends there. Haven't you—like myself—noticed how McCartney really started to suck after he left the Beatles? Surely that would be enough to warrant a congressional investigation!

The last and wackiest rumor Poundstone covered in his book revolved around the cataclysmic climax to "Day In The Life." The rumor here concerned the last half minute or so of the song. If you were to examine closely the actual vinyl record (for those of you who are old enough to remember records), you will see fifteen widely spaced grooves, that when played contain nothing within them except apparent silence. Rumor had it that actually within this seeming silence a high pitched note had been placed; a note so high in fact that only a dog could have heard it.

This was supposedly intended for Paul McCartney's dog, Martha, who when she heard it would begin howling futilely for her dear departed master.

But, according to Poundstone, this rumor was pure bunkum. What the blank space contains actually is the final long drawn out note to the song, which can be heard if you crank the volume all the way up to the very end.

Another twisted theory I read somewhere, propounded by the John Birch Society—I believe—or some similar rabid anti-commie pro-Christian outfit, was that the Beatles—by the time they released *Sgt Pepper* and albums thereafter—were under commie influence, creating songs and lyrics that went far beyond the limited abilities of these four Liverpudlian lad's talents. The writer of this article (whose name has long been devoured by the ravages of time on my mind) suggested that a covert Communist conspiracy had taken over the group, and were ostensibly propagating veiled commie messages promoting Drugs, Sex and the Communist Way through The Beatles' music in the hopes of corrupting our nation's youth and overthrowing the good ol' US of A. The smoking gun evidence this author provided were the songs themselves. How, he asked, could the Beatles, known for such simple songs as "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" just a few scant years later come up with these richly complex and orchestrated tunes as heard on *Sgt Pepper*? Certainly there must have been some commie genius behind this insidious ruse!

If you think Evangelists and Birchers have

weird interpretations of rock songs played backward, that's nothing compared to what Charles Manson interpreted from listening to *The White Album* played forwards. The song "Helter Skelter" was the main inspiration for a kooky idea Manson had whose scenario consisted of Black America rising up against, and overthrowing, their White oppressors. Then, what would happen, is the Blacks—once they had the reigns of power in their hands—wouldn't know what to do with it; that's when Charlie the Opportunist would step in, take the unwanted reigns of power from their hands and become the next King o' the World.

The song "Blackbird"—once again from the gospel according to Manson—was an allusion to this Black uprising. George Harrison's song "Piggies" was in reference to establishmentarian cops. "Sexy Sadie" was referring to Susan Atkins aka Sexy Sadie aka Sadie Mae Glutz, though Lennon said in his pre-death *Playboy* interview that the song "Sexy Sadie" was actually about the Marharishi Mahesh Yogi. Lennon just changed the words from "Marharishi, what have you done?" to "Sexy Sadie, what have you done?" Lennon composed this song after discovering the Marharishi sharing his aura with a shapely nubile "follower" while the Beatles were in India at the Yogi's ashram. This incident caused Lennon to feel he'd been betrayed, and that the Marharishi was a phoney.

The words "Helter Skelter" were found at the LaBianca crime murder scene scrawled luridly in blood on a wall. Manson left this false trail hoping it would lead the LAPD erroneously to the Black Panthers or some similar black militant group ala his twisted "Helter Skelter" scenario.

The lyrics "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. All good children go to Heaven," were discovered—if my highly fallible memory serves correct—on a door at Spahn Ranch, this line taken from a song off *The White Album*. Other songs Manson derived secret meanings from were "Everybody's Got Something To Hide Except For Me and My Monkey" and "Revolutions #1 & 9."

But however you like to listen to your music—forward, backward, loud or soft—it's best to come up with your own interpretations of songs, and disregard the teachings of Evangelists, Birchers and other holy madmen. Besides, it's a lot more fun to come up with your own interpretations; start your own self-styled religion, then sell tickets to the Apocalypse and/or Resurrection. Besides, it a good way to score with the chicks. Just ask Jim Bakker or Charlie Manson.

So sayeth the Lord. ■

JETHRO TULL LIVE VIDEO HISTORY BY F. MECK

12/11/68 *Rock 'n' Roll Circus* ("Song for Jeffrey"), b/w, 4 minutes (This item is from the unreleased Rolling Stones movie *Rock n Roll Circus*.)

1969 French TV ("Bouree"), Color, Proshot, 4 minutes

1969 French TV ("Song for Jeffrey"), Proshot, b/w, 4 minutes

1/9/69 Stockholm Concerthaus ("To be Sad" & "Back to the Family") Proshot, 7 minutes (Jethro Tull played 2 sets on this day, however only 2 songs were filmed, excellent live performance.)

10/20/69 Southampton Guildhall (Sweet Dream), b/w, Proshot, 1 minute

1969 Southampton Live & Interview with Ian's Father, Proshot, 3 minutes (Black & white footage containing 1 minute of a live performance and a brief interview with Ian's father.)

1969 German TV b/w, Proshot, 2 minutes (An interview with Ian where he gives his views on sex.)

5/20/70 Fillmore East ("A New Day" & "For A Thousand Mothers"), b/w, Proshot, 11 minutes (This was filmed from the press box at the Fillmore. Very difficult to find a decent copy. Excellent performance.)

1970 *Top of the Pops* ("Witch's Promise"), Proshot, 4 minutes

1970 *Beat Club* ("Witch's Promise"), Proshot, 4 minutes

6/70 *Beat Club* ("With You There To Help Me" & "By Kind Permission of"), Proshot, 10 minutes (A live performance - very common.)

6/70 *Beat Club* outtake ("Nothing Is Easy"), Proshot, 4 minutes (The band attempts to play "Nothing Is Easy." After 3 false starts Ian walks off stage in disgust - wild!)

8/30/70 Isle of Wright Festival ("My Sunday Feeling"), b/w, Proshot, 3 minutes

1971 "Life Is A Long Song," Color, Proshot, 4 minutes

1972 Buffalo, New York w/Rabbits & Firemen, Silent, Audience, 9 minutes (Very little 1972 footage exists. This is 8mm and it appears with and without sound - nice film.)

1972 New York, Silent, 8mm Master Audience, 7 minutes (This clip also features Rabbits and a Gorilla which were used on *Thick As A Brick* Tours.)

1972 New York, Silent, w/dubbed sound Audience, 6 minutes

1973 Boston, Silent, Audience, 2 minutes

1973 Buffalo, New York, Silent, Audience, 5 minutes (Excellent 8mm film - too bad it's silent.)

1973 Rochester, w/dubbed sound, has dot and Ballerina Audience, 7 minutes (This 8mm film with dubbed sound shows 1 minute of the film shown at the beginning of the "Passion Play" tour - excellent video quality and a nice sound dub.)

1973 California (Passion Play) 8mm, Audience, 36 minutes (This is the longest *Passion Play* footage. Possibly dubbed sound?)

1973 Toronto, Audience, 3 minutes

1974 The Third Hurrah, Proshot, 4 minutes (This is an unreleased Chrysalis promo with dubbed sound.)

1974 Silent Film: Press Party, Soundcheck, & Backstage Photo Session (one item), Audience, 27 minutes (A quite boring film with backstage clips, press party & photo session.)

1974 Chicago & Around, Dubbed Sound, Audience, 25 minutes (Venues & dates unknown - maybe 5 minutes of the 25 are worth watching.)

1975 Unknown Venue, Silent, Audience, 2 minutes

1975 New Haven, Silent, close-ups Audience, 15 minutes (Very nice silent film from the "War Child" tour - great close-ups.)

8/5/75 Houston, Texas, Silent, Audience, 10 minutes (An incredible silent 8mm film, flawless excerpts.)

1975 All You Need Is Love, Audience, 6 minutes (This is from the U.K. movie titled *All You Need Is Love*. A brief interview with Ian and excerpts of this "Minstrel in the Gallery" Promo.)

7/3/75 M.S.G. 8mm, Silent, Audience, 20 minutes



Jethro Tull

(A nice 8mm film. The camera man moves around Madison Square Garden obtaining different camera angles.)

1975 "Minstrel in the Gallery" Promo, b/w, Proshot, 4 minutes

1975 "Minstrel in the Gallery" Live, Proshot, 4 minutes (Same as the clip listed above. However, the sound here is live, not dubbed.)

1975 "Minstrel in the Gallery," b/w, Proshot, 8 minutes (A live, complete performance of Minstrel in the Gallery.)

1976 Supersonic, "Too Old to Rock "n" Roll" Proshot, 4 minutes

1976 Indianapolis, Silent, Audience, 3 minutes (Very nice & clean 8mm - transferred through "optical" instead of a teleson converter.)

7/16/76 *Too Old to Rock "n" Roll* Video LP, Proshot, 45 minutes (This is a lip sync of the entire album *Too Old To Rock N Roll*.)

1976 *Too Old Video* LP, German (R.B.C.S.T.), Proshot, 45 minutes (Same as the item above but an interview replaces two songs.)

12/1976 *Top of the Pops*, "Solstice Bells," Proshot, 3 minutes

1977 Vienna, Audience, 12 minutes (Fair quality 8mm - sound is live.)

2/10/77 *BBC Sight & Sound In Concert* Proshot, 60 minutes (Incredible live performance. Aired on BBC TV with a radio simulcast.)

3/24/77 Toronto - Dubbed Audience, 1 minute (Very poor 8mm footage.)

11/30/77 Madison Square Garden (Poor sound), Audience, 18 minutes (Very nice 8mm film - live sound is quite distorted.)

12/03/77 *Minstrel in the Gallery*, WOR Documentary, Proshot, 25 minutes (This is a rock concert documentary featuring Jethro Tull. Has live clips and interviews with fans outside "The Garden.")

1977 Buffalo & Rochester, 8mm with sound (including "To Cry You A Song"), Audience, 35 minutes (8mm excerpts with live sound.)

5/1978 "Berne," 8mm w/sound, Audience, 30 minutes (This piece isn't even worth the tape it's on.)

6/3/78 Rock Pop (Moths & Mouse Police) Proshot, 9 minutes

9/1978 *Old Grey Whistle Test* Proshot, 5 minutes (An interview with Ian.)

10/9/78 Madison Square Garden, Proshot, 45 minutes (All but 2 songs of this appear on the home video release *20 Years of Jethro Tull*.)

1978 "Chrysalis Bursting Out" Promo, Proshot, 8 minutes

1979 Boston Garden, Audience, 3 minutes (Nice 8mm footage.)

1/11/80 Rock Pop (North Sea Oil & Old Ghosts) Proshot, 10 minutes

4/1/80 Ohne Maulkorb, Proshot, 45 minutes (Interviews w/Ian and live performances.)

4/1/80 Ohne Maulkorb (TV outtakes.), Proshot, 10 minutes (Live outtakes of the above.)

4/1980 Hammersmith Odeon, 8mm w/sound, Audience, 20 minutes (Nice, close "Stormwatch" footage.)

10/1980 Rock Pop (Crossfire & Fylingdale Flier), Proshot, 8 minutes

11/1980 Royal Albert Hall, 8mm w/sound, Audience, 23 minutes (Live footage from the *A* album.)

3/25/81 The New Lords of the Isles, Proshot, 12 minutes

3/1982 Na Sowas "Broadsword," Drekscheibe ZDF "Broadsword," Munchener Abendschau "Broadsword," Promos & 3 Proshot, 12 minutes (All are lip syncs of the song "Broadsword.")

1982 Newcastle City Hall, Audience, 12 minutes (Live 8mm with sound.)

5/2/82 "Blitz," Proshot, 21 minutes (Interview w/Ian and live performance.)

5/2/82 Roma 7-Up Live, Proshot, 60 minutes (Live performance from Italian TV - picture slurs several times.)

5/29/82 Rock Pop, Dortmund Westfalenhalle, Live, Proshot, 45 minutes (Live broadcast footage from German TV)

1982 *Casey Casem Show*, Proshot, 4 minutes (Interview with Ian Anderson.)

1982 *Mike Douglas Show*, Proshot, 5 minutes

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(Interview with Ian Anderson.)

7/6/82 *Late Night with David Letterman*, Proshot, 18 minutes (Interview with Ian Anderson.)

6/15/82 Cleveland Afternoon Exchange Proshot, 15 minutes (Interview with Ian Anderson.)

7/21/82 Prince's Trust Gala ("Jack-in-the-Green" & "Pussy Willow"), Proshot, 8 minutes (2 songs are performed live - available in some video stores but rare.)

8/27/82 Yorkshire TV - Interview, Proshot, 5 minutes

6/2/83 *The Food and Drink Show* - Interview, Proshot, 10 minutes

11/15/83 Rock Classic Nacht (3 songs & com-

plete jam with Fela Kuti), Proshot, 25 minutes (Consists of 3 Tull songs and Ian jams with someone named Fela Kuti.)

11/30/83 *Pebble At Mill One*, Proshot, 11 minutes (Interview with Ian Anderson.)

12/1983 *Leo Sayer Show*, Proshot, 4 minutes (Interview with Ian Anderson.)

1984 *Blood of the British* theme, Proshot, 2 minutes

9/10/84 Breakfast TV - Interview, Proshot, 5 minutes

9/84 Tele-Illustrierte, Proshot, 3 minutes

10/23/84 Toronto, 3rd generation (poor sound), Audience, 105 minutes (Nice complete video from "Under Wraps," but sound quality is lacking, there is an audience film Paris which is better.)

12/18/84 MTV *Rock Influences*, Proshot, 55 minutes (Live performance and interview with Ian.)

2/1/85 *The Tube*, Proshot, 2 minutes (Brief interview with Ian.)

3/16/85 "Bach Rock" - Berlin ICC, Proshot, 65 minutes (This is a tribute to J.S. Bach for his 300th birthday - live performance.)

3/16/85 Berlin Abendschau - "Bach Rock," Soundcheck, Proshot, 2 minutes

6/30/86 Israel, Yarkon Park, Audience, 33 minutes (A very poor audience film.)

7/2/86 Budapest, MKT Stadium, Proshot, 36 minutes (Live TV performance.)

7/5/86 *Out in the Green* - Dinkelbuhl, Proshot, 45 minutes (Live German TV)

7/6/86 Loreley (Hunting Girl), Proshot, 5 minutes (One song performed live.)

8/5/86 Control TV, Dave Pegg, Proshot, 3 minutes (An interview with Dave Pegg. This appeared on the Discovery Channel and features Ian Anderson and his fish farm.)

9/15/87 Fish "n" Rock "n" Roll - Documentary, Proshot, 53 minutes

10/1987 *Farming Outlook*, Proshot, 30 minutes (This is basically the same as fish-n-sheep-n-rock-n-roll. Aired on BBC TV)

10/23/87 Aktuelle Stunde, Proshot, 10 minutes (Interview with Ian and lip sync of "Steel Monkey.")

10/23/87 Aktuelle Stunde - outtake, Proshot, 20 minutes

10/28/87 Dutch TV Interview, Proshot, 11 minutes

11/1987 Vier Gegen Willy, Proshot, 9 minutes (Lip sync of "Locomotive Breath" and "Steel Monkey.")

11/1987 MTV Interview & Promo, Proshot, 5 minutes

11/17/87 MTV *Kevin Seal Show* (Serenade to a "Cuckoo" & "Skating Away") unplugged, Proshot, 10 minutes

11/19/87 Toronto, Maple Leaf Gardens, Audience, 100 minutes (Nice complete audience film from 1987 tour.)

11/20/87 Musique Plus, Montreal interview, Proshot, 34 minutes

11/27/87 Detroit, Cobo Arena, Audience, 110 minutes (Parts of this complete audience film are OK - very jumpy at times.)

12/3/87 St. Louis, Fox Theatre, Audience, 110 minutes (An audience film sometimes out of focus - filmed from upper balcony.)

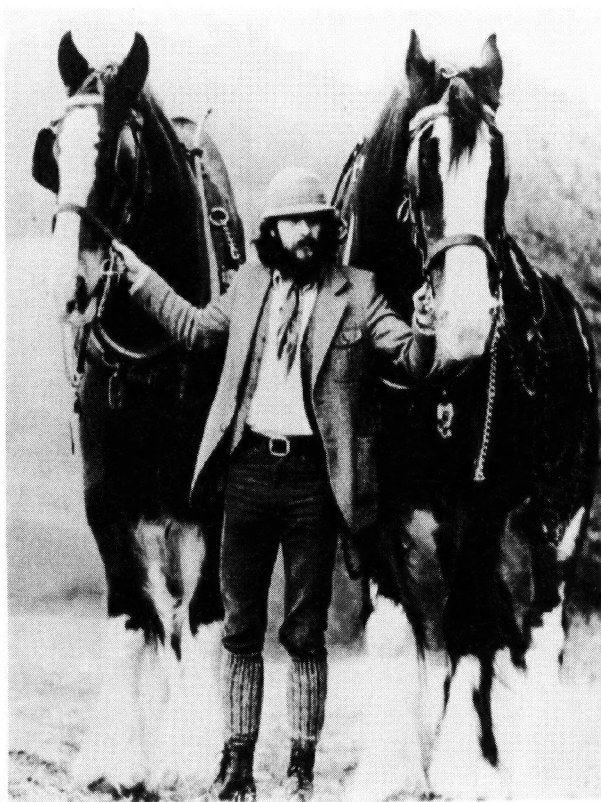
1987 NBC TV NCTN - interview, Proshot, 5 minutes

1987NBC TV NCTN outtake - interview, Proshot, 26 minutes
 1987 NBC TV Ian's X-mas message - interview, Proshot, 1 minute
 6/1/88 Mountain View, Shoreline Amphitheatre, Audience, 115 minutes (The best complete 1988 show, filmed from an outdoor video screen.)
 6/19/88 Richmond Park - King's Dominion Theatre, (heads in audience obstruct view.) Audience, 110 minutes
 7/2/88 Buono Fortune ("Locomotive Breath" & "Steel Monkey" lip sync), Proshot, 8 minutes
 7/4/88 Florence (1991 rebroadcast), Proshot, 65 minutes (From Florence this TV broadcast has audio defects.)
 7/12/88 Vienna ("Cross-Eyed Mary" & "Nothing Is Easy") live, Proshot, 10 minutes
 8/1988 Porto Alegre, Brazil, Audience, 102 minutes (This is an average audience film. During the show someone throws a bottle at Ian.)
 8/8/88 Sao Paulo, Brazil, TV live, Proshot, 62 minutes
 8/88 Brazil TV Interview, Proshot, 9 minutes
 8/1988 The Garden Party - interview, Proshot, 9 minutes
 1/12/89 TeleMonteCarlo - interview, Proshot, 9 minutes
 9/15/89 Box Office (rehearsals), Proshot, 3 minutes
 10/9/89 Essen, Germany, Audience, 120 minutes (Although a somewhat distant audience film still enjoyable and complete show.)
 10/18/89 The Vet (IA at a Highland Show), Proshot, 3 minutes
 10/26/89 Hamilton, Copps Arena, Audience, 120 minutes (A well-filmed audience video.)
 10/27/89 Musique Plus (+Kissing Willie Vid), Proshot, 23 minutes

10/28/89 Worcester, Centrum, Audience, 115 minutes (Very close audience film - jumpy at times.)
 10/31/89 New Haven Coliseum, Audience, 115 minutes (A nice audience film, but a speaker monitor obstructs view at times.)
 11/3/89 Nassau Coliseum, NY, Audience, 104 minutes (Audience film from upper balcony - fair.)
 12/1989 Italian MTV Video Music Special, Proshot, 25 minutes
 5/6/90 Sunderland Empire, U.K. Audience, 120 minutes (The best complete 1990 audience video - close and steady.)
 5/15/90 Doncaster, U.K. Audience, 48 minutes
 5/18/90 Poole Arts Centre, Audience, 65 minutes
 5/19/90 Portsmouth Guildhall, Audience, 145 minutes (Great audio - video sucks.)
 5/21/90 Nottingham Royal Centre, Audience, 137 minutes (Nice audience film - steady.)
 6/25/90 TV - AM- BBC - interview, Proshot, 23 minutes
 8/25/90 Berlin, Luneberg, Proshot, 3 minutes
 8/27/90 Dortmund, Audience, 105 minutes (A distant audience film - steady.)
 9/1990 Brazil, Zaap interview, Proshot, 85 minutes
 9/15/90 Sao Paulo, Ibarpuera, Audience, 117 minutes (A somewhat jumpy but enjoyable film.)
 9/1990 Joe Soares Chat Show, Brazil & 2 live, Proshot, 20 minutes
 9/1990 Cultura Metropolis, Brazil - interview, Proshot, 23 minutes
 9/22/90 Tull Convention 3 Live, Audience, 20 minutes (3 songs performed live at the U.K. Tull Convention.)
 7/13/91 Istanbul, Turkey - Live TV, Proshot, 70 minutes

7/14/91 Turkish TV ("Cross-Eyed Mary"), Proshot, 5 minutes
 7/21/91 Fragile Earth "The Prince of Salmon," Proshot, 6 minutes
 8/2/91 The Garden Party - interview, Proshot, 11 minutes
 8/19/92 CBS Nightwatch Interview, Proshot, 15 minutes
 8/20/91 Late Night with David Letterman rehearsals (10 minutes silent.), Proshot, 20 minutes
 8/20/91 Late Night with David Letterman ("Aqualung/Locomotive Breath" Medley), Proshot, 5 minutes
 8/1991 Night After Night, Comedy TV Channel - interview, Proshot, 21 minutes
 9/17/91 Entertainment Tonight - interview, Proshot, 3 minutes
 9/20/91 Vota La Voce (This Is Not Love.) Superclassifica, Italian MTV Video music 'Catfish Rising' advert. & interview, Proshot, 20 minutes
 10/17/91 Munich, Germany (jumpy), Audience, 95 minutes

10/21/91 Essen, Germany, Audience, 125 minutes
 10/25/91 Munster, Audience, 120 minutes
 11/01/91 Hagen, Germany, Audience, 125 minutes (The best complete "Catfish Rising" video.)
 11/06/91 Providence, Campus Club Live, Proshot, 1 minute
 11/10/91 New York, Paramount, Audience, 25 minutes
 11/10/91 New York, Paramount (different camera poor sound), Audience, 87 minutes
 11/15/91 Albany, Audience, 100 minutes
 11/22/91 Cleveland Convocation Centre (jumpy), Audience, 79 minutes
 11/22/91 Cleveland Convocation Centre, Master Audience, 45 minutes (Very close - camera "dumped" several times)
 12/1/91 Atlanta (many heads in way), Audience, 105 minutes
 1992 "Rocks on Road" Promo, Proshot, 4 minutes
 12/3/91 Miami - nice show, Audience, 110 minutes (Close, steady, nice audience film.)
 12/23/91 WCBS - Sports Updates, Proshot, 5 minutes
 3/15/92 Hull, UK, Audience, 68 minutes
 5/1992 Israel - 2 Live, Proshot, 10 minutes
 4/10/92 Siesan, Germany (heads in way), Audience, 125 minutes
 5/5/92 Mannheim, Germany 4 piece light music, Audience, 135 minutes (Nice, complete audience film.)
 1992 Roadies on Road, Audience, 25 minutes (From the "Light Music Tour." A documentary on Tull's Roadies. Has some live footage. German TV)
 10/3/92 Boston, Orpheum, Audience, 105 minutes (The best 1992 video. Very close and on tripod. Missing last several minutes. Great tape.)
 10/5/92 New York, 2nd Half, Audience, 69 minutes (Filmed from upper balcony. Clear, crisp, nice.)
 10/5/92 New York, different camera (nice, close, tripod, full-show), Audience, 125 minutes
 10/6/92 New York - 1st. Gen. (close), Audience, 120 minutes
 1993 "Living in the Past" Promo, Proshot, 4 minutes
 4/18/93 Hotel & Arrival - Chile, Audience, 5 minutes
 4/18/93 Radio Futuro, Audience
 4/19/93 Press Conference - Hyatt Hotel, Audience
 4/19/93 Coctel TV, Proshot, 25 minutes
 4/19/93 Extra Jovenes, Proshot
 4/19/93 Trinton Music, Proshot (Dates 4/18/93 and 4/19/93 are from Santiago, Chile.)
 4/21/93 Caracas Press Conference, Proshot
 5/20/93 ZDF 2 Live Song - Germany, Proshot, 8 minutes
 5/26/93 Croyden, England, Audience, 120 minutes (Great audience film. Complete 1993 U.K. show from N.T.S.C. camera.)
 6/7/93 Utrecht, Holland (tripod close), Audience, 125 minutes
 8/27/93 New York, Jones Beach, Audience, 110 minutes
 9/11/93 Deer Creek, Indianapolis, Audience, 105 minutes (This is a film from an outdoor video screen - excellent color, clarity and sound.)



Ian Anderson

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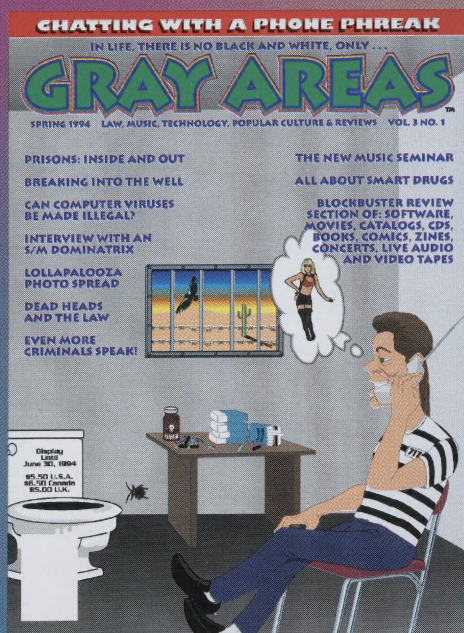
- Eidos
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- Information Warfare
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#2 (116 Pages): Grateful Dead Bootleg CDs, Candida Royalle, Attorney/Musician Barry Melton, Morrison's Grave, Urine Testing, Little Feat Live Audio Tape History.

#3 (132 Pages): A Computer Virus Writer Speaks, Musician GG Allin Interviewed, Porn Star Richard Pacheco, UFO's, Howard Stern, Prank Phone Calls, Jefferson Airplane Unauthorized Video Tape History.

#4 (132 Pages): Phone Sex, Amsterdam, RIAA on Counterfeit Recordings, Church of the SubGenius, More UFO's, KKK Rally, Solar Circus, Criminals Speak.

#5 (148 Pages): Phone Phreak, Smart Drugs, Prisons, Dominatrix Interview, Lollapalooza, Hacker Cons, Breaking Into The WELL, The New Music Seminar.

#6 (148 Pages): Taylor Wayne, The Genitorturers, Hendrix Bootleg CDs, Jury Tampering, Phrack Publisher Chris "Erik Bloodaxe" Goggans, Stealing Cable TV.

#7 (164 Pages): Mike Gordon of Phish, Internet Liberation Front, More Richard Pacheco, Jethro Tull Live Videos, DEFCON II, Woodstock, Lollapalooza & a little bit of HOPE.

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